

Incorporating the Australian Home Budget.

September 7, 1960

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The Australian

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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

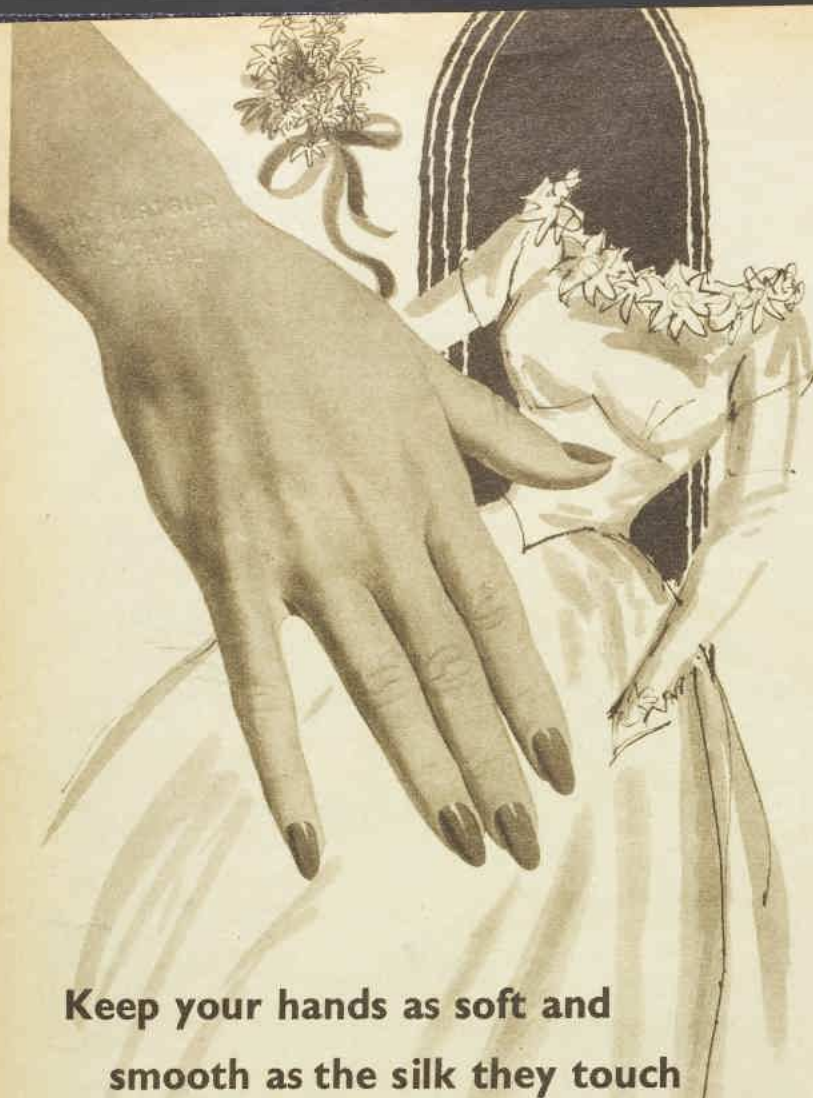
PRICE



COVER  
**A**  
CONTEST

**£1000 cover contest — page 7**





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The Australian

# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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SEPTEMBER 7, 1960

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## THE WEEKLY ROUND

● With the exception of a short short story, all the fiction in this issue is by Australian writers.

OUR new serial, "Sweet Night For Murder" (pages 16 and 17), is by Margot Neville, whom we regard as "our own."

"Sweet Night For Murder" is the 14th in Margot Neville's "murder" series — each has had the word murder in the title — and we have published them all as serials.

Rudolph Taylor, author of "Pete Goes Courting" (page 19), is the pen-name of John Tranter.

John lives in Melbourne with his pretty wife and year-old daughter, Shaynee.

Jean M. Boulter ("The Voice of a Child," page 21), describes herself as a "housewife and stay-at-home."

With her husband and three children, she lives in the Sydney suburb of Gladesville.

THE doctor expert in child psychology who advises on the right gift for a child's age (our National Baby Contest, page 45) has given a wonderful guide to everyone floundering for ideas for a youngster's birthday or Christmas present.

He also says: "Never coerce a child into accepting a gift he does not really want."

When it comes to the question of a pet, the expert says firmly: "Feeding, grooming, and exercise should be done by the child, not by the parents."

PARIS originals like the House of Dior's new "beat" line (pages 8 and 9) are way above all but a few women's purses.

So young English designer Kenneth Sweet, of Hershele, decided on a new line — "Paris off the peg" (at left).

Half a day back in London after seeing the Paris collections, he had a paper pattern cut of an adaptation of the "puff ball" line.

Working against the clock, his dresses were available all over Britain 10 days after the original was shown in Paris.

The Paris gown would cost about 200 guineas.

At first Kenneth Sweet intended his adaptation to sell at 15 guineas. Then, to prevent it being copied and sold for less, he decided to copy it.

Result: The dress sells at 7 guineas for the sleeveless design; 8½ guineas for the one with sleeves.

CYNTHIA STRACHAN, who is reporting the Olympics for us (pages 12 and

Our Cover



● The pretty blonde with the pink umbrella introduces our £1000 Cover Contest. Keep this cover — you'll see it's identified with an A — and the covers on our next 15 issues and you could win the £1000 prize. Full details, page 7.

13), says that the Australian team's slang is bewildering interpreters.

She wrote: "Most perplexing to Italians are excerpts from 'Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport,' which the Australians use frequently."

"A policeman, waving his arms and speaking endless, animated Italian, tried to stop a bus carrying team members on a sight-seeing tour."

"Keep your cockatoo, cool, Curl," yelled the Australians.

"The policeman beamed, obviously thinking it a compliment."



"PUFF BALL" line . . . off the peg.

Next Week

● High-fashion designs for pre-summer sewing are in a four-page pattern pull-out in our next issue. The designs will make you well dressed for every hour of the day; the patterns are inexpensive and easy to follow. With them and your dressmaking skill you can have a couture wardrobe at budget price.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 7, 1960



# ROMANCE FOR DAWN

● Passport, visas, tickets, luggage are all precious to a traveller. But the most precious of Dawn Fraser's Rome-bound possessions is her brand-new engagement ring.

IT is so precious that she won't wear it swimming in the Olympics.

"There's a chance she could lose it," said her 23-year-old fiance, Ken Robinson, himself "only a Sunday swimmer."

Although he can't match Dawn's water-speed, he's pretty quick off the mark when it comes to romance.

"He's a beaut bloke. So happy-go-lucky," said Dawn just before flying off from Mascot. "It was love at first sight, I guess."

"First sight," for Ken and Dawn, was four months ago at a football match.

Ken, who works in a copper shop at Sydney's Cockatoo Dock, was playing A-grade League football for the Leichhardt Wanderers. And Dawn went along to her first footie match to watch her brother Alick, an old friend of Ken's.

## The telephone

Two-and-a-half months later, after a courtship mostly by telephone, Ken proposed—over the telephone from a friend's home.

While Dawn was in Townsville training for two months, the telephone again took charge. Ken used

to ring her up every Monday—but no one guessed the secret engagement.

Back in Sydney, a couple of days before leaving, Dawn wanted to make it public, especially on her father's birthday.

"We made a mistake in the date, though," she said. "My father's birthday really came the day after the announcement."

But the mistake gave Ken and Dawn one extra day to find a ring. Ken came up with a jeweller uncle, Mr. Eric Treglown, who'd do a rush job.

## Solitaire

Dawn designed the setting, and, advised by Mr. Treglown, they both chose the stone.

The next day, just in time to show it to friends and relatives at the airport, Dawn had the ring—a beautiful solitaire diamond, set simply in white gold and platinum.

And Ken was wearing a parting gift from Dawn—an Olympic badge.

"We haven't had a chance to discuss anything seriously," they said at the airport. "We don't know when we're getting married, or where. No definite plans at all."

But Dawn was definite about one thing.

"I'm going to be Mrs. Ken Robinson. And Ken is NOT going to be Mr. Dawn Fraser."



**ENGAGEMENT** picture of champion swimmer Dawn Fraser and her Rugby League footballer fiance, Ken Robinson. Below: At Sydney's Mascot Airport before take-off for Rome, Ken Robinson and Dawn, with Lorraine Crapp and her fiance, Dr. Bill Thurlow.





"No feeding troubles  
with this one —  
he's already on **HEINZ**  
— and loving it!"



No less than 750,000 Australian babies who've grown to healthy childhood on Heinz could have posed for this picture! Wise mother! She knows that nourishing Heinz Strained Foods save time-consuming jobs in cooking, and that each variety meets a specific need in the diet of Australian babies. Only Heinz Baby Foods give your baby complete daily menus from over 60 varieties! (30 Strained Foods and 30 Junior Foods for older babies!) Be sure your baby's diet is in keeping with his speedy growth by putting him on Heinz Strained Foods early.



#### STOCK UP WITH THESE NEW VARIETIES

- Strained Creamed Fish
- Strained Beef and Vegetables
- Strained Creamed Tripe
- Strained Egg and Bacon Breakfast

# HEINZ

## STRAINED FOODS

**57** The sooner the better for baby and you!

**£2860 TO BE WON**

Enter your baby today in the National Baby Contest organised by H. J. Heinz Co. in conjunction with The Australian Women's Weekly. No entry fee — details on page 45



● Like a game but groggy boxer, the hat is making a fashion comeback.

**M**ORE often than any other accessory it has been "counted out"—not by the couturiers and not by the fashion-writers, but by all the women in the world who just won't wear hats in everyday life.

"Hats are too formal." "Too expensive." "They crush my hair." "Don't suit me," and so on. And that, for about the past 20 years, has been that.

No hats.

Now, for the spring of 1960, hats are the fashion headliners. They are Big News.

They're frothy and feminine and flattering, prettier than they have been for ages. But — are they going to be worn by the majority of women?

The couturiers say so. The fashion writers think so. And the milliners hope so.

#### Not so bleak

For them business has been bleak in the past two decades; bleak enough to force a lot of the "little" milliners out of work.

Their trade is on the upgrade, though. Sales figures for the month of February, for example, show a 31.8 per cent. increase on sales in the same period last year.

Will the hat sales rise to even headier heights? The milliners are keeping their hat-pins crossed . . .

"The last time hats were universally worn was — oh, 1939. Just before the war," said Mrs. Joy Butler, public relations officer for the Millinery Manufacturers' Association.

"Then during the war women went without hats (they couldn't spare the coupons). And going hatless became a habit.

"But there has always been some interest in headwear. The native women in Hawaii

**LIKE THIS?**



# GOING TO WEAR HATS AGAIN?

## Milliners are keeping their hat-pins crossed

wear flowers over their ears. South Africans wear feathers.

"Now women are beginning to wear hats again.

"That's not because they feel they have to — you know, 'Wear a hat and stop squinting in the summer,' or 'Wear a hat to protect your skin.'

"It's because a hat can do such a lot for a woman these days. It can start a conversation — stop a conversation — attract a man."

The European couturiers began the hatty trend last year when they placed more emphasis on the general silhouette of an ensemble. Before that their hats weren't often hats, according to Mrs. Butler.

"They often just put little topknots of draped material on the model's head to finish off the 'look' of a dress," she said.

"But at least they still considered it necessary to put something on the head.

"In previous years, Australian milliners have made the mistake of following the couturiers' dictates too closely. Climatically, for Australia, this is impossible.

"Now, last winter's cossack-type hats didn't really 'go' here. They were too heavy and hot.

"But, more and more, the overseas styles are being adapted for Australian conditions."

### Drip-dry hats

Incidentally, Mrs. Butler predicts that next winter Australian women will be going all Egyptian with the "Nefertiti Look"—high hats with a backward tilt.

"And next year the furry hats will be more practical," she said. "They'll be made of washable nylon fur. It's lighter and much more practical than the real thing.

"You'll be able to buy a sort of drip-dry fur hat that you can wash out at night—and it's like new the next day.

"This is an example of the strong move—going further and further away—from hard blocking.

"We're emphasizing the softer look; it has helped renew women's interest in hats.

"Today a girl can buy a soft, casual pull-on hat. She can drape it on her head in a variety of ways—or she can stow it away in a pocket."

It's the girls, of course—the teenagers and the twenty-year-olds—who are the tantalising market for the milliners' wiles.

By  
**DAWN JAMES,**  
staff reporter

The market is ready-made, but not too receptive, because the girls have grown up in an era when the hat was for church or a "special occasion" accessory.

Instead of hats, they've been concentrating on their hair. Nowadays more and more young girls have their hair professionally shampooed and set once a week as a matter of course.

And then no one wants to crush a new hairstyle (like the "bouffant" two years ago, or last year's "beehive") with a hat.

There has been a certain lack of sympathy between the hairdressers and milliners, who were not precisely attuned to one another's problems.

But this unproductive situation is improving. The newest overseas hairstyle is the easy-to-hat shingle (it's back-to-the-twenties again, "kiss-curls" and all).

"There has been a slight tendency in this past year to co-ordinate hairstyles and hats," said Mrs. Butler.

"We've had the invaluable help of a large range of new materials, like the lacy straws that give a bulky look with no weight.

"Other materials, like the coarse veilings, are not new. But they are being used in new ways; hats are made completely of veiling and mounted on a light, transparent base.

"They give the hairstyles more room. A well-chosen hat will protect a hairstyle, not damage it. There should be no more of that 'wet seal' look when a woman takes off her hat.

"And the milliners are giving a great deal of thought to improving the individuality of today's hats.

"In the lower price ranges, no one will have to look very far to find an inexpensive hat with a good fashion-line for spring."

Those hats may be cheap, with dozens of identical sisters. But don't despise them; they are the direct descendants of a millinery aristocrat: a model.

In the trade, the manufacturers first show their new season's models to the buyers — in a cloak-and-dagger atmosphere of some secrecy. The buyers don't go in en masse. They are ushered into the showing one by one.

### Exclusive

This is a protection for both buyer and manufacturer, especially for the buyer who wants to be "exclusive."

Then the models are adapted in the ready-to-wear lines. There, overseas trends are watered down to appeal to the average — rather than the extreme — taste.

(Mrs. Butler puts some of the gala race-meeting hats into the extreme category. "They've got the full trimmings, cluttering the line," she says.)

A model is a one-of-a-kind hat. It can cost £40 or more.

But the less expensive models retail from £13 to £18. The hat's basic design is made "individual" with the use of material and trimming.

Then the basic design descends to the ready-to-wears.

The line is the same, but the materials used are cheaper.

And the same style is repeated in hundreds of dozens of hats. Each would sell in the shops for about 29/11.

But Mrs. Butler says, "You can buy a good semi-model hat for about £5/5/-."

Keep those prices in mind. And multiply your choice by five, because Mrs. Butler says that a girl can get by with a basic hat wardrobe of five for a season.

She listed them: "A whimsy (for evening hair adornment), a late-day hat (for a special lunch), and three other versatile styles not chosen to go with just one outfit.

### Silhouette

"When you're buying a hat, keep your over-all silhouette in mind. And don't try on a spring hat with a winter coat."

She went on to describe some of the hat-types best suited to current spring fashions . . .

- The classic shirt-dress: plain straw hat with a "sunbrella" drooped brim to balance the skirt's fullness.

- Simple, sleeveless dress: millinery choice is wide open. This is the dress for a high and exaggerated hat.

- Gibson-girl dress with "bell" sleeves: small hat to give height and elongate the body line that is cut by the big sleeves.

- Relaxed, Chanel-type suit: tailored hat; no flowers or veiling.

"And if you've got that simple little black dress," Mrs. Butler said, "you can let your head go with a hat that's sheer nonsense . . . foolish fantasy . . ."

"But if you're ever in doubt: the simpler your hat is, the better."

Now, with all the frivolous and frothy spring hats already on display, there's just one question left. It's a question that time will answer . . .

Are women going to let the new hats really go to their heads?



OR LIKE THIS?



# make the smoothest, creamiest custards

WITH SUNSHINE FULL CREAM POWDERED MILK



## Try these Sunshine treats!

They're rich and creamy-delicious... creamy-smooth. Any sweet that needs custard—baked or boiled—needs Sunshine, because Sunshine custard is the smoothest, creamiest you've ever made. Sunshine Full Cream Powdered Milk... always keep a tin handy.

### SUNSHINE CHERRY DELIGHT

Line pie or tart pans with pastry (made with plain flour). Bake in hot oven (400°) for 10 minutes. Cool slightly. Half fill pie shell with uncooked Sunshine Baked Custard. Bake 30 minutes at 325° until custard is set.

**Cherry glaze:** Dissolve 2 teaspoons gelatine in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cherry juice from canned cherries. Heat 1 cup cherry juice and add a few drops red colouring, pour over softened gelatine and cool. When set, cut into small cubes and spoon over pie. Serve with Sunshine topping and decorate with cherries.

### FOR SUNSHINE BAKED CUSTARD (4 to 6 servings)

2 well-heaped tablespoons Sunshine Powdered Milk, mixed with 1 pint warm water; 2 eggs; 2 level tablespoons sugar; vanilla essence.

To the well-beaten eggs add Sunshine-water mixture, sugar and vanilla. Beat. To cook, pour into greased baking dish. Stand in dish of warm water and bake in moderate oven until set—about 55 minutes.

### SUNSHINE PARFAIT

Prepare one or more (for mixed flavours) packets of jelly crystals according to directions. Allow to set. Prepare Sunshine boiled custard (recipe below). Cool. Spoon layers of jelly and custard alternately into serving glasses or dishes. Decorate with whipped Sunshine topping and sprinkle with walnuts.

### FOR SUNSHINE BOILED CUSTARD (makes about 2½ cups)

2 well-heaped tablespoons Sunshine Powdered Milk; 1 egg; 2 level tablespoons sugar; 1 level tablespoon cornflour; vanilla essence.

Place Sunshine on top of 1 pint warm water, beat to dissolve. Beat egg, sugar and cornflour until thick. Add warm milk gradually, mixing constantly. Place in double saucepan and stir until custard thickens (do not boil). Add vanilla. Cool.

### CREAMY WHIPPED SUNSHINE TOPPING

Mix one cup of Sunshine with one cup of water. Chill thoroughly and beat until mixture begins to thicken. Add three teaspoons of lemon juice and whip until stiff. Add icing sugar to taste and serve straight away.



**SUNSHINE** the powdered milk you know is full cream

NI0238/60

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 7, 1960





# £1000 COVER CONTEST

## ● This week we announce our Cover Contest, with a prize of £1000

It's a simple contest for all the family. You will save 16 of our covers and list them in the order of your preference.

### WHAT TO DO

Keep this week's cover and the next 15 covers. This week's carries an identifying letter "A" on a little square. Each cover of the 16 will have an identifying letter. (They will run from "A" to "P.")

An entry coupon, on which to list your preferences, will be published at the end of the contest. You will not need to describe the covers—they will be identified on the coupon by their letters. The coupon will also include a space for a cover suggestion of your own.

The last cover of the contest will appear on our issue dated December 21. The entry coupon will be in that issue with detailed instructions and conditions.

The contest will be judged by a panel including, among others, an artist, a housewife, a business girl. Members of the panel will not be chosen until the contest closes, when their names will be announced.

First prize of £1000 will be awarded to the reader whose entry places the 16 covers in the same order as the judges, or is nearest to the judges' choice.

In the case of a tie the £1000 prize will go to the tying entry in which the suggestion for a cover is judged best. If the cover suggestions are judged equal in value the prize will be equally divided.

Ten additional awards of £10 will be made to the readers who submit the best ten suggestions for covers.

● Be sure to keep your covers. You will need the full set of 16 to spread out before you when you fill in your coupon.





# "Beat" fashions in Dior's collection



● The biggest single bit of fashion news from the Paris autumn collections comes from Yves Saint-Laurent at Dior.

WITH limitless ingenuity, Dior's wonder-boy designer brings back Bohemian touches from the '30s redesigned for the Beat generation of the '60s.

The fashions are for elegant beatniks, and the collection pulses with news.

The silhouette is elongated and waistless; and drama is added by skirt fullness puffed low. Dior calls the line "puff-ball."

The sweater line, another return from the past, runs through day and night with slight variations. Both silhouettes allow plenty of freedom and movement.

In my opinion, the fashions are aggressively youthful and only for the girl with the beanstalk figure.

Because of understated designing, fabrics are rich.

Wools are both coarse and light, and silks heavy and luscious.

Hand-knitted ribbing, wool and material pompons, and bows are the hit trims of the collection.

Black, perhaps a further salute to beatniks, is used as an accent and for accessories. This black accent gives color an extraordinarily new look.

Hats are high and crowns are more rounded than peaked.

The newest piece of millinery at Dior, and indeed in all Paris, is a high turban made in black fox fur.

The mannequin wearing this lavish piece of nonsense peered from beneath its busby-like proportions with a pale face and heavily made-up eyes.

—Betty Keep

**JUMPER SUIT** (above) has a toothpick-slim skirt and sweater top. The top is finished with a hand-knit collar to match the skating-rink cap.

**CHARLESTON** era brought up to date is seen in the knee-high green lace dance dress (right). Self-frills interpret the Dior "puffball" silhouette.





*"FLASH" is the name Maison Dior gives the rose-pink woollen suit (above). Matching wool pompons on the straight jacket replace buttons. The skirtline puffs low at the back.*



*SLEEVELESS sweater top and matching floor-length skirt (above) is "Beat" fashion at its most elegant. The black ribbon bows on bodice match shoulder-high gloves.*

*"ULTRA-VIOLET," Dior's tweed hit suit (right), with a "puff-ball" skirt. The side-fastened jacket is trimmed with pompons of matching clipped tweed.*





*Scented with rare, costly French perfumes  
... rich with beauty-giving creams*



## lavish, luxurious Cashmere Bouquet

*the gentlest Beauty Soap in the world*

The unique creamy formula with its exquisite fragrance pampers your skin with a gentle beauty treatment every time you use Cashmere Bouquet soap. The rich deep cleansing lather brings to your skin a youthful glow, a satin smoothness that lasts all day. Fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Soap is so long-lasting, so economical. Let your whole family enjoy it — now in the colours you love . . .  
**PINK • SKY BLUE  
PRIMROSE • WHITE**

*Kept fresh and fragrant  
in gleaming foil*



*So lavish,  
luxurious, yet it costs no more than ordinary soaps!*

FATHER



"This is one night you are going to get enough water before you go to bed!"

MOTHER



ELISABETH MACINTYRE.

"It's a recipe of my own — you make it from leftovers and left-over leftovers."

## It seems to me

**T**RYING another picture this week. The one that has appeared for the last fortnight has met with a mixed reception.

The friend who said I looked like a cat that had swallowed a canary gave the picture the first shove towards the wastepaper basket.

Then some letters arrived expressing horror and kindly disbelief.

One of the decisive letters came from a long-time reader of this paper, Mrs. A. I. Lymath, of Bondi, N.S.W.

Mrs. Lymath always combines candor with tact, an admirable talent in a critic.

After some consideration, she said, she had decided that it was a good portrait of a pair of spectacles.

So here goes with the other glasses and a different hairdo, hoping for the best.

★ ★ ★

**M**Y mail recently has been extra lively and amusing.

A New Zealander writes to say that her husband felt sorry for me after reading about my horrible attempt at cooking tripe. His hints:

"Pinch tripe between fingers. If it 'gives' it will be tender when cooked."

"Some tripe is ruined in the first washing; if the water is not hot enough the tripe will toughen and no amount of cooking will improve it."

"By the way," added the writer, "my husband is neither a butcher nor a cook. He builds roads."

A storekeeper from outback Queensland sent a tip of a different kind.

He enclosed a leaflet about a verse competition, sponsored by the makers of a piece of shearing equipment, and open to "Shearers only."

"Get a shearer boy-friend to send your entry," advised my correspondent. "If you don't know any, I know plenty. It may not be ethics, but it looks like an easy £200."

Naturally, I was pleased by the flattery implied in this frivolous suggestion.

Among other prizes offered in the contest are five rifles. A rifle would be useful in the city at times, as I remarked to a taxi-driver the other wet night.

A few minutes before, I had been swept aside by a sprinting gentleman who leapt ahead of me into the seat of the first cab I had hailed.

"Ah," consoled the driver of the vehicle I finally did get, "you don't want to spend your life in gaol because of a taxi, do you?"

I suppose not.

★ ★ ★

**N**EW ZEALAND scientists have discovered that rabbits act as bait for each other.

When the scientist put a number of rabbits in a small enclosure, all the others for miles round gathered in the enclosure, too.

The same principle applies to Australian cities.

By



Dorothy Drain

**F**RRIEND of mine didn't know whether to be pleased or not when her husband brought her home an unexpected present the other day. It was an alarm clock.

She used to get a cup of tea in the morning. But they have now been married ten years.

The blow was softened when she tried out the alarm. It plays an excerpt from the "Swan Lake" music.

It wouldn't be any good to me, though. I would only roll over and dream that I was Margot Fonteyn.

★ ★ ★

**H**ONESTLY, prawns are getting so big that they ought to be reclassified.

"King" and "Tiger" aren't sufficiently descriptive.

The pound I bought last week should have been called "Elephant prawns."

There were six, which worked out at 1/3 each.

One of them was as big as a small whiting. If I had caught such a whiting on a line I wouldn't have thrown it back, not unless a fisheries inspector was on the next rock.

**I**F anything were needed to make me sure that life in the democratic countries is more bearable than in those which are Communist-controlled, it is a recent news item from Peking.

It appears that workers in shops and offices now have daily physical-training periods.

A bell rings and everyone files out into the courtyard for drill.

I know that worse things happen in regimented countries—lack of all kinds of mental freedom.

But as one who absolutely loathed drill in schooldays, the thought of having to touch toes to shouted instruction fills me with cold horror.

★ ★ ★

**A** BRITISH car, running on orange juice instead of petrol, averaged 18 miles to the gallon in New York traffic. Two thousand oranges provided five gallons of fuel.

"If all the earth were bread and cheese,  
And all the sea were ink"—  
So ran a rhyme that used to please,  
Or near enough, I think.

But fact today is stranger far  
Than fiction, my papoose,  
Some day your pop might run his car,  
They say, on orange juice.

A picnic it should simplify  
When, so one might foretell,  
"Just fill her up," Papa will cry,  
"And all the kids as well."



1  
AT ALL STORES



TO STRIP BUILT-UP WAX  
AND FOR ALL HEAVY DUTY  
CLEANING—HERE'S A  
HEAVY DUTY DETERGENT

Hey Cleans quickly  
Hey Cleans easily  
Hey Cleans everything

Make cleaning day  
a Hey day!

AUSTRALIA'S LEADING  
LIQUID FLOOR POLISH  
—the easy way to  
longer lasting gleaming  
brilliance

\* It's so easy  
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economical

Don't just polish  
your floors—Duraglo  
them!



2  
AT ALL STORES

HERE'S WHY  
A MILLION WOMEN USE

**Peerless**  
FLOOR TREATMENTS

HERE ARE 7 PEERLESS WAYS TO EASIER KEPT  
AND LONGER LASTING, LOVELIER FLOORS!



3

AT ALL STORES



JUST POUR & SPREAD THIS  
WAX-FREE LIQUID POLISH  
NO RUBBING! NO BUFFING!

\* Dries glossy \* No scuffing  
\* Non slip \* Non yellowing

4

AT ALL STORES



THE WONDER ALL FLOOR CLEANER  
Mop the dirt away—leave the  
polish gleaming!

\* For perfect  
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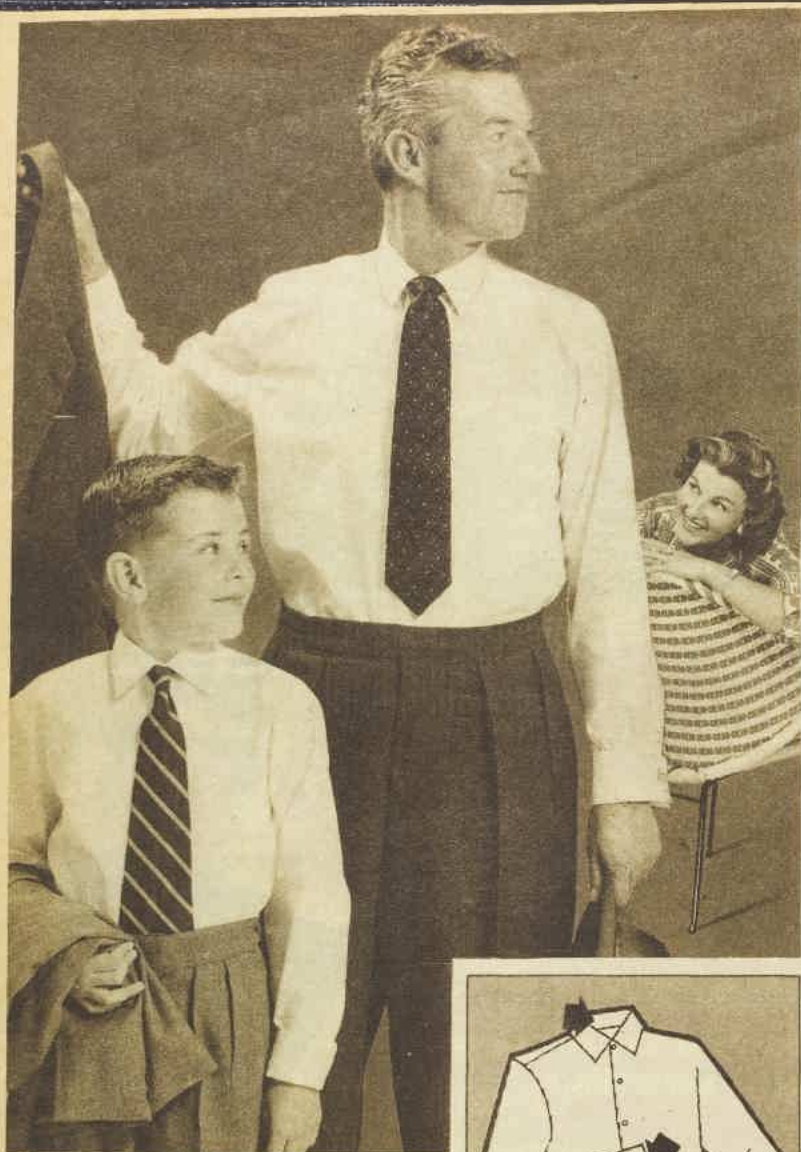
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Cynthia Strachan, our reporter  
at the Games, sends us a backstage  
round-up of Rome, Olympic City.

## Hostess—without the Mostest

● Mrs. H. McClure-Smith has been a successful hostess to every Australian V.I.P. who has visited Rome in the past 18 months — but it took our Olympic team only a few seconds to make her admit defeat.

WIFE of Australia's Ambassador in Rome, Mrs. McClure-Smith, formerly of Sydney, was hostess at a cocktail party for 240 members of the team and visiting Press.

Before the party she asked Olympic officials what to serve, as she thought the athletes would have diet restrictions.

Back came the advice: "No rich foods, no alcoholic drinks — in fact, nothing much at all. They'll be going back to the Village for regular dinner afterwards, and they can't have too many extras."

But Olympians at a party are much like Olympians on the track or in the pool. Their performances can be quite surprising.

### Ate everything

Seconds after the food was served, platters of sandwiches and savories looked as bare as marble statues.

"Why did I ever listen to the crazy suggestion that they wouldn't want much food?" wailed Mrs. McClure-Smith.

"Here I was trying to help them. Now they've probably gone away thinking we are mean."

But her fears were groundless. The team members revelled in their only night out before competing in the Games.

Swim star Dawn Fraser, looking very weary after an exhausting day's training, explained the team's bun fight over the food.

"Most of us haven't eaten since noon and I've swum a couple of miles since then, so it's no wonder we were famished when we arrived at the Embassy at 7 o'clock," she said. "It was a wonderful party and after a couple of soft drinks and a few sandwiches we felt fine."

Possibly the most informal touch of the evening was provided by Mrs. Doris Magee, manager of the women's athletics team.

Her feet gave out after miles of tramping round and standing in Rome's heat — so she stood at the edge of the Embassy garden with her shoes kicked off.

It's little wonder the athletes are a bit foot-weary.

As Dawn Fraser said, "It's half a mile from the Olympic Village to the Australian dining-rooms, then a quarter of a mile more from the dining-room to the women's quarters. And when we get there we have to climb three flights of stairs."

CANOEISTS Heidi Sager and Cynthia Nicholas, of Melbourne, with Mrs. Doris Magee (centre).

The McClure-Smith's 21-year-old daughter, Katherine, is one of 300 interpreters helping official Games visitors.

Tall, attractive Katy is



MRS. H. MCCLURE-SMITH, the hostess who wished she hadn't asked for advice.

stationed at Ciampino airport and says she's learnt more Italian during her time there than in all the months she has been in Italy.

She said that for almost all the girls involved this would be the only job they'd ever have.

"They're all from good old Roman families or an Embassy. And in Italy it's not the done thing for girls with any social standing to work. Their one object is to get married, and so the two things they concentrate on are clothes and meeting boys," Katy said.





## He turns pins into pounds

● Swapping Olympic pins has become almost as great an obsession in Rome as winning gold medals.

EACH country participating in the Games produces its own souvenir pin, and the only measure of social success here is the number you can collect.

It's a game everyone's playing—from athletes and Olympic stars to tourists and teenage Romeos.

### Dollars

Australia has two types of pin, each with a kangaroo. Both are popular.

There is a cigar-smoking American here who doesn't place a high value on Australia's Olympic pin.

He knows his pins well. In fact, he has turned them into a profitable dollar earner.

He's Louis Solovay, of Los Angeles—ticket broker by trade, badge distributor by

lucrative hobby, and exclusive distributor of the official Rome Olympic pin, of which he expects to sell more than one million during the Games.

Louis is also collecting as many foreign Olympic pins as possible, and already has several hundred of them.

When the pin-swapping craze is at its peak he will start selling his collection at profitable rates. Market value will fluctuate according to the popularity of various countries at the Games.

He has already cornered the market in Russian swap pins, which he expects will rival American pins for top value—at around £5 to £10 a pin.

He doesn't expect Australian badges to draw such profits, because they don't feature Olympic circles.

"Now, if I wear Australia's Olympic pin from 1956 that

would be different, because the kangaroo is accompanied by the circles, but I don't expect to be able to buy many hamburgers with the price of this year's pin," he said.

Louis, who has been following the Olympics—including Melbourne's—since the Los Angeles Games in 1932, doesn't just make pin money out of his hobby.

### Gold rings

Pin sales pay for all his Olympic trips, and this is his second trip to Europe this year on the strength of them.

The official Rome Olympic pin is blue enamel with gold Olympic rings and a replica of Romulus and Remus.

During this trip, Louis came up against the language problem worrying most people here now.

He was taken to a party by members of the Italian Olympic Committee and was really enjoying himself. Finally he found someone who spoke English, and said, "Say, this is one hell of a party. What's it for?"

That's when he found out it was for him.

### Heavy—but

Louis, a typical Damon Runyon character, sports a straw hat completely covered with pins. It's pretty heavy, but also valuable. He's already turned down 3000 dollars (about £A1500) for it.

"Business is good enough without selling my pride and joy," he said.

the campus of the University of Southern California, where Jon's finishing a TV course and Bonnie will do a Master's degree, specialising in advertising design.

Bonnie said the reason she and Jon suddenly decided to marry now instead of next year as planned was that they could not bear the separation when she was on a world trip and Jon back in Australia training for the Olympics.

### Never again

"We wrote daily and had long-distance telephone calls at least every two weeks. But we hated separation—and vowed it would never happen again," she said.

Melbourne canoeist Heidi Sager has some pre-wedding shopping to do, too.

She will marry former swimmer Jim Beard in Melbourne on September 24—a week after she arrives home—and she wants to buy her trousseau in Rome.



LOUIS' pride and joy—his hat with Olympic pins.

## Hard on Mum

● When champion swimmer Murray Rose arrived in Rome after a delayed flight he was looking fit enough—but his parents were showing the strain.

It's a costly and sometimes frustrating time for them.

In all, Mr. and Mrs. Ian Rose estimate it has cost them something like £5000 to get Australia's swim star to the starting-blocks.

First, they had to fly Murray from America, where he is doing a TV course at the University of Southern California, to Australia for training in Sydney and Townsville. Mrs. Rose went, too, to prepare Murray's vegetarian diet.

Now in Rome, she has set up another home—and kitchen—for him.

### The maid

Mr. Rose, who is now working in New York, is also in Rome.

They are paying £100 a week for a flat. An Italian maid goes with the flat—but not with the rent. She can't speak a word of English. The Roses can't speak a word of Italian.

So when they want anything done they ring a French friend and ask her to interpret to the maid.

The flat is noisy, with an open-air cinema near the bedrooms and a church next door where bells ring 5.30 matins.

### And a car

The Roses have hired a car to take Murray to and from the Village—so that he won't be tired by the walk.

And they say they could not have coped in the first few days had it not been for an old Cranbrook School friend of Murray's, Eddie Regala.

Eddie's father, Dr. Roberto Regala, was Consul-General for the Philippines in Sydney before being posted to Rome.

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## You can't kiss in Rome

● Jon Henricks and his pretty American fiancée, Bonnie Wilkie, have discovered that being in Rome really means you must do as the Romans do.

And that doesn't include kissing in a car in public view.

"I thought for a moment we were going to be arrested when we kissed a couple of times in a car during a shopping excursion the other morning," Jon said.

"We looked out of the car and saw a woman in a shop window wagging a finger disapprovingly at us, and then we remembered it was against the law in Rome.

"We were just laughing about it when we saw a policeman eyeing us, too. But I guess we must have looked so much in love his Latin nature got the better of him, and he just turned his back."

The morning Jon and Bonnie bought their wedding ring they headed immediately for the Trevi Fountain, and threw three coins in to wish for future happiness together. They will be married, with Hollywood-style trimmings, in Rome on September 3.

Jon was given special leave to buy the ring the morning after he arrived.

Starry-eyed Bonnie said she'd

never wanted an engagement ring, and is thrilled with the combination wedding-ring which features four luxurious diamonds set in red gold.

Bonnie and Jon are disappointed that several Australian swimmers, including Murray Rose, won't be able to attend their wedding and luncheon reception at the Hotel Ritz, because it is the final day of the swimming.

### Finals

"But we couldn't have it later, as Father must be in Chicago on September 5 for a machine show," said Bonnie.

The newlyweds will attend the swimming finals on their wedding night, then leave for Capri for four days.

But they'll even have swimmers with them one day of the honeymoon, for the day after the wedding the whole team visits Capri.

Jon and Bonnie will return to Rome for the remainder of the Olympics, then go to Paris for a swimming meet before flying to America from Stockholm on September 23.

They hope to live in the married couples' quarters on

## I'm Noelene

Like Jeannine and Frances, I have chosen as a career the nursing of the mentally ill. The modern medical treatments and nursing techniques are unusually interesting, and I find it both worthwhile and satisfying.

I am now training and studying hard to pass the Psychiatric Nursing examinations. The training period is three years and the minimum age is 17 years to start. The Intermediate Certificate or the Nurses Entrance Examination or equivalent is necessary to train, but my friend began as a Nursing Aide, not having the necessary education pass. We both started on £14/19/7 per week.

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BASIL RATHBONE — very English, very suave, very friendly.

## "My dear Watson"

● Basil (Sherlock Holmes) Rathbone has opinions on most things—and isn't afraid to express them:

**On being English:** "I'm proud of it. England still has tremendous influence in the world and she has taken third place among the nations with extreme graciousness — not an easy thing to do."

**On Shakespeare:** "Outrageous to suggest Shakespeare didn't write Shakespeare. Part of my lectures to colleges are devoted to the subject."

"First half of the lecture—it's not really a lecture—'A Night with Basil Rathbone,' is devoted to poetry. Then I get on the subject of Shakespeare and inevitably someone comes up with the query of whether Shakespeare was Shakespeare. 'Who told you he wasn't?' I ask. And it's always the darned professor!"

**On American politics:** "I don't think the Americans will make another emotional choice in the elections. I think they will vote intelligently. I hate Kennedy—he's anti-British."

"No, I don't hate him, that is the wrong word. I don't think I hate anyone. Hate is a waste of energy. I never hated a German when I shot him in World War I."

**On American youth:** "I like them. I find them dynamic, stimulating, intelligent, progressive. I love lecturing to them."

"After all, I have a 21-year-old daughter who is typical of American youth. She is an American. When she turned 21 she had the choice of British or American nationality."

"I said to her, 'Darling, don't be sentimental because I am an Englishman. You were born in America and are an American. Stay that way if you want to.'"

**On sport:** "I want to see the Demons — your famous Australian Football team. Their fame has spread to America."

**On family life:** "My firm belief is that no nation can survive if its family life goes to pieces."

# HE'S SCHOLARLY - NOT SINISTER

...and really likes people

● Every year for 33 years Basil Rathbone and his wife have sent a telegram on their wedding anniversary to producer Gilbert Miller saying: "You see, we're still married."

Thirty-four years ago Miller said: "The marriage will never last—Ouida has too much money. She is one of the most spoilt women in New York."

Although he loves poetry and would have liked to be a musician, he is a fan of football, baseball, prizefights, rugby, cricket, tennis, and golf. And he stills plays tennis and golf.

He never stops talking—and you never tire of listening to him.

He's charming, dogmatic, witty, intelligent, well-read, and interested in people and everything around him.

Conversation ranged from the American presidential elections (he has strong views and is a Nixon man. "Being British I can say what I like, because I haven't a vote") to whether Shakespeare wrote Shakespeare.

## A romp

He is looking forward to appearing in "Marriage-Go-Round" in Australia. He saw the play in New York, where it starred Charles Boyer and Claudette Colbert.

"A very respectable naughty play," he said. "We hassle and tattle round the stage—it's really a romp."

Although a confirmed Englishman he continues to live in America because there is so much more work there.

"Many English actors would like to work in America," he said. "Even stars like Olivier have asked me how they can get to America and stay there."

"The film industry isn't what it used to be in Hollywood, but for the talented and industrious actor there is plenty of stage work."

Mr. Rathbone doesn't like being identified as Sherlock Holmes, but he is resigned to it.

"After all, when you have made 16 films on the same character it is small wonder that it is the first thing people remember about you," he said.

Basil Rathbone started his working life in an insurance office, got his first theatrical break with his actor-manager cousin, the late Sir Frank Benson.

During his period of apprenticeship he appeared in 22

Shakespearean plays, doing 53 parts.

He still has the sword with which Sir Frank Benson became the third theatrical knight.

Sir Frank was knighted by King George V on stage after a performance for the King George V Pension Fund, still clad in the blood-stained robes he wore as Julius Caesar.

By BARBARA WALLIS,  
staff reporter

Mrs. Rathbone first saw Basil in London in the play "Peter Ibbetson."

"I thought he was the most beautiful man I had ever seen," she said. "I didn't meet him then, but told all my friends I was in love with him."

## That man

"Later I saw him in both New York and London on stage, but still I hadn't met him. I used to joke to my friends, saying, 'That man will be the father of my children.'"

"Eventually I met him in New York when another girl brought him to a party I gave."

"What really started our friendship was a horseback ride in the country. I had just taken a couple of jumps and I heard a horse coming up behind me very fast."

"It was Basil. He said, 'It's wonderful to see a woman who can ride like you.' He had no time for feeble, helpless women."

"From then on the friendship progressed. I had been having a minor flirtation with Leslie Howard at the time—nothing serious, one couldn't be with Leslie—so, of course, I had to dispense with that," she said.

Mrs. Rathbone is proud of their 34 years of happy marriage.

"It is unusual in the theatre world, I know," she said. "But Basil and I have so much in common. My mother was English and my father half-French, half-Spanish, but my heart is in England—so is Basil's."

"We have the same tastes in art and music."

"Every morning we have breakfast together and talk things over. This is a very precious part of the day for us."



MRS. RATHBONE, who gives famous parties for celebrities in New York and Hollywood.

Mr. Rathbone's attractive blond wife, Ouida, has 50 film scripts and six stage plays to her credit.

"I love Melbourne," she said. "What little I've seen of it. The hotel is so like England, and the town looks English, too. Everyone is so kind—I think I'm going to like it here."

Mrs. Rathbone has written a play which she would like to have produced in Australia. She feels the leading role would be ideal for her husband.

"He has never appeared in any of my film scripts or plays with the exception of a play I did on three Sherlock Holmes stories. That is a play I would like Australians to see, too," she said.

The story of the Rathbones' meeting is like something from a film script itself.



# Sweet Night for

# MURDER

BETTINA'S husband, Vance Tulloch, looked quickly towards the door as click, click came the sound of her heels across the tiled hall.

She hurried into the sitting-room. It was three minutes past seven, his expression warned her and advised her to walk warily.

Her father-in-law's glance was as chilly as a whitewashed wall. He put down his evening paper, ostentatiously, and got up, folding the pages tidily as though he were planning to resell it.

"You're late, darling," Vance told Bettina.

"Am I? Sorry. I just ran up to the shops to get one or two things." She pushed back her hair and gave them both an undimmed smile — carefully, determinedly undimmed — and plumped down her shopping basket, out of which peeped a green pepper and a stick of celery.

Her father-in-law apparently wasn't mollified by the sight of these homely articles, carried though they had been on their common behalf close on a mile from the bus stop.

"Curious hour to be buying vegetables," he commented. "I think I should have felt more interested in the food already prepared. And waiting!"

Bettina's eyes flicked at him and dropped. That was the worst of the old so-and-so! You couldn't put anything over on him. No use trying to kid him you were three minutes late because you'd been lugging home the damn vegetables for his next day's lunch.

"Oh, well," she found best to admit what he'd already guessed, "I did meet the Adamsons up there and we looked in at the pub and had a couple of sherries."

"Then you won't be wanting one now." With a dry little snigger, he dropped the stopper back into the decanter, carried it into the dining-room across the hall, and stood it on the old-fashioned sideboard among its precious fellows, their necks hung with silver labels—Port, Brandy, Claret—their contents consumed always in the greatest moderation.

Behind his back the swift glance that passed between the youthful husband and wife underlined a score of facts all too often stated in the privacy of their bedroom: that living with Dad was hell, plain hell; that he had resented Vance's marriage to Bettina from the word go; that this was always the worst time of day because the three of them were forced to share it with some pretence of amity round the dinner table; that, hard as it was for Bettina to keep on the sweet side of him, it was better to make the effort to do so than to have to set up house on their own, pay ten guineas a week for a flat, to say nothing of all the upkeep now paid so grudgingly by Dad with sour looks and downturned mouth. As it was, Vance's salary as a clerk in an air-ways office melted, just melted.

And what made the set-up so maddening was that the old man was quite well off, with this big, comfortable house and a private income of—well, neither of them knew exactly how much, but plenty, leaving him with nothing

to do but keep brisk and healthy for another twenty years.

In silence the three seated themselves at the dinner table. Bettina sat erect, pulling down the white cotton sweater over her thin body and spreading her full, red skirt. She was nervously thin, with dark hair and eyes and skin, and a longish nose that looked as though it were always thrusting forward to see if it was safe to proceed.

Vance was a tall, lanky young man, with a narrow, darkly shaven face, bold brown eyes, and a weak cleft chin. Yet, on the whole, his appearance had a pleasing boyishness, and his likeness to his father wasn't too marked as yet, though Bettina's worst reproach when they were quarrelling was: "Watch out! You're going to grow very like him."

Laura, the elderly maid, came in and put down the cutlets before Mr. Tulloch, the peas and carrots before Bettina.

Laura had served the Tulloch family in this room for thirty years. Since Vance had brought Bettina home two years ago, a rather uncomfortable split had come about in Laura's feelings. She couldn't make up her mind whether to resent Bettina's intrusion into the male household or to welcome her for her occasional aid with the housekeeping and shopping and even sometimes with a little unskilful cooking.

**M**AKING an attempt at conversation, Bettina said, "I saw Cathy's new car, standing at the top of the Watsons' drive-in."

"Nice, eh?" Vance inquired.

"Super! Dark green with red leather upholstery. What luck some people have! Who'd ever imagine winning a car in one of those wretched art unions?"

"Quite a number of people apparently envisage that outcome," Mr. Tulloch said, leaning across to place the plate with its cutlet in front of her, "since a large part of the community, I understand, buys tickets in lotteries."

Her thin face sharpened at his pedantry, her long hands sharply broke a roll. "Well, you know what I mean. And Cathy doesn't even need it. Roger's got two cars."

"I must say she can use it to travel as far away from me as she likes," Mr. Tulloch said. "I've rarely met a young woman whose ways I found so odious during her fortnight's stay here. Extravagant, inconsiderate, selfish. Understand, Bettina—"

"Yes, Mr. Tulloch, I know. I won't ask her to stay again. It was just that I thought that a little return hospitality after me being up there with her for two weekends, and her needing to come to town to do some shopping before her wedding—" There was a slightly hot note in Bettina's voice.

Vance touched her foot under the table, telling her: "Don't get into an argument. Let him have his grouse. It can't matter to you what he thinks of Cathy Simpson. Give it

away!" All this was said in the pressure of his brown leather shoe on her red suede scuff.

Mr. Tulloch, however, chewed doggedly on the subject and on his cutlet, the muscles in his lean jaw riding up and down with horrid visibility. "Quite," he rasped. "So now the debt is paid. If not the telephone bill! Country calls every day to her young man up there, with lengthy extensions, leaving the lights on all over the place, radiators blazing in the height of summer! Intolerable!"

It hadn't been the height of summer; it had been a fairly chilly spring when Cathy Simpson had come from the country five weeks ago to spend two of them with Bettina, moving on to Jess and Keith Watsons' when Mr. Tulloch's restiveness as a host became too glaringly plain.

Bettina and Cathy had been at boarding-school together. On leaving school Cathy had gone home to the restricted life of the country town where her father was a bank manager, while Bettina had stayed on in Sydney, working as a typist and living feverishly and precariously. Her marriage to Vance Tulloch had seemed a good one, but nothing to the marriage that now shone so brightly only six weeks ahead for Cathy.

Wisely, to change the conversation's trend, Vance said: "Didn't Cathy say something about having only a half share in the ticket that won the car?"

"Did she? Who's got the other half?" his father inquired, throwing back his grizzled head and champing his lean jaw at his son.

"Don't know. Not me."

"Or me," Bettina mourned.

"Pity. You might have bought her half. We could do with another car in this household."

"It doesn't worry me to walk and go in buses," Bettina assured him, seeking to acquire merit.

"Humph!" Which brief sound contained the whole expression of the fact that Vance and Bettina both used his car whenever they could scrounge it, reducing Mr. Tulloch at times to the painful expedient of sallying forth after dinner in it to trundle round the adjacent highways until the two young people had left for their evening's engagement.

Without further discord, dinner came to its caramel custard and its end. Outside, the dusk grew, and past the windows bats swooped at high speed and vanished. With the dark an even deeper silence fell on the road that skirted the hillside.

Craigmont Road ran through one of those unspoiled bits of bushland on Sydney Harbor's North Shore. Though only a twenty minutes' run from the city, it might have been a hundred miles away, with the rocky hill falling down to the marbled green water of an arm of the harbor where mangroves clustered thickly in the shallows.

After turning off the highway there were only a few houses along this road. Of the last three, the Hambletons' came first. Next came the Watsons'. Both houses had been built by Keith Watson, who was an architect.

The Watsons' place was long and low and lay like a great white bird along the hillside, wings outspread as though about to take flight over the water. "Fairview," the Tullochs' house, was the last. The road stopped there. Beyond was only a bare rock plateau, Synott's Lookout, below which the hill fell away steeply into a deep ravine.

On this evening, with the last mouthful swallowed, Bettina got up, carried some of the plates out to the kitchen, and started to help Laura with the washing-up. Vance shut himself in their bedroom and turned on the gramophone. Mr. Tulloch took possession of the drawing-room.

At just about that time in town, Roger Clements, Cathy Simpson's fiance, came out on to the steps of the Australia Hotel with his aunt and uncle. They had dined with him there, where he had been staying for the past week, and were now about to catch their plane back to Melbourne. Not knowing them to be in Sydney, Roger had run into them in the street this afternoon and had delayed his own departure back home to give them a dinner.

To page 42





*Suddenly violence shattered the peace of a summer  
evening . . . beginning our new murder mystery serial*

**BY MARGOT NEVILLE**

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

*Jess felt it was a nightmare and repressed a scream  
as Keith bent over Cathy's body.*





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# Pete goes courting

A sophisticated short story

By RUDOLPH TAYLOR

THE day Pete Brody married model Susie Bannion, photographers, advertising executives, fashion-house heads, and men-about-town from all walks of life raised their glasses, looked at themselves in bar-room mirrors, and turned to other things. Some turned to horses, some turned to drink, some turned to watching television and were never heard of again. Such was Susie Bannion.

And the day Susie Bannion married Pete Brody flocks of unmarried maidens who had uttered his name nightly on their knees howled themselves to sleep and turned their attention to the stalking of lesser prey. For Pete Brody was tall, twenty-six, a top yachtsman, a top polo-player, and his mother was so rich she had assets she had never heard about.

Now these two had been wed four months. It was one p.m. in their harborside apartment. They had just arrived home, they had secured the door and lit dim, contemporary lights. To some people this apartment might have been just another modern, sumptuous, seven-roomed, exorbitantly priced apartment hidden away in the high-rent area and disturbed only by the sounds of neighbors counting their money. But to them it was home. And they were together in it, all alone.

"You and your mother!" Susie exploded, pulling combs from her long, auburn hair so that it spilled down her back. "There are times when I wish I had never married you!"

"Well, do tell!" Pete said, planting his two big fists on his hips. "And sometimes I wish I had married a woman instead of a neurotic child!"

"Child? Child!" Susie echoed, her green eyes flashing like barbecue flames. "You're the child! When are you going to untie yourself from your mother's apron-strings?"

"You're always dragging mother in!"

"Dragging her in? She's been in from the start! This is one of those modern, three-way marriages!"

"Rubbish!" Pete said.

"Well, if it's rubbish," argued Susie, seating herself on the settee and reaching for a table lighter to light the cigarette which trembled between her lips, "if it's rubbish, why is she all the time telling you what to do? Like tonight—do this, Peter; do that, Peter; you should live here, Peter; you should buy yourself a house, Peter; you should do your job this way, Peter!"

"Mother is only trying to help us!"

"Help us? If ever she tried to tell me what to do, or what to wear, or whether to work or not, I'll tell her—I!"

"Don't you insult mother!" Pete said, standing over her. "She's done a lot for us!"

"Yes, I know," Susie said wearily. "As she can do so much for you, I can't understand why you ever married me!"

"Oh, holy smoke!" Pete cried, knocking a trailing plant to the floor with an outflung arm. "Are we back to that?"

"Yes, we're back to that! And it seems to me we'll always come back to it!"

"Look," Pete said despairingly, "I just can't understand what you're worried about! We've got a terrific flat here, we've got friends by the barrelful, we've got more money than we'll ever need—what more do you want?"

"You wouldn't know!" Susie snapped.

"No, I wouldn't!" Pete stubbed his cigarette out on a black ashtray. "It's going to take me the rest of my life to understand you! Why can't you stop dreaming up problems and concentrate on enjoying yourself? Other people do! You don't see me worrying about anything. Other women are happy with the things you have—I!"

"I am not 'other women'!" Susie said. "I am me!"

"Well, bully for you!" Pete said. "Now, let's go to bed. It's half past one."

"You go to bed. I'm sleeping here."

Pete's eyebrows rose.

"Well-I-I-I..."

"Leave me alone, please."

"I think I can do that," Pete said, walking doorwards with his chin held high.

It was nine o'clock next morning when Pete awoke. He noticed the untouched pillow beside him, made a face to himself, reached for the cigarettes, lit one, and lay back again.

Susie certainly was a strange girl. Why did she get so upset about mother? Why couldn't she be like other women and simply enjoy herself? There were always parties to go to, the yacht to take out, entertaining to do—why, she even continued with her modelling! Who ever heard of a married woman working unless she needed the money?

No, Pete decided, taking a deep draw on his cigarette, this time he was

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"I'm sure it's going to take the rest of my life to understand you!" Pete said angrily to his beautiful wife, Susie.







wear beautifully



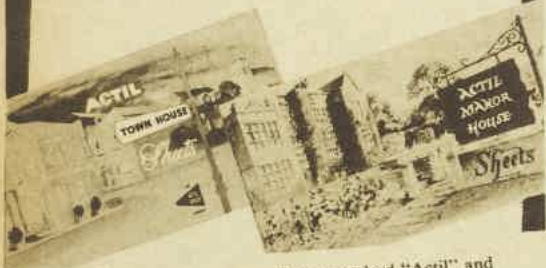
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going to be firm with Susie. There was going to be no more of this hanky-panky and unfair hullabaloo about Mother. Susie was going to have to be satisfied with things as they were.

And another thing. He was going to make her give up modelling. He loved Susie, but she was only twenty-one and there were a few things she was going to have to get straight. Oh, yes, he'd be patient with her. But slowly he was going to bring her around. He reached for another cigarette. Pete did not have to get up for a while because his first board meeting for the day was not until twelve. And, anyhow, he certainly wasn't going to charge out there where Susie was and make her think he wanted to make peace. Not on your life. No, let her lie there and stew for a while.

But at ten-thirty, when he did go out, she was not stewing. She was not even there. Nor was she in the kitchen. Nor were most of her clothes in her wardrobe.

Well, how do you like that, Pete thought, she's gone and left me. Just like in the Sunday papers.

It was five days later. Pete knocked on the door of Helen Carter's apartment. His chin stuck out, he was frowning, and his face, particularly beneath the eyes, looked as though it had been made up for a death scene in a Continental movie.

"Why, hello, darling!" Helen Carter greeted him. "Come in, darling. I've been expecting you for days!"

Helen was Susie's best friend and another model. She was wearing a black playsuit which gripped her like a bride grips her first marriage licence.

"There's one thing I want to get perfectly clear!" Pete began, following her into the apartment. "Don't think I came here to find Susie and ask her to come back! I've simply come to talk to her! I've come to talk some good, down-to-earth commonsense to her!"

"What will you drink, darling?" Helen asked, sliding behind a corner cocktail bar.

"Is she here?"

"No, darling. Helen's eyebrows rose culturedly. "Scotch?"

"Has she been here?"

"Yes. Water?"

"Not much, thanks." Pete sat down and ran a hand through his thick dark hair.

"Had a tough time, darling?" she asked, handing him the drink.

"It hasn't been a Sunday-school picnic," Pete grumbled. "I've had to refuse invitations, make excuses, and how I've ever managed to keep it from mother I'll never know! But see here, Helen—"

"I think you'd better have another drink, darling."

"Susie and I are going to get a few things straight! If she thinks she's going to pack up and leave every time we have some trifling quarrel—"

"Here you are, darling."

"Thanks. Well, she's wrong! We're going to get a few things clear right now!"

"You are upset, darling. I've never seen you like this before."

"Where is she?"

"Right now," Helen said, "she would be somewhere on the Indian Ocean."

"The what?"

"The Indian Ocean."

"Where's that?"

"Oh, darling, I'm surprised at you. Didn't you learn at school—"

"Look, Helen, I don't want the latitude and longitude! What is my wife doing on the Indian Ocean?"

"She's on a ship, darling, on her way to England. And please, darling, don't shout."

Pete stood up. He walked a few paces to the right, stared unseeing at a painting of a

## Continuing . . . PETE GOES COURTING

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nude, then returned and sat down on his chair.

"Give me another scotch, Helen."

"Here. I've already mixed one for you."

"Thank you." He ran his fingers through his hair. "May I ask," he began quietly, "May I be informed why my wife is sailing to England?"

Helen shrugged. "All she said was that she was going to try modelling there, and as she seemed so determined to go I gave her the names of some people to see."

"But, Helen, how can a person leave for England so quickly. There are papers, and injections, and—"

"Do you remember that friend she had in the shipping company?"

"Yes."

"He arranged it all. Then she flew to Perth to connect with the ship."

"Which ship?"

"The Pacific Queen."

"What about money?"

"She had saved enough to go there before you were engaged. She had her passport already."

"I tried to stop her, Pete," Helen said. "But—did you ever try to stop Susie doing something when her mind was made up?"

"As a matter of fact," Pete said, "I did."

"Oh, my darling!" Mrs. Brody said. "What a terrible shock for you!"

"I can't understand her, Mother."

● We can do more good by being good than in any other way.  
—Rowland Hill

"I should say not! What a shocking thing to do!"

"She was always impetuous."

"Impetuous!" his mother snorted. She had the right type of nose for snorting at things. It was very long and bony, and her eyes pierced things before her like a Japanese letter-opener. When she examined people she looked as though she were trying to read the small print in the stock quotations. "Really, Peter, it is better to have happened this way! Just think! If she had deserted you later there may have been children!"

"Oh, now, Mother," Pete squirmed. "Don't—"

"Peter, I want to help you. First, you must come and live here with me so that I can look after you properly!"

"I can't understand her. . . . I can't get used to the idea of her not being near any more."

"Darling, I know. And I'm going to help you forget her. I'm going to be right by your side and—"

"Forget her? Forget Susie?"

"Perhaps you ought to take a holiday somewhere. A change of scene might make all the difference, darling. It's lovely in Fiji at this time of the year. Or Tahiti. . . ."

"No, Mother."

"But you will bring your things over, won't you, dear?"

"No, Mother. I'd like to be alone. I have a lot of things to figure out."

Another week went by. Every evening his mother called him on the telephone, and every time he refused to leave the apartment and live at her home.

Finally, she visited him. It was eight o'clock on a Sunday evening. She found Pete sitting staring at a television screen. The programme consisted of a pattern of quivering

symmetrical lines. He had been watching them for half an hour.

In the kitchen were forty-six unwashed cups, saucers, and plates, and twenty-seven empty tin cans. The state of the ashtrays suggested that a crowd of expectant fathers had recently been present.

"Peter!" Mrs. Brody said. "You must pull yourself together! You are a Brody and we Brodys can face an upset!"

"Sure, Mother," Pete said listlessly.

"You must force yourself to take an interest in something, Peter! After all, there are so many ways in which you could take your mind off Susan."

"For instance?" Pete stared at the television programme.

"Well, darling, there's your yacht for a start. Why don't you take a long trip somewhere? For two or three weeks."

"I don't want to go near the yacht, Mother. As a matter of fact, I'm thinking of selling it!"

"Oh, darling!" Mrs. Brody's eagle eyes sharply probed her son. Then she wandered across the room and turned to face him. "Why don't you go out and mix with people? You have so many friends. Look, Tony and Rodney are going skiing. Why don't you go along with them?"

"Mother," Pete said, poking a fresh cigarette in his mouth. "The nearest Tony and Rodney ever get to snow is the crushed ice in their cocktail-shakers. They go to these resorts simply to drink and pursue women. I am interested in neither!"

"Well, darling, there's another way," Mrs. Brody went on untiringly. "If you don't feel like going away why don't you do just the opposite! Throw yourself into your work. Think of nothing else! Why don't you—?"

"My work!" Pete laughed a hard, brittle laugh which sounded like a flower-pot going through plate-glass. "All I ever do is sit on boards! You know how many boards I sit on? I sit on fifty-seven! All over the city!" He was pacing now. "And what do I do? I vote this in and I vote this out. And I second this and I second that and you know what—half the time I don't even know what I'm voting for. On Friday I voted a new digester for the soapworks. I've never been near a soapworks and I wouldn't know what a digester was if I fell into one!"

"But, darling—"

"I'm thinking of resigning! I'm a farrel!"

"Oh! Oh, my son, my only son—"

"Just let me work things out my way, Mother."

She left. And on the third day following her visit, when she telephoned, he was not there. She phoned other places. But he was not anywhere.

It was spring in London. The grass in St. James' Park was green with fresh growth, tiny shoots sprouted from the trees along the Embankment, and birds were winging their way back from Spain. But Pete did not notice any of this jazz.

"Yes, a Mrs. Susan Brody," he said to the girl. "Or she may have called herself Susan Bannion. She is an Australian."

"I'm sorry," she said. "I can't remember anyone of that name calling here."

"She is a redhead. . . . and it could only have been during the past ten days? Would you check your records?"

"Well, we do take names sometimes just a moment." The receptionist phoned through on an intercom system.

"I'm sorry," she said when she put down the phone.

Pete walked out and headed towards the Marble Arch. It was five days now since the plane had landed him at London Airport. And there were now left only three names on the list of agencies Helen Carter had given him.

"Yes, I remember her," the young man said. "An Australian, wasn't she? By jove, yes. That funny accent. We don't have many Australians call—"

"Did she leave an address with you. . . . I mean, so that you could contact her. . . . or anything?"

"No. You see, it was like this. This just isn't a good time. We've finished our spring showings and it will be a month or so before—"

"I understand," Pete said. "Look, can you give me any idea where she's living?"

"Well, we recommended the try Jacques Leblanc. They always seem to be able to use good girls and Mrs. Brody had very fine letters of recommendation—"

"Jacques Leblanc?"

"Yes."

"Where is he?"

"You don't know where Jacques is?"

"No, I do not know where Jacques is!" Pete said, growing taller. "I want the address!"

"Of course," said the young man. "Avenue de l'Opera," he told Pete. "Paris."

IT was also spring in Paris. On the Left Bank booksellers were placing their tables of books out on the pavements, on the Right Bank art-dealers were placing their prints, watercolors, and oils on the pavements. And on both banks couples were kissing. Only this did Pete notice as he walked swiftly along the Avenue de l'Opera that Monday afternoon.

"Yes, monsieur, the lady is with our house. We engaged her last week."

"Is she here now?"

"No, monsieur."

"Do you know her address?"

"Monsieur," the Frenchman said. "In the House of Jacques Leblanc there are working many beautiful women. Men—they are coming here all the time, to meet them, to speak with them, to discover where they live—"

"Just tell me her address and never mind the local color!" Pete was growing taller again.

"Monsieur! We have the rules of the House of Jacques Leblanc!"

"And if you don't give me my wife's address I'll start pulling the House of Jacques Leblanc apart! Brick by brick! And you with it!"

"Pete."

"Susie!"

His arms went around her and he tasted the warmth and softness of her mouth. She held him tightly to her. For a long time they clasped one another.

"Darling—!"

"Oh, darling—!"

"Are you all right—?"

"I feel wonderful! Are you—?"

"Wonderful!"

"How did you—?"

"Helen—"

"I've missed—!"

"Me, too! I—!"


"Yes—!"

They went. The clerk of the House of Jacques Leblanc watched them. He did not believe it. She was clearly not his wife. No man ever kissed his wife like that. Although, perhaps in Australia, who knows?

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 7, 1960





# The voice of a child

A poignant short story

BY JEAN M. BOULTER

IT was about midway through the hot, cloudy afternoon. An ordinary day in an ordinary week. Ruth walked home from the shops, the string bag dragging at her arm, her cotton frock sticking uncomfortably to her back. She was half-way past the vacant allotment at the end of the street when she first heard the voice. It seemed to come right out of nowhere, startling her.

It was just a wail, such as a frightened child might give, but there was such a muted, unearthly quality about it that she stood quite still, her face pale. Then she heard it again. This time, mingled with the frightened crying, she thought she heard the words: "Mummy, mummy!"

In spite of the evident urgency of the child's distress, Ruth could not help a swift feeling of relief. Because her first wild thought had been that this was another of those imagined voices, like the one that woke her, wild-eyed and frantic, in the middle of the night. But this voice was real!

She looked around her. The street was deserted. It was one of those moist, uncomfortable days that would almost certainly end in a storm. Even now she was aware of the ominous rumblings coming from somewhere beyond the low, black clouds.

But that voice! There was no one in sight, and certainly no child. She hesitated, aware of the familiar shrinking feeling inside her. It was no business of hers. If there was any help needed, someone else would be there by now, surely.

She had begun to walk slowly on when she heard the voice again. This time the cry was stronger. It was filled with such a hopeless, panicking terror that involuntarily she stopped. Then she looked down, utterly bewildered. For, incredibly, the voice seemed to have come from beneath her feet.

It couldn't be, she thought. And yet . . . She put her string bag down and looked around helplessly. Someone must come! Someone else would come walking along and she could tell them all about it, and then she could go home. It would no longer be her responsibility. She wanted to go now.

She wished she had never heard the voice. After all, if she had walked up the street on the opposite side, as she usually did . . .

Suddenly she was filled with a vast sense of relief. A woman was coming up the street towards her — a stranger, well dressed and walking slowly. Ruth waited until she had drawn a little closer, and then almost tumbled her words out in eagerness.

"Oh, please," she cried, "would you mind waiting here and listening for a moment. I keep hearing a child's voice. Calling out and crying."

"A child's voice!" The woman looked around her. "I don't see anyone," she said.

"No, neither do I. The voice seems to be coming up from the ground." Ruth laughed nervously. "I know it sounds silly, but . . ."

The woman looked at her oddly. "I'm sure you're imagining things," she said, and walked on rather hastily.

"No, please don't go," Ruth cried. Tears of frustration filled her eyes — the woman couldn't go! She had looked such a capable type. The whole thing would have been taken out of her hands.

She didn't believe me, Ruth thought forlornly. A sense of inadequacy filled her. It was a familiar feeling — she had lived with it daily for many months. So far she had always succumbed to it. If there was something she felt unable to cope with — well, then, someone else would cope for her. Up to now there had always been someone there to help.

But now, today, she suddenly felt a terrible aloneness. There was this frightening sense of responsibility. She didn't want it, but it was there. It kept her chained there on the path when she wanted above all else to pick up her string bag and run home, where she would be safe.

Then another woman came into view, and she was thankful to see that this time it was someone she knew. Fat, motherly, old Mrs. McVey. Her face brightened. Here was someone who would believe her — who would listen.

"How are you, love?" puffed the old woman as she came nearer. "Been doing your shop-

"Mrs. McVey," Ruth said, "can you hear a child's voice calling out and crying?"

ping? Warm, isn't it? Going to have a storm, most likely."

"Mrs. McVey," Ruth said, trying to keep her voice even and controlled. "Would you do something for me?"

"Anything, love. You know that."

"Would you stand here for a moment and listen to something. I . . . I've been hearing a voice — a child's voice under the ground — calling out and crying."

"A child's voice! Under the ground!" A curtain of pity fell down over the old woman's face. In a concerned tone she said: "Look here, love, you'd better come home with me and I'll make you a nice cup of tea."

For a moment Ruth almost weakened. It would have been so wonderful, just to go home and be waited on and mothered and forget all about this voice she had heard, which, after all, was probably imaginary.

But she had heard it. And she knew that if she went home now she would hear that terrified voice for the rest of her life.

"I didn't imagine it, if that's what you are thinking," she heard herself tell Mrs. McVey. "Won't you believe me? I heard this voice — crying and calling out. If you'd just stand here and listen for a moment you'll hear it, too, and then perhaps you'll know what to do."

A change came over the older woman's face. The pity was still there, but it was masked. She said good-naturedly: "All right, I'll listen."

They stood there silently, the tall, dark-haired girl with the pale, tragic face, and the old woman with the yellow-white hair, the squat body, and the kindly blue eyes.

Presently Ruth heard it again, the terrified crying, muffled, but clearly audible to her waiting ears. Triumphant she turned to her friend. "There!" she cried. "Did you hear it?"

"I didn't hear anything, love."

"But you must have. I . . . oh, dear." Too late she realised despairingly that she needed someone with younger ears. One always had to speak in a raised voice to Mrs. McVey, who would never admit to being even slightly deaf.

"I must do something," she said helplessly. "What do you think I ought to do?"

Mrs. McVey's face indicated quite plainly that she thought the best thing. Ruth could do was to go home and take a sedative and have a nice lie-down. But she said kindly: "Now look, Ruthie, you must look at this thing sensibly. There just couldn't be a child under the ground, now, could there?"

"There couldn't be, but there is. Perhaps it's the acoustics, or something," Ruth said wildly. "But there's a child somewhere who needs help. Oh, I do wish John were here."

"Couldn't you ring your hubby up?"

"I could, but Friday's his busiest day. And, after all, what could I say to him?" She glanced worriedly at the other woman and caught the look of distressed uncertainty on her face.

"It's all right," she said gently. "You go on home, Mrs. McVey. There's no need for you to stand out in this heat."

"Then you come, too, love. It's going to rain like anything soon."

Ruth glanced up at the sky and for some reason felt a great disquietude sweep over her. The dark clouds seemed more ominous than usual. There was a kind of threatening menace about the approaching storm, and suddenly she felt herself shivering.

She said hurriedly: "Please go home, Mrs. McVey. Don't worry about me. I'll be all right."

She watched the old woman go slowly up the street. In front of a small, brick cottage

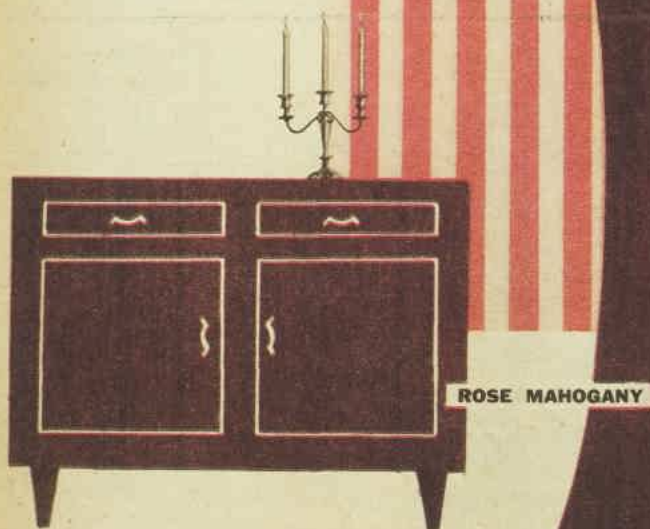
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By  
**VERA  
HENRY**

# THREE'S A CROWD

I LOOKED up the wedding licence, but it didn't say a thing about the best man. William Edward Stanton and Eileen Mary McCarthy, but it didn't mention Good Old Dave.

"Bill," I said to my handsome husband, "let's have dinner at the Swan tonight, just us two."

"Darling, the honeymoon is over," Bill said. He turned the pockets of his grey suit inside out. "I could borrow some money from Dave till the end of the month if you're really set on it."

"Never mind," I sighed. "I can always make a kidney pudding."

He kissed the tip of my nose. "Make it a big one. Dave and I were going to work on the car tonight. I'll tell him to come in time for dinner."

A long, low coupe honked outside our house. "There's Dave now," Bill said, grabbing his briefcase.

"You haven't had your breakfast," I protested. "I was going to give you bacon and eggs."

"We'll have a cup of coffee on the way," Bill said. "Dave wanted to make an early start today so that we could look at fishing tackle."

I thought he was going to forget to kiss me goodbye, but he came back. "If you look this pretty so early in the morning, what will you be like when I get back?"

From the road the car honked again, insistently.

Good Old Dave.

"You'll be crazy about each other," Bill had said when I first met him. "Dave and I have been friends since our Cub days."

As a matter of fact, Dave was a good chap. During the twenty seconds or so a day when he wasn't around underfoot, I was quite fond of him. The trouble is: I'm a normal girl and I wanted some time alone with my husband.

The two of them drove to the office together every morning. Early-bird Dave usually shared our breakfast coffee. I had to wear my old blue candlewick housecoat instead of the seductive sheer pink nylon that had been part of my trousseau.

And that wasn't all. They played golf, they went fishing and to rugged matches together. They were very nice about letting me go along.

"Darling," I said one evening to Bill, standing among the shavings and sawdust of their latest do-it-yourself project, "do you think we should take up so much of Dave's time? Isn't there a girl he's specially interested in?"

Bill grinned. "Now, don't you worry about Good Old Dave. He does all right."

He probably did. Dave is tall and almost as good looking as Bill. I could see the three of us tottering down Life's Path together. Design for living. And personally I think two makes a cosier pattern than three.

There was only one course left. Much as I hated to be that kind of wife, I was going to have to break up their friendship.

Next morning I wore the pink nylon negligee to breakfast. Dave shared it with us. I cooked bacon and eggs for Bill and him. I poured coffee. Eileen, the robot woman with sheer pink nylon fluttering about her metal joints while those two men talked car motors . . .

Perhaps I should get something wrong with my carburettor. "Goodbye, darling," said Bill, landing a side-swiping kiss on my left cheek.

"See you soon, angel," said Dave, grazing my right cheek as he went by.

They went out the door together.

Next time I'd wear a mechanic's overall and carry a monkey wrench. Let's face it. I wasn't the femme fatale type.

But if I could marry Dave off he'd have a home of his own. In the evenings he and his little bride could build hi-fi cabinets

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"Goodbye, darling," Bill and Dave said as they gave Eileen a hasty kiss.

in their little house. And Bill and I could build hi-fi cabinets in ours.

I wondered why I hadn't thought of it sooner.

I made up a list of every attractive girl I knew. We asked Mary, Patience, Daphne, and Lynda to dinner. We had roast chicken seven nights running, since that's my best party dish.

"Darling," Bill said, "I know you enjoy entertaining, but Dave and I are anxious to finish decorating the workroom."

Perhaps if I could find a girl somewhere who was handy with a hammer . . .

Before I got around to it, Dave got married. You could have knocked me over with a do-it-yourself kit when I heard.

For one thing, she wasn't Dave's type. I had always seen Dave with tall and sophisticated girls. Barbara was small and sweet. She reminded me of someone, but it wasn't until I quite suddenly caught a glimpse of the two of us together in a mirror that I knew whom. She looked very like me.

The two of them were obviously in love.

Dave put his arm about his bride. "I owe it all to you. My parents were divorced and it wasn't until I saw how happy you and Bill were together that I realised what marriage could mean."

"You don't know how happy I am for you," I cried, and, believe me, I really meant it.

I cooked a chicken. We opened the bottle of champagne Bill and I had been saving for our first anniversary. I couldn't imagine a better cause than this.

Bill gave the toast. "To the four of us. May we always be as good friends as we are now."

"You know, Dave," Bill said, "I'm not sure about that built-in cabinet on the south wall."

"If we use pine for shelves—" Dave said.

They went to the workroom. In a minute the sound of hammering drifted down the stairs.

"They aren't going to work on that all the evening, are they?" Barbara asked in dismay some time later.

I felt as old and wise as Winston Churchill. "Barbara," I said, "no matter how much they love us, men need the friendship of their own kind. You can't completely domesticate them."

Barbara looked forlorn. "I know, but we've only been married three weeks."

"Have you any hobbies?" I asked with sudden inspiration.

"I'm not very good at it yet, but I am interested in pottery," she said. "I made an ashtray with roses on it for my mother at Christmas."

"But that's wonderful! Next time you come," I said serenely, "I'll have some clay ready. We can start on something of our own. Something small—like Mount Everest. At least we can keep each other company now!"

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# dazzle him this summer!



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New textured cottons with a cool  
"bamboo-weave" surface interest.  
Seven new fashion-plate shades . . .  
six new styles . . . from **29/11**



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RELEASED NOW!

Yes! You'll dazzle him . . . dazzle everyone in any one of the 35 sparkling styles from the brilliant new Lady Pelaco collection! Cool summer-loving fabrics (all minimum-care) . . . dozens of sun-splashed colours in patterns and plains . . . styles for every mood, every moment . . . blouses, shirts, suntops, exciting new Cotton Knits!

For the look you love — the life you lead, there's a Lady Pelaco just for you . . . at your favourite store right now! Ask to see the new range!

### NEW! "Sunsational"

**COTTON KNITS** . . . the casuals you'll want to wear everywhere this summer . . . so cool, too!

### NEW! Whisperlight

#### 'BAMBREEZE' COTTONS

. . . ice-cream cool-flattery with new surface interest . . . and they wash like a hanky! All no-iron, minimum care!

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**'SCARF PRINTS'** . . . guaranteed to turn his head! Elegantly casual — inexpensive luxury!

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 7, 1960

## WASH 'N' WEAR COTTONS

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Seven heavenly new styles . . . a whirl of extravagant florals, medallion motifs and Italian-inspired "Scarf Prints" . . . from 65/-



65/-



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**SANDRA DEE** who co-stars with Lana Turner  
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# SANDRA DEE LOVES LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO

never dries  
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thick and creamy...  
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of course, it leaves hair more manageable!

BUY THE BIG SIZES  
AND SAVE MONEY

NO WONDER IT'S THE FAVOURITE SHAMPOO OF 4 OUT OF 5 TOP HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STARS  
Page 26 E265

## DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● The one-piece dress with a long-torso line is a Paris-endorsed spring fashion.

**T**HIS fashion item answers a reader who asked me:

"Would you suggest a pattern for some navy-and-white spotted silk? I admire the long-torso-line dresses, but was not sure if this line would be suitable in silk. I can't wear bare-arm styles, and don't like low necklines. I am in my late twenties and take SSW fitting."

Certainly have a dress with a dropped waistline. This silhouette, plus an all-round pleated skirt, would look new and attractive made in spotted silk.

The design is illustrated at right. The dress has a covered-up bodice and is loosely self-belted at the normal waistline.

You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Beside the picture are further details and how to order.

"COULD you give me an idea for a house-robe for my trousseau? My fabric is a bright pink silk brocade sent by a friend from Japan. I have 7yds. of the fabric. I am the tailored type, but want something a bit more unusual than a classic style."

A mandarin-style dressing-gown cut straight from shoulder to hem would be a new and exotic way to use your brocade.

Have the gown slit at the side and fastened with braid "frogs." The "frogs" can match or contrast, according to your personal taste.

If you want to be really right up to the moment in fashion, have a pair of slim pants or knee breeches, à la Dior, to wear under the gown. The pants would look best made in matching material.

"PLEASE give me a description of the outfit Princess Margaret wore as her going-away costume. I want to copy it for a formal spring outfit."

Princess Margaret's going-away costume was a dress and matching coat in pale yellow.

The dress, in silk chiffon, had a bodice cut on the bias with a draped, collarless neckline and tiny sleeves. The slim skirt was draped from one hip.

The coat—in silk shantung—was single-breasted, with a small outstanding collar and three-quarter length uncuffed sleeves.

The hat was in coarse yellow veiling, dotted with tiny chenille bows. The dress was designed by Victor Stiebel, the hat by Simone Merman.



**DS414.**— One-piece dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6. Patterns obtainable from Betty Keep, Box 4088, C.P.O., Sydney.

"PLEASE tell me some new trend for a formal late-afternoon frock. My material is a striped silk taffeta, featuring narrow stripes in brown, blue, and green."

A sleeveless long-torso top and a three-tiered skirt would be new and attractive for a striped taffeta late-day dress.

"MY problem is the type of clothes I will need to take on my honeymoon trip. Will it be necessary to take anything formal for the evening?"

Definite decisions about the correct clothes for a wedding trip can be made only after you and your future husband have agreed on location.

Half the pleasure of a holiday is knowing your clothes are right for the occasion.

A city trip, motor tour, ski holiday, cruise, and overseas air flight all need different types of clothes planning.

"I WANT to buy several cottons for casual summer wear, and wondered what shades are being worn. I like anything vivid and unusual."

Bold color is new in summer fashions. Clash colors such as pale lilac and paprika-red, sulphur-yellow and lime-green, russet, white, and magenta, are new color combinations to consider.

"MY matron of honor and three adult bridesmaids are being dressed in ice-blue taffeta ballerinas, worn over bouffant petticoats. Our problem is the shade for shoes, gloves, and the flowers."

Shoes in the same color as the dresses, white gloves, and white flowers would be a pretty color arrangement for ice-blue dresses.

By the way, be sure all your attendants wear the same kind of petticoats, so that the dresses will have the same fullness.





● Muted pink-roses of French silk mingle with mist-green violets and leaves in this attractive late-day model hat with green mesh eye-veil. The effect is wide and very soft.



## Hat-deep— in flowers



● Hats massed with vivid silken flowers and trimmed with pretty fake blooms are smart as paint for spring, 1960. The six glamorous flower-laden styles pictured here are noteworthy entries by local manufacturers in a recent preview of new-season millinery.

● Pale pink blossoms scattered with forget-me-nots nestle in a swathe of spun-sugar-pink tulle in the face-flattering spring model hat at left.

● Apricot roses shade to mushroom in the head-hugging floral hat at right. This deliciously feminine beehive style is worn well forward on the brow.

● Shaded violets and green leaves cover the high cloche at left. Bulky cloche of pink silk poppies (centre) has an open crown topped with veiling. Turban cloche (right) is swathed green organza sprinkled with buds.





she stopped, obviously hailed by Miss Glass, the gossip spinster who lived there. Knowing her, Ruth guessed she had been watching from her window. Then another woman joined them, and the three stood there in a tight little group. From time to time one of their faces would turn towards her and she knew with certainty what they were talking about.

They were talking about her, Ruth Abbott, who had lost her little boy, Timmy, in a street accident six months ago. Who had almost gone out of her mind and was still under a doctor's constant care. Who still woke on certain dreadful nights after hearing her child's voice call out to her from some lost, faraway place. And who was now hearing a child's voice crying, in broad daylight, from under the ground.

She stood there in an agony of indecision. And in that moment she heard the voice again. It was a moment of extraordinary clarity, as if a light had just been switched on in her mind. Because if she had been imagining things, then this would be her own son's voice she could hear. But it wasn't Timmy, who had been nearly eight and had rather a deep, gruff voice. This was the cry of a much younger child—a thin, babyish cry.

She waited no longer. Overhead the thunder rumbled again, much louder, which meant the storm was nearer. Lightning flashed in her eyes, and she felt rain on her bare arm.

Filled with a queer sense of urgency she hurried up the street and inside her home, where she picked up the phone. Fingers trembling, she dialled the number of the local police station.

A man's voice answered, blunt and authoritative. "Please," she said breathlessly. "This is urgent. Could

## Continuing ... THE VOICE OF A CHILD

you send someone out to investigate a child's crying?"

"Is the child being ill-treated?"

"No, it's not that. I think he's lost."

"Oh, a lost child. Could you bring him down to the station, madam?"

"No, I ... This was going to be difficult. 'You see, I can't find the child. I can just hear him crying. Oh, please send someone out quickly.'

"Very well, madam. May I have your name and address, please?"

When she had replaced the receiver she sat there for a moment, pale and shaken. She had done it! For the first time in six months she had had the initiative to do something responsible entirely on her own. She felt a queer, prideful triumph.

Then she left the house and walked quickly towards the vacant lot. Before she reached it a police car turned the corner and she beckoned to the driver. He slowed down and stopped.

"Mrs. Abbott?" he called, and at her nod he and another uniformed man got out and came over to her.

"This where you heard the child?" one of them asked.

"Yes, just down here." She looked at them appealingly. "I know you are going to find this hard to believe, but ... well, the child seems to be under here somewhere."

"Under? here! You don't mean under the ground?"

"Yes, I do."

One of the policemen glanced at her sharply and then crossed the street, studying the houses fronting the allotment. To her dismay Ruth saw old Miss Glass

break away from the still-gossiping threesome and accost him. She could hear Miss Glass' excited, high-pitched tones and the man's low voice, though she could not hear what they were saying. But she could guess.

The constable came back and beckoned to his companion. They stood murmuring in low tones for a moment and then came over to her again.

### FOR THE CHILDREN

#### Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



Ruth was pale. If they tell me I should go home and rest, she thought wildly, I ... I'll do something desperate. They must believe me.

The older policeman addressed her. "Some of your neighbors seem a bit sceptical of your story," he remarked, "but it so happens I've just remembered something. A storm-water channel runs just

from page 21

about under here. Probably be a few feet underground, but it's quite possible you could hear a voice from it if there was anyone down there."

Ruth closed her eyes for a moment and felt herself swaying. When she opened them she noticed that the rain was beginning to fall. "It's raining," she said, almost stupidly.

about quarter of a mile from here, in a culvert. That's the most likely spot he started from."

"It's raining," Ruth said again. The two men looked at her. "Hey, that's right," one of them cried. "We'd better hurry! Once the gutters start running the channel fills in no time."

Ruth was bundled unceremoniously into the car and driven down to the culvert. She sat there, shivering a little, watching the two men. One radioed for help while the other stripped off his jacket and disappeared into the gaping mouth of the channel.

Ruth sat in the car and watched the gutters rising swiftly. She was praying desperately without realising it.

Then she became dimly aware that her name was being called, and she looked up with startled surprise to see her husband's face framed in the car window.

"John!" she cried. She opened the door and he stumbled in beside her, his arm going around her protectively.

"It's all right," he said. "I know all about it. Mrs. McVey was waiting for me when I came home from work."

"Home from work!" Ruth looked at her watch and saw with surprise that it was after five-thirty. "John," she said, "there's a child up the pipe. I heard him."

"I know," he said.

"Then you do believe me," she cried. "Oh, John, it has been so dreadful."

"Of course I believe you. Besides, there is a boy missing, a four-year-old. Didn't they tell you? His mother was at the station when the call came

in for help. Seems she didn't realise he'd gone off till it started to rain."

It seemed hours before there was a shout from the culvert, and a policeman came into view carrying a little blanket-wrapped figure. A woman broke away from the waiting crowd that had gathered and rushed over and flung her arms around the child, her face transfigured with joy.

A policeman came over to the car. "Got him all right," he told them. "Thanks to you, Mrs. Abbott. Crawled in there, got frightened and panicked. Then he must have stumbled or something and hurt his ankle and fainted. Ankle's probably broken, but he'll be all right. We made it just in time. The water was already a few inches deep and he was lying in it."

Ruth closed her eyes and drew a deep breath. She felt John's arms tighten around her, and she leaned against him weakly. The constable said something in a low voice and went away and left them. Ruth opened her eyes.

"John," she said. "Would ... would you say I'd saved that little boy's life?"

"I would say almost certainly," John answered gently. "Why?"

"Because," she said simply, "I haven't felt so good since Timmy died."

It was true! The rain had stopped and the storm was blowing over, chased by a cool south wind. And it was as if a clean wind had blown through her life, too, taking with it not only the nightmarish happenings of the afternoon but all the grief and pain of the past six months.

For she had conquered her fears and saved the life of a child. And in doing so she had saved herself.

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## Keep your Family <sup>FOOTWEAR</sup> up to date with ... Album Edunley

### \* EDUNLEY "Back to school" footwear for junior on the NEW Childrens' last.



34 Punched Vamp Derby



17 T-Bar Sandal



47 Boys' and Youths' Ripple Sole Derby



142 Girls' Buckle Bar



112 Toe-less Sandal



144 Girls' Buckle Bar



121 Girls' Buckle Bar



147 Toe-less Sandal



146 Girls' Buckle Bar

\* And don't forget EDUNLEY "Vikings" for the man of the house!

### FOOTWEAR FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY



136 Casual Court



130 Low Cut Tie



137 Casual Court

### \* EDUNLEY "Playjoy" casual footwear for women



138 Casual Court



132 Low Cut Tie



133 Casual Court



### In the Candy Striped Box

Edunley Shoe Co. Pty. Limited, 58 Charles Street Unley, South Australia. Available at all leading City, Suburban and Country Stores.



# WORTH REPORTING

ENGLISH author and historian James Laver has an interesting theory about evolution . . .

The evolution of men's clothes, that is.

As the years go by, Mr. Laver says, men's sports clothes turn into formal dress.

He elaborated: "Take the suit of tails men wear now for very formal occasions.

"In the eighteenth century, tails were the clothes of the English country gentlemen. They wore cutaway coats designed to split over the saddle, and a top hat which acted as a crash helmet."

Oh, well. So what?

Now (according to Mr.



**JAMES LAVER . . .**  
track suits for the businessman.

Laver), "Track suits have begun the same cycle.

"In 1980, men will be wearing track suits to the office," he predicts. "They will be comfortable, loose-fitting, and not very elegant.

"Men's clothes are getting more informal each year."

They are, too. A member of our London staff went prowling round the chic store of Simpsons, in Piccadilly.

And she sent us an awed report on some of their merchandise:

- A pair of shocking-pink trousers, £5/5/-.
- A blue shirt with a pleated bib, £3/15/-.
- A sky-blue-and-black striped twinset, £15.

A COLLEAGUE of ours dined out at one of Sydney's chic restaurants last week. She's always liked a rather unusual combination of food.

Her menu this time consisted of oysters, followed by avocado pear, followed by fruit salad and cream, followed by a boiled egg. And THAT was followed by the awed restaurateur insisting that she sign his visitors' book.

**So it was spring (Brrr!)**

ONE of the best things about spring is that it comes to Australia so early every year. In the middle of winter, in fact.

Oh, well. If other countries can have "Indian" summers, then we can have an "Australian" spring (i.e., a spring that isn't).

Why are we pondering about a wacky weather problem? Because in Sydney's recent cold—no, Arctic—snap, all the stores were bravely displaying the new spring fashions.

There were sleeveless dresses and flimsy sheers and such. Very pretty, if you could stop shivering long enough to admire them.

**Now it's blowlamp art**

"IS it just an art gimmick, like riding bicycles over paint-splashed canvas?" asked a visitor at sculptor Leslie Thornton's exhibition in London recently.

"Certainly not! It is a serious attempt to produce a new form of art," snapped the 35-year-old Thornton. He was commenting on his latest "line": bronze figures produced with welding rods and blowlamps.

An onlooker, who overheard the conversation, remarked that "it all looks to me like a lot of welding rods joined together with a blowlamp."

Now there's a man who Likes What He Knows.



**THIS is what the smart astronaut will wear.**

**Paper for that space suit**

TALKING about clothes, we have news for women, too — for those intrepid space-women of the future.

After all, one of these years we'll all be rocketing off to Mars or some "different" holiday resort like that. And what to wear is always such a problem.

If you want to get in early and plan a spacious wardrobe, here's some advice from scientists at the Lockheed Missiles and Space Division in California, U.S.A.

They say that paper clothing would be the most practical solution for astronauts on long space journeys.

And the scientists even provided a sketch to help the fashion-conscious traveller.

Paper is so warm and practical. And when a space suit gets dirty, you can just throw it away—so there's no worry about laundry (they may not have washing machines on Mars).

Think of the variety. A suit of chic brown wrapping paper, an evening dress made of lacy d'oyleys, an up-to-date newspaper playsuit . . .

**High life with the Dockers**

THERE was a christening cake and everything at a christening-party we went to.

The cake was half pink and half blue—but, then, it was for an unusual "baby"—to celebrate the new name given to an Australian synthetic yarn.

It was a luncheon party in one of Sydney's big hotels.

We sat next to a visitor from England and listened while she talked about her favorite TV programme.

It was presented some time ago, but she still talks about it with considerable relish. The programme was an "at home" interview with Sir Bernard and Lady Docker.



**LADY DOCKER . . .**  
"Let's have pink champagne."

"It began by showing the dining-room, with the remains of a very lavish meal," she said.

Then the viewers were taken upstairs into Lady Docker's bedroom—with rows of dresses displayed on dressmakers' dummies, and with a running commentary from Lady D. on how lovely they were. She was so sorry everyone couldn't have clothes like hers.

The next shot showed the Dockers' indoor swimming-pool. Lady Docker said that they don't use it much, but it's so nice to know it's there.

Sir Bernard (having changed into a swimsuit, naturally) obligingly swam a length of the pool.

When he clambered out his wife pressed a button and a wall slid back to reveal a cocktail bar. "Let's have some pink champagne," she cried gaily.

Next day, the papers were all restrained and British about the programme.

They rather suggested that being very rich has its disadvantages . . . having to go for a swim after such a rich meal, and then having to drink pink champagne when the whole body would be crying out for a warm cup of cocoa.

THE London real-estate firm of E. H. Brooks and Son have a novel way of "selling" their clients' houses.

Take, for example, a recent For Sale ad.: "We have a new little three-bedroom house which the owner is not bothering to advertise before Christmas, but it is so attractive in a repellent sort of way that someone may just walk in and buy it . . ."

# Robin

STARCH keeps  
cottons clean  
and fresh—  
longer



Frocks and petticoats, blouses, shirts and aprons too, keep that crisp and bright look so much longer when starched with Robin. So easy to mix, because it's powdered, Robin gives a perfect, dirt-resisting finish. Robin makes ironing so much easier, too!

# Robin

## STARCH

and for a sparkling white—  
never forget Reckitt's Blue.

## YOUR BOOKSHELF

with **JOYCE HALSTEAD**

**"And So to Embroider"**

Prepared by Needlework Development Scheme (University of London Press).

MODERN embroidery is simple, functional, and suits contemporary backgrounds. This beautifully produced book shows the new trends in design, gives diagrams and instructions for working. There are instructions for making soft toys and other gifts.

**"If It Be Love"**

Stanley Kauffmann (Michael Joseph).

LOVE is probed intensely in this novel about a young American market-researcher in Europe on a recuperative trip following the death of his wife. Almost the first person he meets is Norah Bryant, a piano teacher, to whom he is immediately attracted. Unfortunately, the path to true love with Norah runs by no means smoothly, so complicated is she, so involved with previous commitments. The

scene shifts later to Rome, whither Norah has defected with a rich Italian.

Though one cannot feel much sympathy with the characters, their relationships are penetratingly handled in a distinguished prose style.

**"Tinka and His Friends"**

Brownie Downing and John Mansfield (Nelson).

DELIGHTFULLY illustrated children's story about an adorable little aboriginal boy, Tinka, and Shelley, a little white girl whose hair won't grow long enough for the pigtailed she passionately wants. To try to remedy the situation, Tinka dabbles in his witch-doctor uncle's magic with dire results. This leads to a series of fascinating adventures in which the two are joined by their special friends, Dinkydi the Kangaroo, Widdy-woo the Koala Bear, and Nosey the Bandicoot, who offer much not-very-helpful advice. Charming book to send overseas.

## WHY SUFFER

## RHEUMATISM

BACKACHE, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO,  
MUSCULAR & JOINT PAINS?

When you are 'going through it' remember that De Witt's pills have often been the answer for thousands suffering from RHEUMATISM, BACKACHE, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, JOINT AND MUSCLE PAINS. These painful conditions are often a sign that your kidneys are sluggish and failing to expel waste and poisons from your system. De Witt's Pills are made specially to act on the kidneys, gently stimulating them back to their proper action.

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# DeWitt's

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**The Instant that IS coffee**

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SCREW-TOP  
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Just add boiling water and the  
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## LETTER BOX

● We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

### Battle of the bed-time

I HAVE two young children, one seven and the other ten, and, during the winter months, consider I'm not unfair in sending them to bed at 7.30 p.m. on week nights and at 8 p.m. on Fridays and weekends. These rules are naturally relaxed to a later hour in the summer and on special occasions. But our two girls are continually asking to watch later TV shows, claiming the girls in their classes sit up to around 9.30 and 10 p.m. Do other readers have the same trouble?

£1/1/- to "Mother of Three" (name supplied), Broadview, S.A.

### Love or money?

ONLY misery is in store for Miss F. Tomkins (Vic.) if she follows her own advice and marries for money, then later meets someone whom she can really love.

£1/1/- to "Dusty Plains" (name supplied), Wyche-pool, Vic.

I AGREE with Miss Tomkins—girls should try to marry rich men. I married a poor man and had to scrimp and worry how to manage on my husband's paltry wages. However, my husband is a good man and I still love him after 40 years of married life.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. Winn, West Preston, Vic.

IF Miss Tomkins is foolish enough to marry for money, I wish her luck—she'll need it!

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. F. Woolford, Mt. Gambier, S.A.

I HAD several proposals from wealthy young men, but they bored me, so I wound up marrying a tall, dark, and handsome type for love. Now after 11 years of trying to make ends meet I feel something a relative once said to me is true: "Money can't buy happiness, but at least one can be miserable in comfort."

£1/1/- to "One Who Knows" (name supplied), Largs Bay, S.A.

THE kiss of the cash register may seem nice, but surely a woman wants more than a glorified "till." Tenderness cannot be bought, and the purchasable pleasures in life are nothing to those of a happy, companionable marriage.

£1/1/- to Miss V. Johnson, Boggabri, N.S.W.

### Jobs on school holidays

MY 15-year-old daughter has asked my permission to take a job during the Christmas school holidays to get a little extra money for gifts, etc. Her headmistress doesn't approve of the girls taking jobs, but I think the experience is good for them—if for only one or two weeks.

£1/1/- to "Mother of Four" (name supplied), Chatswood, N.S.W.

### Colored streets for gaiety

INSTEAD of our dingy, black pavements, which are depressing to the eye, would it not be more pleasant and cosmopolitan to introduce colored streets? We could have pink, green, yellow, etc. Tourists and interstate or country visitors would have a far easier time finding their way about: "Just follow the green street until you reach the blue, then turn right."

£1/1/- to Miss L. Boon, Rose Bay, N.S.W.

### Her fiancé is shorter

MY fiancé, who is one of the nicest and kindest people you could ever meet, is three inches shorter than I. I know I look smarter if I wear a medium-high heel instead of flatties when we go out, but, as this makes five inches difference between us in height, people stare and giggle—especially when we're dancing. People can't choose their physical build any more than they can choose the color of their eyes, so lack of height should not be a cause for shame. But I do think manufacturers should make built-up shoes for short men to save embarrassment for tall girls like myself.

£1/1/- to "Shorty" (name supplied), Colac, Vic.

### They're different countries

IS it necessary for Australia and New Zealand to be coupled together as "Down Under"? Surely our traditions, culture, and way of life are sufficiently different for us to be classed separately. Although many young New Zealanders travel round your country, I'm sure they return home aware of the difference between the two.

£1/1/- to Miss G. Harris, Sanson, N.Z.

### Undated new buildings

IT'S a great pity that most new buildings going up fail to show the year they were built. A lot of us gain pleasure when we note the date of our older buildings and reflect on the events that took place at that period.

£1/1/- to "For Historians" (name supplied), Newcastle, N.S.W.

## Marveer did it!



● Ever see such a shine? Marveer will make your furniture shine gloriously—remove scratches and stains too!

Your furniture will shine as it hasn't in years when you change to Magic Marveer! Marveer cleans and polishes in one simple operation, makes scratches and stains completely disappear. Marveer nourishes the wood, gives it a brilliant finish, at the same time preserving it to ensure years longer life. Think of the countless things that need polishing in your home—and remember that Marveer will polish them brighter, in half the time, at lowest cost and least effort. Use Marveer once, and you'll never use another polish. Marveer is that good.

Remember too, that Marveer will also bring back the sparkle and shine to all baked enamel and plastic surfaces including your refrigerator, stove front, elec-

tric mixer, telephone, wireless cabinet, leatherette upholstery and plastic toys. It's easy to see that no other polish can do anywhere near as much for you right through the home! Buy a bottle of Marveer today and prove just how much Marveer will do for your furniture.

Obtainable from all good Furniture, Hardware and Grocery stores.

Also in 1-Gallon cans for Hospital, Institutional and Commercial use.

MARVEER POLISHES FURNITURE CLEAN



A product of Arthur Brunt Pty. Ltd., P.O. Box 76, Brunswick, N.10, Vic.

Hey Mum! You can now get

# MILK CHOCOLATE LAXETTES..



So gentle... so nice to take

MADE FOR THE 8 OUT OF 10 WHO PREFER MILK CHOCOLATE

Every child needs a laxative occasionally. When your children are bilious, sick, or off their food—give them Laxettes... and make them better overnight. Easy to take—no measuring. The dose is always exact. No tummy upsets—unlike oils or gritty bran foods. Laxettes are kind to delicate digestions. No griping—no embarrassing urgency. Not habit-forming—seldom needed the next day.

Look for new MILK CHOCOLATE LAXETTES in the RED packet. DARK CHOCOLATE LAXETTES come in the GREEN packet.

LA26

## Ross Campbell writes...

SUPERMARKETS and self-service stores are going up right and left now.

The old family grocer's shop is having a battle.

I shall be sorry if the family type of shop goes under. It has always been popular here.

We have family butchers, family chemists, and so on. I have not seen a family beauty parlor or a family pest-control service, but those are exceptions.

Why are shops called family shops? It can't be because they only serve people with families. You don't hear of a family chemist turning away a bachelor who asks for aspirin.

It's not because family shops sell giant family-size packages of things like Crunchy Flakes. You can get them from self-service stores, too.

I think what makes a family shop is just that they notice the customers have families.

A family grocer will say: "How is the little boy with the measles?" while he is serving a lady. This does not happen at a self-service store, because she serves herself.

Family grocers and butchers are

### THANK YOU, ME!

distinguished, too, by "special attention given to children."

One of my early memories is of going to a family provision shop with ninepence and saying: "A nice rabbit, please," as my mother had told me to say. And the rabbit I got was a nice one.

At the family cake shop I was usually given a lamington. The family grocer would slip children



some broken biscuits and place S.P. bets for the grown-ups.

Children don't enjoy treats like that now at a self-service store. They may get a ride in one of those wire perambulator things, but it is not the same.

As for taking bets, the serious young ladies who punch cash regis-

ters at the turnstiles would not dream of such a thing.

Self-service stores are cheap, I know, and that is important. The snag is that you get such poor service from yourself.

I went to one last Saturday with a list of things to be bought.

The tea, jam, detergent, and biscuits were easy enough, but I had trouble serving myself with vanilla. I couldn't find it.

After reaching the exit I had to turn round and fight my way back. Opposed to me was a bustling mob of women in slacks pushing wire prams.

Mrs. Donkling, who trains for her shopping at Dodgem parks, bore down and forced me into a pile of processed cheese.

I found the vanilla at last, tucked away under tomato sauce. I was quite irritated and gave myself service with a scowl. But it was no good complaining to myself.

This kind of merchandising is the modern trend. They say you even have to buy opium in a supermarket now. But I would like to see a new type of family self-service store, with a special man to hear complaints about your service, give biscuits to the children, and talk about their measles.



# here's the fairest of them all....

Goodbye, little yellow blonde . . . it's silver now for you!  
Glamorous silver with Napro's exciting fashion-first, "Silver  
Blonde." Golden blondes just use a few drops of this magical  
instant rinse. If you're dark-haired, first go blonde  
with gentle NAPRO Blonding Emulsion, then rinse to "Silver Blonde" in a moment.  
So simple, so exciting, so economical—up to 30 applications . . . 11/6

**Napro**  
BLONDING EMULSION  
Adds Sheen and Lustre as it Blondes  
WITH LANOLIN  
NATIONAL CHEMICAL PRODUCTS PTY LTD SYDNEY

**silver blonde**

If your hair is dark, blonde with Napro  
Blonding Emulsion. It actually reconditions as it blondes,  
adding sheen and lustre. Then, simply rinse with new  
Napro "Silver Blonde" Blonding Emulsion, 7/11.





## AUSTRALIAN

# HOMES

● This is a special section, from here to page 41, featuring several homes—some old, some new.

**SEVENTY-YEAR-OLD "Stratford House," at Tahmoor, N.S.W., which was bought recently by Mr. and Mrs. R. Traynor, formerly of Kingsgrove, N.S.W.**

Picture by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

"STRATFORD HOUSE," at Tahmoor, N.S.W., was bought recently by Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Traynor.

The house, which is more than 70 years old, previously belonged to Mr. V. C. Gorrick, whose father built it as a holiday home. Standing in 45 acres of land, it was the first to be built in the district.

The original Church of England and Presbyterian services and Tahmoor's first school lessons were held there.

Mr. and Mrs. Traynor, who had been looking for an old house, saw "Stratford House" when

they were on their way to visit the Snowy River Scheme.

"That's the house I want," Mrs. Traynor said. "All right, I'll buy it for you," her husband replied jokingly.

On their return trip, they realised that it had a "For Sale" notice, and went and bought it.

Mr. Traynor, a flight engineer, his wife, and daughter, Cherie-Lynn, will make their home in Tahmoor. They plan to leave the house as it is except for modernising the kitchen, bathroom, and laundry.

Mr. and Mrs. Gorrick plan to build a small house nearby so that they can still see "Stratford House," which had become too big for them.

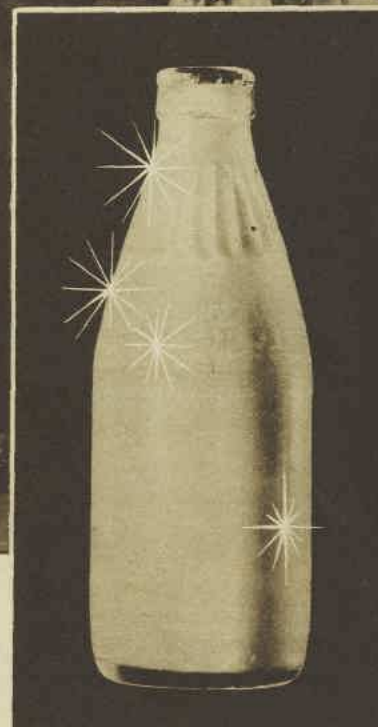




Popular TV and recording stars Ray Melton and Kerry Bryant, say to Philippa Hall of Turramurra and David Hamley of Greenwich, 'Let's crack a bottle before we go ...'

## Before we go ... let's crack a bottle

You need plenty of 'go' to enjoy a platter evening with the gang ... and you get plenty of 'go' from milk! Nature made it the greatest setting-up drink for people who work and play hard. Watch the girl who gets all the partners ... the boy who's picked to head his team or go up one at work ... they'll be regular milk drinkers! Get with them! Milk makes real cool drinking any place with anyone, and the colder you serve it, the smoother and creamier it will taste!



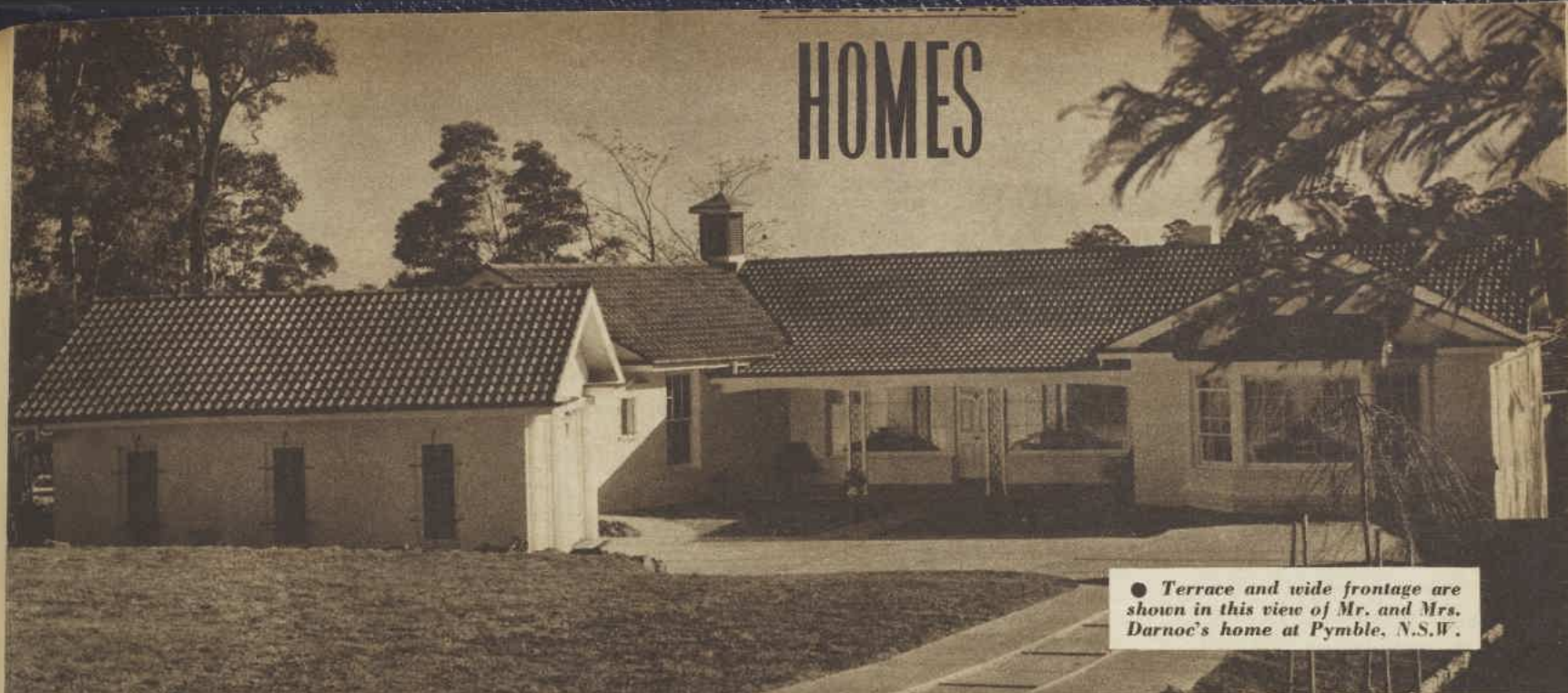
### Milk makes you LOOK GOOD ... FEEL GOOD

*Have you noticed the way eyes shine, complexions glow and hair gleams, for the pint-a-day people? How they never seem to tire of proving life is good? Here's the reason. Milk supplies bone-building calcium, body-building protein, energising sugars and all the known vitamins that tone you up and keep you fit. You'll never outgrow your need for milk.*

## MILK ... for a refreshing lift any time

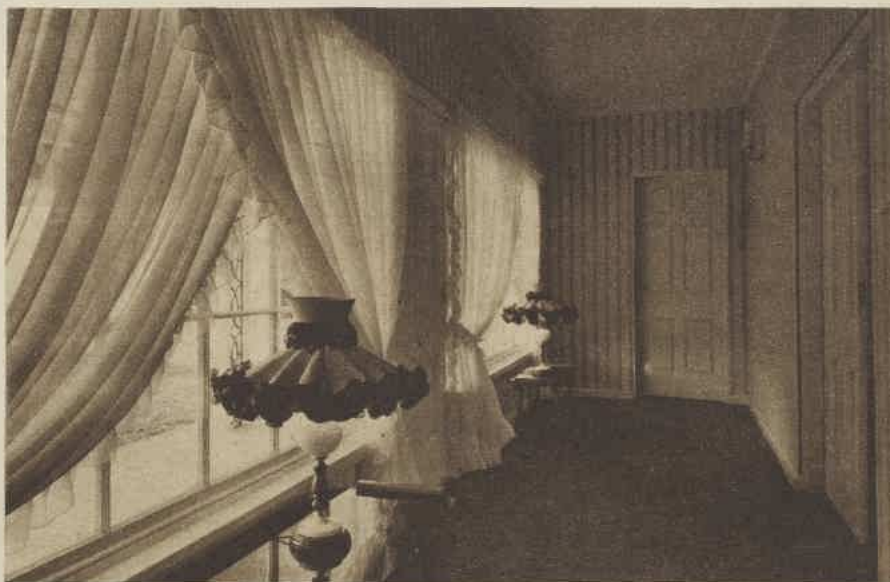


# HOMES



● Terrace and wide frontage are shown in this view of Mr. and Mrs. Darnoc's home at Pymble, N.S.W.

● This charming new home, built for Mr. and Mrs. P. W. R. Darnoc at Pymble, New South Wales, is designed in Georgian Colonial style with a blue tile roof and white-painted exterior. The interior is furnished with many lovely pieces bought by Mr. Darnoc during a recent visit to America. There is a specially designed wedge-shaped room for viewing television. A swimming-pool will be added later at rear of the house.



● Ballerina lampshades, in tones of beige and coffee, and white terylene curtains decorate blue-carpeted entrance hall.



● Courtyard at side of house has arched gateway leading to glass doors of special television room, which is centrally heated.

● Kitchen has unit to remove cooking fumes, dishwasher and built-in stove. Architect, Mr. John P. Ley.



● Striped wallpaper, built-in dresser, and baroque armchair keep Colonial-style influence in living-room.





Here's a new twist  
on good old

# hot dogs

*melt-in-the-mouth MOTHER'S CHOICE party spirals give them that added flavour!*

There's no better way to enjoy your favourite frankfurts for parties, week-end mid-morning snacks, or piping hot TV suppers when your friends drop in. Here's light and lively eating for all the family . . . so quick and easy for you to make. Pre-cook the 'frankfurts' while you mix and roll your Mother's Choice pastry, ten minutes in the oven and . . . **HOT DOG** . . . delicious!



## RECIPE

- Drop** 8 long frankfurts into boiling water and allow to stand 8-10 mins.
- Rub**  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup shortening into  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups Mother's Choice Self Raising Flour,  $\frac{1}{4}$  level teaspoon each salt and dry mustard.
- Mix** with 3 tablespoons water.
- Knead** on floured board then roll to 10" x 8".
- Cut** into 8" x 1" strips and brush with water.
- Split** frankfurts halfway through and fill with cheese.
- Wrap** dough strips in spiral round each frankfurt.
- Place** on greased slide and brush with melted butter.
- Cook** in hot oven 10-12 mins. and serve very hot.

Vitamin Enriched Mother's Choice flour in every home!

LV66/60



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

September 7, 1960

# Teenagers'

## WEEKLY



**GINGHAM PATTERNS FOR SUMMER . . . pages 8, 9**

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly Not to be sold separately



# LETTERS

## Teenagers are not delinquents

LETTERS are regularly written to magazines protesting about teenagers' rudeness and contempt for the law. We sound quite a different race, when really we are only a large percentage of the population whose ages fall between 13 and 19. My mother tells me that when she was a girl there was no such thing as a teenager. One was just a schoolchild, then a young lady or gentleman, and then an adult. No special emphasis was laid on them and no one thought they were any different from other members of the community. This meant they were responsible for their own actions. But today a teenager seems to be regarded as just another delinquent. — "Miss Sixteen," Morwell, Vic.

## Old-hat etiquette

AREN'T some of our present-day table manners merely outmoded and impractical conventions? Take, for instance, the rule which says that peas may not be scooped up with the knife and fork; one is forced to balance the peas on the curve of the fork or to skewer them individually on each prong. And then one is forced to waste gravy simply because it is "non-U" to mop it up with a piece of bread. These and other similarly impractical customs should be abolished from the laws of etiquette. — L.T., Melbourne.

## A dog is a pal

EVERY boy should have a dog. They are the most lovable and friendly animals. Sometimes you feel as though you haven't a friend in the world and then you look to your dog. So if you want a pal, get a dog. — Roger Rankin, Newcastle, N.S.W.



Roger (left) and Ian Rankin with their dogs

There are no holds barred in this forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Send them to Box 7052 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

## Steady at 12

IF children in America can go steady at 12 and 13, why can't more Australians? I did. It was terrific fun going to the pictures or the football with the whole gang of us. — "Dater," Hobart.

## Telephone tip

HAVING quite often missed out on an important telephone call, simply because the phone was engaged, I suggest that all phones have a small red light attached. When the phone is in use and another party wishes to get in touch, the light automatically shows. If this was done there should be no unnecessary waiting in the case of an emergency. — Margaret E. Jones, Merino, Vic.

## School at dawn?

I THINK school should begin at six or seven in the morning. If this was done pupils would have free afternoons. We have approximately five and a half hours of school a day (not counting recess and lunch hour), so if school started at six the school day would be finished at noon. Even if school started at seven (which would be more convenient in the winter months) it would finish at one o'clock. I would readily forsake the luxury of staying in bed longer to obtain free afternoons. — "Early-bird," Temora, N.S.W.

## Meeting boys

WHAT do teenagers think of a girl going to a dance unescorted and coming home with a boy she has met and got to know at the dance but has never seen before? Most "grown-ups" are against this, but how is a girl to get to know boys if this doesn't happen sometimes? — "Ruffled," Nambucca Heads, N.S.W.

## Happiness

SOME days ago our school held a debating competition. The topic was: "Can money buy happiness?" The result was: "No. Money cannot buy happiness." What do you teenagers think? — K. Eiszelt, Marriekville, N.S.W.

## Young shavers

LORRAINE GARRIOC (T.W., 8/6/60) asks if boys of 16 are afraid to shave. Well, I have twin boy pals, and one started shaving just before he was 16, while his brother did not shave until he was 17½. Now, two years later, the one who started at 16 has to shave every day, but his brother can get by with a shave every third day and never looks shadowy. The lad who rushes into shaving too early is just adding another chore to his daily toilet and getting a blue chin too quickly. — Ken Allen, Brunswick, Vic.

## Opera House rock

WHEN the Sydney Opera House is completed I reckon it should be used for rock-n-roll as well as opera. Opera singers are a pack of windbags. — Edward Richardson, Balmain, N.S.W.

## Present problem

I HAVE been invited to a boy's 21st birthday party and am wondering if readers have any suggestions as to a suitable present. "Wondering," Adelaide.

## Be a sport

ALL teenagers (except those who are physically handicapped) should play at least one type of sport. Besides keeping you active and healthy, it is a wonderful way of meeting and getting to know more people. Most boys seem to prefer the "sporty" type of girl who will join in with the fun and activities at picnics and parties rather than the ones who sit on the sidelines frightened they might fracture their fingernails. A good sport is always popular. — (Miss) J. Currie, Newcastle, N.S.W.



Faye Hillard

## Faye's made good

YOU may or may not remember me — Faye Hillard from the Dapto Hat Band (T.W., 26/8/59). I am in England now. To get a musical job here is much harder than in Australia, because there are so many musicians and entertainers after the same job. At an audition you have to play, sing, and introduce yourself on stage through the microphone. I have had jobs in clubs, road-side inns, and hotel lounges, working from 7.30 p.m. - 11 p.m., playing the piano most of the time, with intervals of guitar and vocal. The hours are easy and the money (by English standards) is good, averaging £1/10/- a night. With three nights a week playing, and an occasional day job, music has helped my pocket. — Faye Hillard, Charley, Lancashire, England.

## A boy speaks up

I DETEST girls who say boys waste their money on "hot-roads." A boy may buy an old car fairly cheaply and he doesn't have to spend very many pounds to make it into something to be proud of. A girl spends pounds on dresses, some of which she hardly ever wears. — John Nutter, Box Hill, Vic.

## Must dates wait till school's over?

● "Student," aged 18, thought his father was unreasonable in saying he must leave school if he wanted to start dating (T.W. 20/7/60). Readers were fairly evenly divided on this issue.

A BOY should be encouraged to stay at school as long as he can. Surely his father could pay him for helping around the house after school or mowing lawns and chopping wood. A student does need some time to enjoy life and shouldn't sit at home swotting all the time. — "Judy," Watsonia, Vic.

I AGREE with the father. I don't think he's being the least bit unreasonable. When you ask a girl out, you should pay with your own money, and you can only do that if you have a job. — L.P., Cessnock, N.S.W.

SCHOOLBOYS of 18 are usually in last year of high school and must study hard to get good passes in final exams. Therefore, there is very little time to take girls out, and even if there is time where does the money for entertainment come from? Parents? I would not call this very considerate to parents to

ask them to pay for their son's entertainment as well as some girl's. — "Ex-Student," Manly, Qld.

I THINK the father is trying to point out that to go on dates you need money, and dates and study should not be combined. The girls can wait, for a man with a good job and good pay is much more popular than a man with a poor job and few qualifications. — "A Student," Perth.

WHY can't a boy take a girl out now and then? He will have to find a happy medium between work and going out, but as the saying goes, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." — B.L., Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.

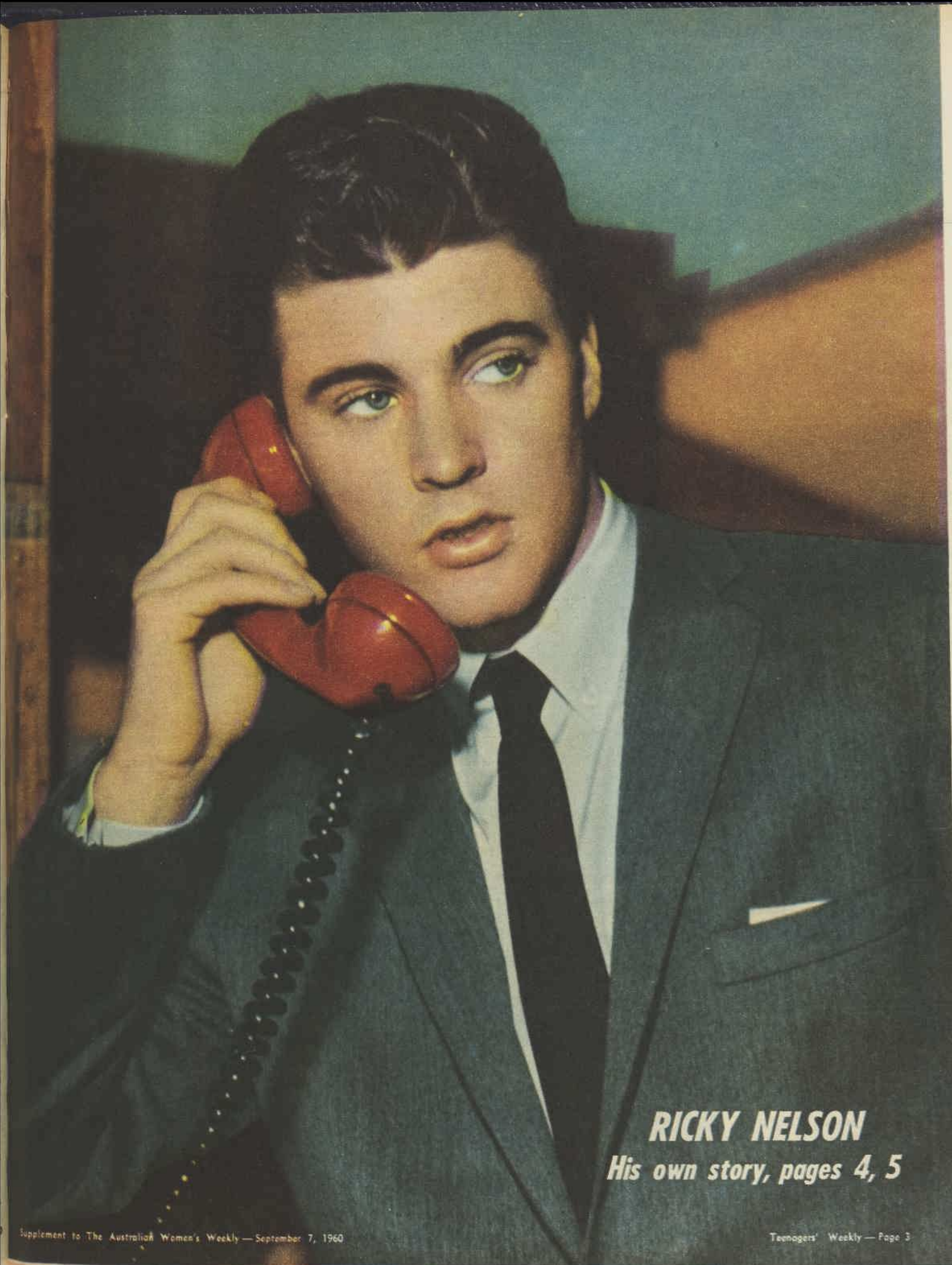
DATES are essential for teenagers, so "Student" has my deepest sympathy. I have had several school romances during the past few years and have been going steady with a girl for

a little over a year, but I have never made a habit of going out too often. By having dates in our teens we lose that awkwardness with the opposite sex and — without becoming Casanovas — are socially, morally, and mentally educated. — "Reasonable Life," Nambour, Qld.

IF "Student" is 18 years old he has little cause for complaint, as he will undoubtedly be leaving school in a few months' time. — Ken Ramsey, Strathfield, N.S.W.

"STUDENTS" father is being most unfair. He probably thinks that if his son has a girl-friend she will interfere with his studies. If he studied on week nights and took his girl-friend out at the weekend it would help him forget school for a while and he would be able to concentrate more during the week. — Lynette Amore, Floreat Park, W.A.





**RICKY NELSON**  
*His own story, pages 4, 5*



● I was driving home a few months ago when a traffic officer pulled me up for doing 50 miles an hour in a 35 m.p.h. zone.

## ME-AND

HE was starting to give me a ticket when my dad, who'd been driving behind me, got out of his car and walked over to us.

"Were you going 50, Rick?" Dad asked.

"Yes, sir," I admitted. "I see," he said. And without another word he watched the officer write out the ticket.

Later, a friend asked me about the incident. "Gee, Rick, why didn't your father try to help you?" he said, unbelievably.

I explained why, and now I'd like to explain to you.

You see, one reason I've always enjoyed a great deal of freedom is that Mom and Dad both feel that young people should have as much choice of action as they can handle so as not to lose their individuality.

But to balance this they've always stressed above all else

the importance of accepting responsibility.

And that traffic ticket was my responsibility—not Dad's.

On May 8 I was 20, and they still ask me where I'm going and when I'm coming back. But I don't resent this. They've always let me feel that they're genuinely interested in everything I do. Yet they do it without seeming to pry.

If I have a problem, for instance, they're never too busy to listen to my ideas and give their opinions—if I ask them to. Then, no matter what they say, they've taught me that the final decision must be mine.

That's the way it's been as far back as I can remember. Whether it's a traffic ticket to settle or the songs to select for a new album, unless I ask for their help I know that it's up to me. And it is the same with my brother, David.

Working together has helped our family to understand and respect one another. The fact

is, we're not too unlike the characters we played each week in "The Adventures of the Nelson Family" on television.

My parents, Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard, were in show business before David and I were born, and my grandmother Hilliard was an actress before them.

Yet despite this theatrical heritage it was never planned that I would one day become an entertainer. It just happened.

Except for the first nine months of my life I've always lived in the same house—our two-storey grey Colonial home in Hollywood, which is practically duplicated on our TV show.

As a kid I wore braces to straighten my teeth, had my tonsils out, fell out of a swing and broke my arm, and had the usual kids' diseases.

I was so small for my age that I sometimes wonder how I ever grew up to be 6ft. 1in., the tallest member of the Nelson family.

I wanted to be a fireman or garbage-collector when I grew up. Becoming an actor or singer never entered my head then, though I did make my singing debut at six—as a boy soprano!—at our Sunday School.

I had a dollar a week allowance, that's about 9/- in your money, but aside from helping Mom with the dishes on cook's day off, David and I never had any chores to do around the house.

### Jazz collector

When I was nine I discovered jazz music and began collecting all the records I could find—progressive jazz, believe it or not! And it wasn't long before I wanted to make music myself, so Dad bought me a clarinet and I started to take lessons.

This soon gave way to the drums, which I found more exciting. Mom and Dad bought me a snare drum—and sound-proofed my room.

Later I took up the Western guitar I use today. But that didn't come until I was 15.

Mom and Dad believe in discipline, but I was never spanked in my life. When David was five Dad taught him he should always defend himself. You can guess what happened. One time Grandma Hilliard tried to spank David, but he warned her that Dad had told him that if anyone hit him he should hit back.

After that Dad discarded the spanking routine altogether, and found that a good family talk could straighten out anything.

### No scholar

The only conflicts I can remember at home arose over my not eating enough vegetables or not wanting to turn in when my bedtime rolled around. But if I could wheedle them into letting me stay up longer to watch a certain television show I would have to go to bed early the next night.

Some people are cut out to be scholarly, others are not. Let's face it, I belong to the second group. I finished high school in Hollywood with a "B" average.

I like girls—all girls. But I don't play any favorites, and I've never gone steady since I had my first date while I was at junior high.

Soon after we settled in Hollywood Mom and Dad became regulars on Red Skelton's radio show, and by the time I was four Dad thought up the idea for doing a family radio programme called "The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet."

He launched it in October, 1944, their ninth wedding anniversary, and for the first five years two professional child actors played David and me. In 1949, however, they had outgrown the parts and Dad replaced them with David and me.

Working on radio didn't change my routine from that of the kids in my block. We did the show every Sunday afternoon without rehearsals, and I continued going to public school just like I'd been doing. The only thing our friends were concerned with was that we had to break up the Sunday afternoon football games at three o'clock so David and I could go to the radio studio.

Many times we'd bring the whole gang, still in their football uniforms with us, to watch the show from the control booth, and all go out afterwards for ice-cream and sodas.

In 1952 the show went on to television and is now known as "The Adventures of the Nelson Family."

Although I've been earning a salary since I was eight, all the money is being kept for me in a trust fund until I'm 21. Even today I rarely have any money on me.

David received his trust fund

a couple of years ago when he turned 21, and I sometimes put the bite on him. But more often it's Dad.

Once I said to Dad: "Do you think a girl should pay her share on a date?"

Dad smiled. "Not if you want to impress her," he said. "You're right," I countered. "May I have five dollars for this evening?"

I can't remember the first time Dad took me over to the Los Angeles Tennis Club, where he was a member, but I was about 10. Dad taught me the game and I liked it from the start.

An instructor, George Toley, took over where Dad left off, and it wasn't long before I was playing in tournaments. Dad was good, but by the time I was 15 I was able to beat him. Now, neither of us has much time to play.

Some of the happiest memories I have are of vacations the Nelsons have spent together.

The beach town of Laguna, 60 miles south of Hollywood, has always been one of our favorite spots. We have a house right on the water, where we all go during the summers for swimming, surfing, skin-diving, fishing, and just relaxing in general.

The most exciting vacation I ever had was when I was 13 and we all went to Europe for two months. We sailed from New York and went directly to Sweden, where we looked up some of Dad's relatives in a little fishing town.

Then, after visiting Paris, we went to Monte Carlo and the French Riviera, where I learned to water-ski.

### First record

The day that really changed my life came when I was 16. Dad had given me an old guitar of his, and for months I'd been fooling around with it just for fun.

With rock-'n-roll becoming so popular, Dad wrote a scene in our show where I sang a few bars of rock-'n-roll and played the guitar.

Then he arranged for me to have my first recording session. The result was "I'm Walkin'" backed with "Teenager's Romance," and when it sold over a million copies I couldn't believe my good luck.

Then I recorded "Be-Bop Baby" and "Have I Told You Lately That I Love You?" and hit the million-and-a-half jackpot.

Since then I've been turning out several discs a year and have made some rock-'n-roll albums. A recent one, titled "Ricky Sings Spirituals," is something entirely new for me.

Soon after the release of "I'm Walkin'" I was signed, along with the Four Preps, to play a two-day engagement at the Ohio State Fair in Columbus, Ohio.

When we arrived in Colum-



RICKY'S two big interests in life are girls and cars—but he goes steady only with one, his bright red Aston-Martin, at right. Above, Ricky with Hollywood starlet Tuesday Weld, one of the many girls on his dating list.

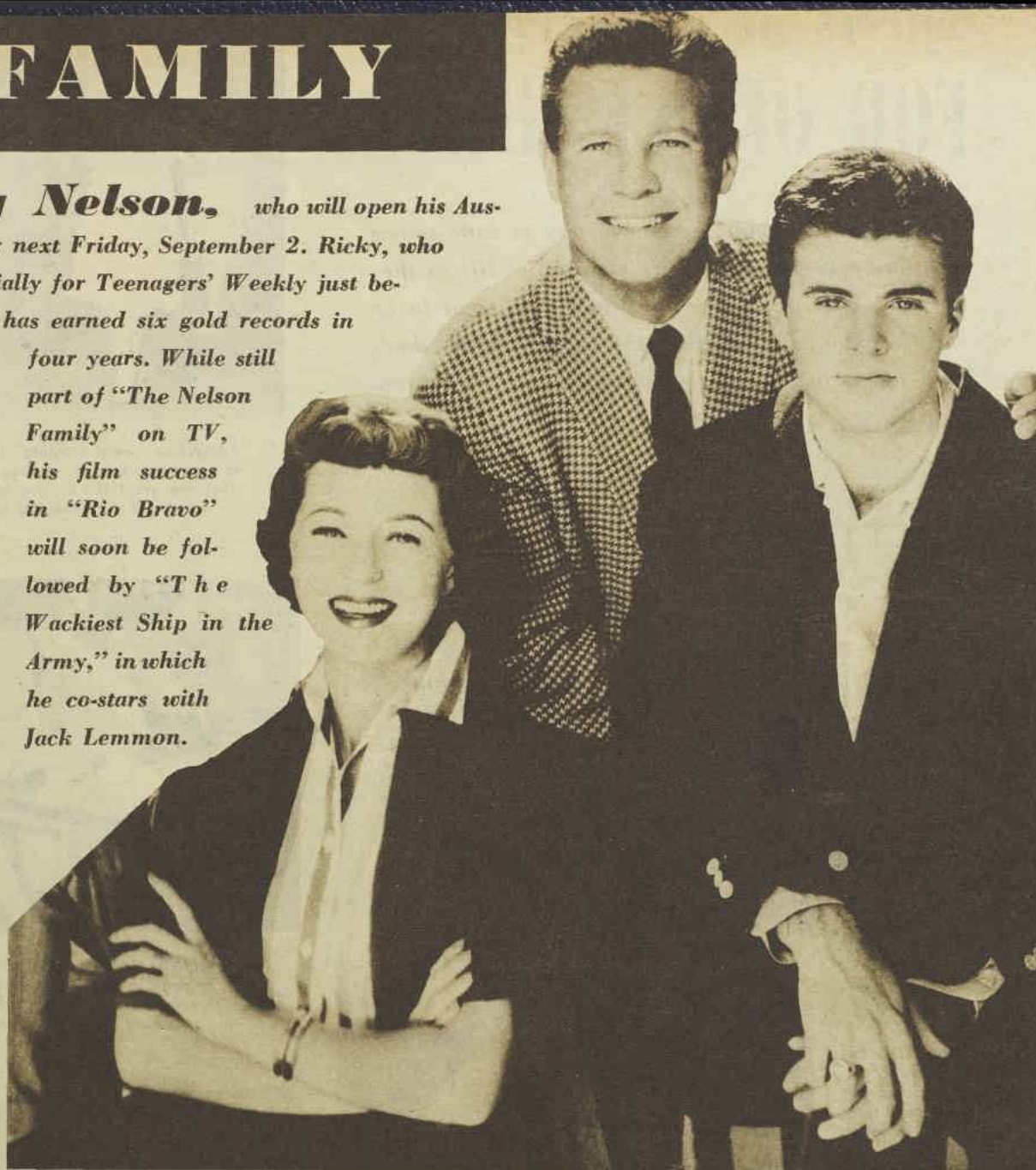




# MY FAMILY

**By Ricky Nelson,** who will open his Australian tour in Sydney next Friday, September 2. Ricky, who wrote this story especially for *Teenagers' Weekly* just before he left America, has earned six gold records in

four years. While still part of "The Nelson Family" on TV, his film success in "Rio Bravo" will soon be followed by "The Wackiest Ship in the Army," in which he co-stars with Jack Lemmon.



THE NELSON FAMILY is just as happy at home, says Ricky, as it is on your TV screen. Above, Ricky with his parents, Ozzie and Harriet. At right, with brother David.

show, a big crowd was waiting at the airport. Mostly girls. Some even broke through the fences and ran towards us.

I was nervous and couldn't sleep that night, so I stayed up late just walking around town.

We rehearsed all next day, and that evening, standing in the wings, I remember being a little frightened. But as soon as I got on the stage and started to sing—then I was all right. There were 15,000 people at each of the four shows we put on.

I've played many fairs and mediums since, and I genuinely like it—meeting the public, other teenagers, seeing new places. Personal appearances provide the kind of excitement that I like.

## Film roles

When I was 11 I had a small movie part in "The Story of Three Loves," and the following year the whole family was in "Here Come the Nelsons."

Two years ago I was asked to make another movie, "Rio Bravo," with John Wayne and Dean Martin. I liked the part and I liked working with such big stars.

But the location in Tucson, Arizona, was a rough one, because there wasn't any place to hide from the fans.

The kids meant well, but sometimes they grew a little over-enthusiastic.

For souvenirs, they tore the numbers off my motel room and wrote "I love you, Ricky" on the walls with chalk. One morning, while I was shaving, a girl pushed in the louver windows and stood there staring at me.

When we arrived in Tucson I heard that the disc jockeys were organising a Demolition Race the next day.

Know what a Demolition Race is? It's when a flock of old cars are given their last chance for glory. Drivers crash their jalopies into each other, and pretty soon they are falling apart. The one that keeps running longest is the winner.

So Joe Byrne, my stand-in, and I entered the race as two "mystery drivers," so that the studio people would not find out and stop us.

It was quite a race. Joe got knocked out fast, and my car burst into flames. I got out in a hurry, but I won the race.

I think the early teens are a difficult age for anyone. It's a time when young people have a great need for privacy—privacy of mind as well as of person.

Sometimes parents feel hurt and shut out when their youngsters suddenly become uncommunicative, but I'm lucky. Mine seem to understand.

It's as if they try to remember how they felt in their teens and the resentment they felt about adult questions.

It's not that teenagers are trying to hide anything. They don't feel guilty. They just want to be left to themselves sometimes, and I guess I'm no different.

I suppose everyone changes as he grows older. I feel that I have. Yet in some ways, Mom says, I haven't changed at all.

Neatness has never been a prime virtue with me, and today my room at home sometimes still looks like a cyclone had just passed through.

I still like to sleep late in

the mornings and stay up late at night. I always have.

And Mom still has an awful time getting me to eat salads and vegetables—especially if there's steak or ice-cream on the table.

Today she and Dad still look after me. But tomorrow?

I know that one day I'll meet the right girl and get married. I'm looking forward to it and to having a family.

But I'm in no hurry and I'm not rushing things. You see, I want to be sure. I want it to be for keeps. Like Mom and Dad's marriage.

Until then I'll go along working on the family TV show, making records, movies, personal appearances, and enjoying life to the fullest.

And being very proud just to be one of the Nelsons.





# POINTS OF ETIQUETTE FOR OFFICE GIRLS

● *Good manners and courtesy in little things are every bit as important in office life as they are at a social function. So if you want to be popular with your boss and fellow workers, don't forget to take your manners to work with you.*



*FRIENDLY "Good morning" to others in the office makes a happy start to a working day, and manners demand that you greet the boss — politely, and not too breezily, thank you — when you see him for the first time.*



**OFFICIOUSNESS** to juniors is a cheap way of showing seniority, and won't be appreciated by the boss, whose aim is to have a happy office and contented staff.



**FILING NAILS** is one of the things that should be done in private, not in the office during coffee break. Bosses dislike girls always fussing with beauty aids and prinking in the mirror.

**PUSHING IN** before other people, like the girl in the centre, doesn't show impressive initiative and efficiency, only lack of consideration and rudeness.



**WHISPERED** conversations in the presence of a third person are unnecessarily hurtful and bad-mannered. Be considerate of others' feelings and keep your news till later.



**HELPFULNESS** to new members of the staff is a policy that never fails to pay off in office life. Lack of generosity in such things is always adversely noticed and remembered by others.



# LISTEN HERE

—with Ainslie Baker

● Life's really spinning these days for those two highly personable, Everly-like Allen Brothers, Chris and Peter. Their second disc ever, "My Secret"—"First Kiss," is being released in America on the Colpix label.

**E**VEN before "My Secret" began to climb in the National Top 40, things began to get interesting for London-born, Queensland-educated Chris (19) and Peter (18).

They were invited to join the Pat Boone Show for its Melbourne and Sydney dates. "We were bottom of the bill," the boys said, "and we were terribly nervous. But these shows taught us a whole lot."

Then they were invited to fly to Melbourne to take part in the special edition of "Bandstand" when it was filmed there for the first time, and to appear in another TV show, "Cool For Cats."

Any moment now the Allen

Brothers will be releasing two new singles. Three numbers, "Too Much," "Ever Since," and "Pretty Keen Teen," are by Elaine Goddard, who wrote "My Secret." The fourth is a romantic teen ballad of the boys' own composing.

**Local talent** Rex has come up with a bright idea for helping along young singers. The first Rex 4-State 4-Star EP gives a helping hand to hopefuls **Candy Williams** (N.S.W.), **Barry Pilkington** (Tas.), **Clem Croft**, brother of Johnny (W.A.), and **Ray O'Connor** (S.A.). Candy sings "My Blue Heaven," Barry pairs "The Shape I'm In" with "You're So Square," Clem sings "I've Walked a Long, Long Way," and Ray is heard in "I'm the Guy."

**SOME** of Australia's Country and Western singers are—frankly—not so talented. But **Buddy Williams**, "The Yodelling Cowboy" who came out of the cattle and timber country at the head of the Clarence River, is a class ahead. Four of his most successful numbers, including the title, "The Kelly Gang," are now on a Columbia EP.

**Pops** A dozen great standards including "Whispering Grass," "Cow Cow Boogie," "Little White Cloud" are decked out in full party dress by the 38-piece **Knightsbridge Strings** for "The Strings Sing" (Top Rank LP). Stringing along with these English Strings is a pleasure.

**ABOUT** a year ago **The Isley Brothers** were making a lot of noise with their "Shout." They've quietened down since then and acquired a touch of something approaching polish. Their newest

is "Gypsy Love Song" (written long ago by operetta king Victor Herbert) and their own "Open Up Your Heart." (R.C.A. 45.)

**SEEMS** there's no branch of pop music **Connie Francis** can't tackle with success. Don and Phil Everly were responsible for interesting her in C. and W., and the result, "Country and Western Golden Hits" (M.G.M.), is Connie's first LP in country style. Many of the old favorites are there, such as "Tennessee Waltz," "Half As Much," "Peace In The Valley."

**Musicals** Most people think of **Eula Parker** as the composer of "The Village of St. Bernadette." But the talented Australian girl is a singer, too, and it is in this role that she appears with **Bryan Johnson**, **Rosalind Page**, **Ross Gilmore**, **Michael Sammes**, and the **Eric Rogers' Orchestra** on the "Can-Can and Kismet" disc (Ace of Clubs LP). "C'est Magnifique," "I Love Paris," "Baubles, Bangles, A n d Beads," "Stranger In Paradise," etc.

**TV tunes** A label that seems to be making a feature of TV themes is R.C.A. On the heels of their recent "Impact" comes another **Buddy Morrow LP**, "Double Impact." You don't need to be a TV fan to be caught up in the high-tension atmosphere of such theme music as "Men Into Space," "The Untouchables," or "Twilight Zone."

**Jazz** Swing-era, big-band, big-name **Woody Herman** and orchestra get star billing, but they are over-shadowed by Spanish guitarist **Charlie Byrd** on Top Rank's LP "Summer Sequence." Side one holds three attractive though pop-ish Byrd originals, but the title side is the one that matters. "Summer Sequence" was first played by the Herman orchestra at the 1946 Carnegie Hall concert which also introduced Stravinsky's "Ebony Concerto." It has been rewritten here to feature Byrd on guitar.

**Classical** Renowned harpsichordist-pianist **Wanda Landowska**, who died last year at the age of 82, was recognised authority on old music. This makes specially valuable and interesting an R.C.A. LP on which she is heard as pianist in two of the delicate and lovely Mozart piano sonatas, the Nos. 13 and 5; with the Rondo in A Minor.



THE ALLEN BROTHERS, Chris (left) and Peter.

## No longer wild, says rock singer

● Singing rock-'n-roll has made a new young man out of 19-year-old Booka Hyland, a former Sydney butcher boy.

**A**ND its influence has been good, he said, not bad as so many adults claim.

"Before I started singing I had left home and was living in a flat with some mates," he said. "We had wild parties every night, raced round on motor-bikes or in cars, and hung round milk-bars."

"Now I'm more settled and happier. I spend most of my spare time gardening and weight-lifting."

Booka's first disc, "Sweet Thing," is selling well and he is now getting regular engagements on TV and at local dances and hotels.

A well-built 5ft. 9in., he started singing about a year ago when he won a talent quest at a Belmore Police Boys' Club dance, and was engaged to sing with their band on Monday nights.

One night the Crescents came to the dance, and asked Booka why he didn't try to get on TV. "I've never thought about it," he told them.

So they took him along to meet Johnny O'Keefe, who immediately gave him a spot on "Six O'Clock Rock."

"My real name is John," said Booka, "but the boys used my

nickname when they introduced me to O'Keefe.

"Johnny thought it was a terrific gimmick name, so I've stuck to it ever since."

Booka, who has never had a singing lesson, wants to sing like Frankie Laine.

"But the breathing's too difficult for rock-'n-roll," he said. "However, if rock-'n-roll goes out, as some people say it will, then I'd like to turn to straight singing."

Despite the title of his record, which was written by Scottie Turnbull, Tommy Sands' guitarist, Booka is not interested in girls.

"I don't worry about them at all," he said.



Booka Hyland

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### Eight pops for 20/-

**EIGHT** currently popular hit tunes will be issued by the Popular Record Club in September on two EP discs.

These are the first EPs issued by the club, and the cost is only 10/- each.

The pops on one disc are "Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie Yellow Polkadot Bikini," "Josephine," "Tell Laura I Love Her," and "I'm Getting Better." The second disc carries "When Will I Be Loved?" "Trouble In Paradise," "Please Help Me, I'm Falling," and "Only The Lonely."

You can join the Popular Record Club at no cost by sending your name and address to Box 3410, G.P.O., Sydney.

## WORTH HEARING

### MUSIC OF SHAKESPEARE'S DAY

**T**HE age of Shakespeare was a great age of English music as well as of English poetry. In Elizabethan and Jacobean days there was a vigorous group of English composers who wrote a great quantity of sweet, lively, and sometimes passionate music: madrigals, works for harpsichord or lute, chamber music for strings, and songs with lute accompaniment.

Most of this music lay neglected for three centuries, but recently it has been rediscovered, studied, and played on the instruments for which it was written.

You can hear a wide selection of this music, fairly authentically performed, in a record called "Elizabethan and Jacobean Ayres, Madrigals and Dances" by the New York Pro Musica (Festival). A record of "Shakespeare Songs and Lute Solos" by counter-tenor Alfred Deller and lutenist Desmond Dupre has a more limited scope but contains some very beautiful music.

—Martin Long

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — September 7, 1960



# Stitch a gay summer dress i



**5780.** Demure fichu dress (above left). Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material, 2½ yds. 36in. contrast, and 3 yds. 3in. lace edging. Price 4/6.



**5779.** Pretty one-piece design (above right) makes a fashion point of sleeves. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 4 yds. 36in. gingham and 1½ yds. 6in. embroidered edging. Price 4/6.



**5790.** Studied simplicity is seen in this scoop-necked, one-piece. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 4 yds. 36in. material and ½ yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/6.





# in gingham

● Here, with their full share of prettiness,  
are summer gingham dresses to make  
from a pattern. Choose a style and order now. Address  
orders to Box 4060, G.P.O. Sydney.

## OUR COVER GIRLS



**5778.** Summer dress with a double bias skirt (left). Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 6½yds. 36in. material, 2yds. 36in. lining, 6yds. 1in. lace edging. Price 4/6.



**5777.** Dress with moulded bodice and pretty skirt (left). Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material, 3yds. 9in. embroidered edging, 1½yds. 36in. lining. Price 4/6.



**5776.** Bare-armed ruffle-trimmed bouffant. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material and 5yds. 1½in. embroidered edging. Price 4/6.



**5843.** Lilted tiered-skirted one-piece. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 1½yds. for bodice, 2½yds. for top tier, and 2½yds. for under-skirt. All in 36in. material. Price 4/6.





# Theraderm controls dandruff

This mother KNOWS...



...this mother knows that Theraderm controls dandruff. She knows that Theraderm is safe for all the family too. She knows that clean healthy hair is a girl's 'Crowning Glory'

**Control Dandruff with just three applications of Theraderm.**

Shampoos, tonics, ordinary preparations remove only loose dandruff from the hair, they don't remove the hard, scaly layer that sticks to the scalp and keeps forming new dandruff flakes.

But Theraderm, with penetrating Sarthionate, removes the hard scaly layer and keeps the scalp free from dandruff for months. Theraderm kills scalp germs... ends itching and burning... keeps scalp healthy for months. To keep dandruff under control use Theraderm regularly.



**DAYS** after using ordinary preparations — dandruff comes back because hard scaly layer remains.

**MONTHS** after using Theraderm — still no dandruff because Theraderm removes hard scaly layer.

## IT'S NEW

Theraderm is an entirely NEW lotion for dandruff control released after extensive clinical testing—and now available from your family chemist. Price, 12/6.



Ask your family chemist—he knows all about Dandruff and Theraderm.

# Theraderm



ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

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## Tips

# FOR PARENTS

By Brendan O'Dwyer

- Most Australian teenagers do not go to their parents with their problems, particularly those concerning love and sex.

**M**OST parents can be blamed for this because they don't realise, or can't cope with, their responsibilities to their children.

So, in line with the countless Tips for Teenagers, here are some Tips for Parents:

- Discuss sex attitudes openly in a relaxed and confident manner. Treat us like the young adults we are, not as children to be lectured and nagged.
- Frown on teenagers congregating on street corners, in milk bars, and in parks. Encourage youth-club, church, and sporting activities.
- Don't sling off at our inabilities, gawkiness, or hesitancy.
- Don't aggravate us. Be pleasant, considerate, and tolerant. You will soon find us following your example.
- Never criticise our tastes and fads in music and dress. You were young once. Show your interest in new fashions.
- Be firm about dating and social life but not strict. Try to strike the "happy medium."
- Realise that we are going through a difficult stage. We're physically grown-up, but not emotionally, so be understanding.
- Realise that all our frustrated feelings and inadequacies are all part of growing up. We need your guidance, constructive criticism, and attention.
- Help in choosing careers and encourage higher education. Never brag how you got a job at 14 and were boss of your own business at 30. The world of business is very different now, and without education and special training good careers are practically impossible.
- Show your love. Teenagers really tick when they know that they are loved and made aware that they belong. Lack of love in family life is often the cause of delinquency.

**BRENDAN O'DWYER**, who sent us these tips, is a 17-year-old boy who lives in the Melbourne suburb of Fawkner.

"I didn't aim the tips at my own parents," he told us, "because they handle things well."

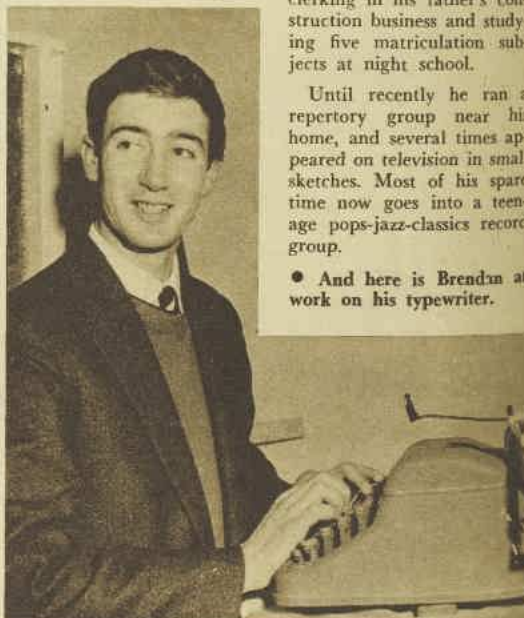
"But there are many others who need guidance as much as their children."

"Almost every magazine you open these days is calling the tune for teenagers, but very seldom for parents."

Brendan, who hopes to become a newspaper feature writer in time, is at present clerking in his father's construction business and studying five matriculation subjects at night school.

Until recently he ran a repertory group near his home, and several times appeared on television in small sketches. Most of his spare time now goes into a teenage pops-jazz-classics record group.

● And here is Brendan at work on his typewriter.



Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — September 7, 1960



# FAIR DEAL FOR FEET

● *Most of us start life with presentable, if not classically beautiful, feet — like those pictured here.*

*It's what happens to them after childhood and school-days that usually does the damage.*

*By Carolyn Earle*

**B**USY teenagers, constantly on the go, are apt to forget their feet, and that's a pity. You need good feet to dance all night with wings on your heels, or take long walks without yearning to kick off your shoes.

So do try to give your feet a fair deal, if you don't already do so. These step-by-step pointers will help you. Put them to regular use and you'll be delighted at the pleasing results.

**First step** is to realise that it CAN happen to you—having good feet, that is. Wishing won't make it so (we've all heard about that one), but willing can.

**Step away** from ill-fitting shoes. The ideal shoe, as every chiropodist will tell you, grips the heel, allows plenty of toe space, and has a supporting strap or laces over the instep.

What most feet get, especially now, is a court shoe with a narrow, pointed vamp into which the toes must literally be crowded, plus a high stiletto heel which throws the foot forward.

Standing for any length of time in such shoes is torture, and real walking in them is impossible. But as the foot experts know that girls will go on wearing fashionable shoes, however uncomfortable, they give this advice:

● Get your feet measured each time you buy shoes; similar sizes vary because of style and cut.

● Change your heel height at least once a day so that all your foot muscles get a chance to work.

● Keep high-fashion shoes for special occasions.

● Avoid casual sloppy shoes as a "change"—they're almost as bad for your feet. Remember that stockings can distort feet as much as shoes. Be certain of correct sizing here, too.

**Step around** Feet need exercise, and walking is as good as anything. If your toes function properly, then the chances are that your whole foot is working properly.

Here are some exercises to keep the toes active:

● Spread out your toes and try to make each one behave separately as if it were a finger. Point each toe in turn to give it flexibility and control.

● Draw up your toes in a knuckling movement, first with the toes held down to the floor, then with your foot raised.

● Sit on a chair high enough to let your legs dangle and turn each foot inwards towards the leg—this helps to strengthen the inner arch of the foot.

● Rise slowly on tiptoes, then lower yourself gradually. Follow by tiptoe walking in bare feet.

**Step up** your normal beauty duties. If, for example, you usually give yourself a pedicure once a fortnight, change it to a weekly treatment for a while, and if they are needed get to work with softening and smoothing agents.

Smooth down thick, horny toenails by buffing them slightly with an emery-board. Small patches of hard skin can be smoothed with pumice-stone; rub gently on the sole of the foot, remembering to put a little soap on the stone first.

Any good hand cream used regularly will improve the skin of your feet, but for rough heels and scaly sides try a body cream.

Allow at least five minutes to work the lubricant into the instep and the sole of the foot, and smooth each toe separately. Don't forget to "do" your cuticles, too, while you are about it.

**Hep steps** to show that you know. Since the high fashion in make-up currently extends right down to the tips of your toes, you might pick up a lacquer brush and try tracing your toenails with color. Go lightly and carefully with it and be sure to match the shade to your lipstick and fingernails. If the color becomes you, test out one of the new coral lipsticks with nail lacquer to tone. It can be deliciously flattering.

**Secret steps** Feet with serious defects or blemished with corns and the like need expert attention. Never puncture blisters that you may be unfortunate enough to raise on the feet. Dab them with antiseptic, then cover with a small pad of cottonwool and leave until they break. Then dab with more antiseptic and keep covered until healed.

## Some tips for walking on air

● Here are some simple perk-up treatments to keep your feet trim and comfortable all the time.

● Wear clean stockings every single day and change into a fresh pair when going out at night.

● Sprinkle the insides of shoes with a deodorant and talcum for walking in hot weather.

● Foot powder sprinkled inside your stockings on hot days feels wonderful and helps cut down stocking runs.

● A handful of Epsom-salt in a few inches of warm water makes a quick reviving bath for aching feet.

● Walking barefoot on sand is one of the best foot exercises. It strengthens the muscles—they ache at first!—and polishes the skin.

● When varnishing toenails, put a good fat piece of cottonwool between each toe to hold the toes apart while you paint on the enamel. This saves varnish from smudging.

● Lavender water is most refreshing used as an after-pedicure rub or spray. Let it dry before using foot or talcum powder.

● To soothe tired feet, hold each in turn in the palms of your hands and massage the sole of the foot by pressing firmly with the thumbs in rolling, circular movements.



Louise  
Hunter

## Here's your answer

### His or hers?

"WE ARE two girls of 16½ (rather attractive). One of our best friends is going with a boy we both like. She treats him rather haphazardly, and we know this hurts him deeply. He often comes round to our places, and offers to take us for a drive in his car, but she then becomes jealous and this often causes quarrels and unfriendliness among us. Should we go with him when he comes around, or refuse his offers to be friendly?"

P.J., W.A.

Which friendship do you value most? His or hers? When you decide, you'll know what to do.

### Secret crush

"FOR over two years I have experienced a strong crush on a boy I know by name and sight only. Realising this is only a crush—it must be, as I know very little about him to love—I have tried to put him out of my mind, but upon seeing him, all feelings for him at once come back to me. I know dozens of boys who are his friends, but I do not wish to

involve a third person in this. I know of a few dances he goes to, but do not imagine I would have much chance against the glamorous girls at them, although I do not consider myself unglamorous or unattractive. It has always been my opinion that friendship leads to romance and I would like to be just friendly with him at first. I see him occasionally at sports meetings and have never yet seen him with a girl. Please try to help me so that I do not involve other friends, only him."

"Crushed Heart," Qld.

Life gets very mixed up when people refuse to be straightforward. How do you propose to get to know this boy, unless through a third person? Are you going to do a sleight of hand, all-done-with-mirrors act to get to know him?

It would be so simple to ask a mutual friend to introduce you at one of these sports meetings you attend. It does not have to be a moment highly charged with emotion.

Surely you can say to one of his friends: "For heaven's sake, introduce me to Bill. I see him round and I've known him by sight for years, but I've never really met him."

Or you could come right out and say, "Please introduce me to Bill. I'd

love to know him." If he heard about your request he'd be pleased and flattered.

Apart from this, all you can try is a smile. Smiles are wonderful ammunition, but they are not a guarantee of friendship with a shy boy. I think you are mad, and unfair to your poor, crushed heart, not to get a mutual friend to introduce you.

### Much in common

"I KNOW a boy and like him dearly.

He is a year older than me and an inch taller. My mother likes him, although she hasn't met him. He is not handsome and I am not pretty, although we both have brown eyes, dark hair, and olive skins. We both are fond of animals, birds, and fish. Would you be kind enough to tell me what to do, as I don't know whether he likes me or not? He speaks to me, and we can laugh at the same things. Also I know when his birthday is. Should I send him a card and how should I sign it? If I did, do you think this would be putting myself too far forward?"

"Love-sick," N.S.W.

The only way to tell whether or not a boy likes you is by his actions over a long time. If he talks to you and laughs with you and you both have things in common, as you have, it looks as if everything is fine for the two of you.

I'd just leave things as they are. I don't know how old you are, but I think rather young. You're not too young, though, to learn that it is really nicer to let your boy-friend send a card before you send him one—in other words, let him chase you.

### Which boy?

"ONE night when my friend and I went to the pictures, her boy-friend with his boy-friend sat near her. The other boy was forced to sit next to me. Since then we have been seeing a lot of each other. We go to the same school and we go out together a bit. He is one year older than me, but smaller. Lately I have been told that another boy likes me. He is quite handsome and I like him a lot, but I don't want to two-time the other. Please help me."

T.E., S.A.

No, I won't. You make up your own mind. I know you want me to say to give up your present boy and have the handsome one, the unknown character who, I'll bet, is taller than you are, too. But all I have to say is that the boy you are sure of, even if he is shorter than you are, is much more satisfactory than one you might get.

### Red cheeks

"PLEASE could you advise a remedy for red cheeks? I have them and go through a tremendous amount of teasing because of them. When I approach Mum on the subject she just tells me to "stop worrying" and that I look "very healthy." Are they caused by high blood pressure? Is it true what my brother says that if I fall on my head or something I will die quicker than a normal person, as he says I have too much blood in my head already? Please answer me soon, as this is driving me crazy."

J.J., S.A.

What your brother says is absolutely untrue. He is telling you lies and should be ashamed of himself.

Your red cheeks are caused by the fact that you have what every girl wants—a fine, clear skin. When you're older, other girls will envy you because you don't have to use rouge to color your skin, and their brothers will

## A WORD FROM DEBBIE



PEOPLE, including me, are always telling you how to behave correctly in a restaurant—precede your boy-friend to the table; wait till he hands you the menu; read the menu from the right; make bright conversation; don't put your handbag on the table; and millions of other things. But did anyone ever tell you how not to choke in a restaurant?

Such ghastly things do happen, and while there is no graceful way to deal with such a situation, knowledge helps and sometimes saves a serious mishap.

A fishbone in the throat is the worst thing that can happen to any diner-out. If this happens to you or your dinner partner, just leave the table and get out of the restaurant to the nearest hospital or doctor as quickly as possible.

Removing a fishbone is a job for a doctor, and amateur fiddling can cause real trouble.

But sometimes a hard corner of a roast potato, a hard piece of meat, or a piece of poultry gristle or some such thing may temporarily obstruct the air passage.

You'll know there is choking trouble at the table if you hear a sudden flurry of coughing and your friend's face gets reddish. First of all reassure the choker. Agitation makes the whole thing a hundred times worse.

Sometimes if the choker shoots his arms straight up over his head it dislodges the trouble and he can breathe again, but if this is unsuccessful have him bend as far forward as possible and clap him sharply on the back between the shoulder blades.

If this doesn't move the obstruction, rush the choker to the nearest hospital. Don't waste time.

Incidentally, if you're happily dining in a restaurant and someone in another party chokes, don't stare at them. It only adds to their agitation and misery and it's very rude of you. Be a lady and go on with your dinner as if everything round you is normal.

tell you you look like a wild rose. You're lucky.

Remember, there is not a word of truth in what your brother says. You are absolutely normal. Take no notice of him; he is stupid.

Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

### Chin and tummy exercises



"I AM a 14-year-old girl, and during the past two years I have developed a double chin. It is beginning to show up terribly now, so could you please tell me how to get rid of it. Also I have been doing exercises to get rid of a fat tummy and it doesn't seem to be going at all. Please could you help me?"

"Worried," N.S.W.

I certainly could. The first thing you must do is to realise that exercises are no magic overnight formula to make you a good shape. You've got to keep on at them month after month to get results.

Exercises can help a double chin. Try this one: Slap your chin briskly with the backs of your hands, using one after the other, 10 times. Then throw your head slightly back to make

muscles taut. Now lift up your lower jaw as if you are trying to lift your body off the floor through the power of your jaw; repeat ten times.

Another good one is to sit up straight with your head held erect and then gradually, slowly, drop it backwards until the back of your head rests on your centre back. Raise your head till it is erect on your shoulders, then drop it quickly forward until your chin rests on your chest. Repeat 10 times.

The last one to try is the Q.X. routine. Say Q.X. precisely and with the greatest emphasis 10 times. If you do it properly you feel your neck stretch right down each side.

As for that stomach of yours. Try this one. Lie on the floor, flat on your back, legs straight out in front of you with ankles about a yard apart, arms stretched out behind you. Now, up you come and touch your left ankle with your right hand and your right ankle with your left hand, 1—2, 1—2 briskly 10 times.

In about three months if you do these faithfully, night and morning, your reward will come when someone will compliment you on your good lines.



By SHEILA McFARLANE

# TAILORING — A JOB FIT FOR SUITABLE BOYS

● Michael Vita and Bill Ridge were both cut out for a life of tailoring — and so far neither has shown any frayed edges.

MICHAEL'S family has Italian ancestors, which gives him an inbuilt tendency towards the trade. Bill's grandparents on both sides were in the business, as well as his mother, father, and two uncles.

A keen sportsman, Michael, at 18, is in the final year of his five-year apprenticeship with Melbourne tailor Keith Clymo.

Bill, a 17-year-old serious, studious type, is serving the third year under his tailor father Maxwell Ridge.

In his five years of training, a tailor learns about machinery, steam pressures, sewing threads, design, cutting, and fitting, hand and machine sewing, and the efficient handling of staff.

After mastering the arts of

wearing a thimble and threading the eye of a needle, the first job of an apprentice is hand basting (tacking) for first fittings.

Then come the intricacies of the sewing-machine, making canvases and second fittings.

## Canvas foundation

"Making a canvas is like laying the foundation for a coat," said Michael.

"I am now making second fittings. That includes putting the coat together up to the stage of the second fitting, from the canvas foundation to the padding of the collar and lapels.

"It takes experienced tailors ten hours to get a suit coat to this stage, 22 hours to complete it.

"The hardest thing to tailor, incidentally, is the shoulder of

a man's suit coat. That's the spot that shows up bad tailoring more than any other."

Keen to make his way successfully and reasonably quickly, Michael has begun a night course in cutting at the Royal Melbourne Technical College, in addition to his studies at work.

Bill hasn't begun cutting yet, but knows that when he does he will have to bury himself in studies for a while; there is a big collection of books that must be read on the subject.

Apprentice tailors in Victoria start on a wage of £3/17/6 a week, rising every six months to £14/0/6. Once qualified as tradesmen, they get £18/5/6, while the extra skill of a cutter brings £19/19/6.

After eight or ten years a tailor could be earning about £2000 a year as a workroom manager in a large factory.

## Creative job

Tailoring is a skill that should be learned early, while the fingers are still very supple.

Keith Clymo told me it needed patience, an eye for detail, and a flair for cutting and shaping that gives a "certain something" to the finish of the garment.

"It's creative and brings a sense of accomplishment with a job well done," he added.

Maxwell Ridge said a tailor also had to act on hunches—in creating or following fashion.

"Tailoring can drive you mad, though," he said. "Just walking along a busy street can be irritating if you're in a critical mood—you see so many badly cut or shabby suits."



MICHAEL VITA concentrates deeply on the task in hand—making a canvas for a suit coat.



BILL RIDGE at work on a first fitting of a suit coat.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — September 7, 1960

It's an unpredictable job, too. Mr. Ridge had to turn out a 56in. coat from two 46in. ones at short notice just before the 1956 Olympic Games in Melbourne. His customer was a huge American weightlifter who couldn't fit into any of the stock sizes the team had brought with it.

## Chance to travel

"A really skilled tailor has a wonderful chance to travel, because he can get a job almost anywhere," said Mr. Ridge.

"This applies particularly to America, where there is now no compulsory apprenticeship system. They have plenty of tailoring 'laborers,' but few skilled men."

But travel is not the immediate aim for Michael. He plans to establish his own business when he has saved enough money and gathered enough experience.

Already he is developing a clientele among his family—father, brothers, and brothers-in-law—whose clothes he tailors at home in his spare time.

"I've already learned that a tailor usually has to sell a suit twice over," he said. "First to the husband and then to the wife—and the second is the harder sale."

Michael believes that a little color doesn't do any harm to a man's outfit, but he does not wish to see it go too far.

He believes the single-breasted suit coat is here to stay because the Australian is too casual to swing back to double-breasted. Trousers, he thinks, may become a little wider.

I could hardly believe it,  
**HAIRSETS FOR 4d!**  
Yes, when Jill said I would get 15 lovely hairsets from one 4/10 tube of concentrated Curlypet, wasn't I just amazed. But it's true, definitely true. I'm now saving pounds on my hairsets and find that Curlypet gives me the best hairdo's I've ever had. Like Jill I'm telling all the girls how good, how economical Curlypet really is. It's the most!

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# TEENA<sup>®</sup> *by Linda Terry*

'S FUNNY HOW MUCH YOU CAN LEARN ABOUT PEOPLE BY JUST ASKING ONE SIMPLE QUESTION.



**A GUY hasn't far to look for...**

## The Abominable Slow-Girl!

● Sir Edmund Hillary and the other blokes who like making molehills out of Himalayan mountains haven't found the Abominable Snowman. Not Yeti, they haven't.

**H**OWEVER, I am able to disclose the existence of an equally gruesome monster — the Abominable Slow-Girl!

She has left her footprints in the sands of good times more often than mountaineers have seen where the elusive, Everestless beasts go in the snow.

And in case my research into her habits may help the search for the snowman, I am arranging for this column to be reprinted in that well-known Tibetan paper, the "Dalai Lama."

Just what is an Abominable Slow-Girl?

Briefly, she's a lass who's always so late for everything she does that in school she probably thought the dying Lord Nelson gasped "Kiss me, TARDY!"

But here's a detailed low-down on her slow-down...

The Slow-Girl is most Abominable when meeting dates.

Often the red object you see on a street corner is not a letter-box—it's a boy, crimson with rage from

### Girl in disguise replies

**REALLY, Robin!** Would you really like a girl-friend who wore no stockings and flaties all the time? It is not often men complain when a girl tries to keep her figure in trim. As for make-up, would you really rather take out a girl with not a spot of powder or lipstick on her pallid countenance? What IS the matter with you?—(Miss) M. REID, Hobart.

waiting (and waiting, and waiting) for a partner to arrive.

When she does finally turn up she says that (a) the bus was late, (b) her watch had stopped, (c) she had to work back—any one of a hundred excuses that the alphabet can't handle.

The truth is, of course, that she just plain fiddled around, primping, preening, and nattering with her mates.

Well, maybe that's too sweeping a statement. I'm prepared to admit that there occasionally might be some genuine reason for a girl to be late for an outside get-together.

But when she arranged to meet a boy in her home and keeps him hanging around—brother, that takes the Fake!

I'd venture to say there's never been a girl who hasn't still been in the bath or dressing when her date arrived—on time—at her home to pick her up.

The hairdo, too, causes lateness. In fact, it is such a famous foul-up that there's even a fable about it. You know, the one about the tortoise being faster than the hair!

But often home hold-ups are just part of the warped tradition which decrees that a girl should never be on time.

This business goes to the ultimate in inanity at weddings, when the

bride always keeps the victim sweating for an unnecessary extra five minutes.

Even for an informal date (such as a barbecue) that should require no particular titivating, most girls can't meet, let alone beat, the clock.

Usually they're still putting on their faces when they should be putting on the steaks!

Then, of course, the beach visit (bathing) caps the barbecue.

Why a girl should waste time putting on clothes she'll soon be taking off and doing hair that will be wet or covered up in no time beach me.

Maybe all that these beat beach babes try to do is disprove that time and tide wait for no man.

Really all they eventually prove is, when the boys grow tired of waiting, that the late worm gets the bird!

Well, that's it. All I can say is that my sympathy goes out to the families and friends of the late girls!

So you're still not impressed with my ideas on the Slow-Girl and reckon she's just a legend like the Abominable Snowman?

Like Tibet?

—Robin Adair



BY CAROL TATTERSFIELD

# Crusade in defence of teenagers

● "I killed Mummy and Daddy because they didn't kiss me goodnight," said pretty American teenager Linda Rogers, looking grim.

Grimmer still, she added, "That's the sort of impression everyone has about teenagers. But they hear only about the crazy mixed-up one per cent. What about the rest? It's important that someone writes about them as they REALLY are."

AND that's where Linda, just 17 years old and fresh from high school in California, steps up and takes a bow. For she has backed up her theory with some enterprising action that's really taking her places.

Into our office, when she arrived in Sydney, and eventually twice round the world.

Twice? Linda smiled and explained. The trip she's on now, covering Asia, the South Pacific, and Europe, is a fact-finding survey, gathering material for the booklets she'll write on the teenagers of each country.

The second, in about a year, will be for publicity. She'll bring back the booklets she's written to the countries where the material came from.

The form the booklets will take will be as different as the

subject matter. They'll be "comics." But, as Linda quickly pointed out, they won't be funny.

"There'll be pictures, as in comics, but the drawings will be of real people—real normal teenagers telling their own story.

"I'll be the narrator—rather after the style of 'Around the World in 80 Days,' only this will be called 'Voyage of a Teenager.'"

## Parents help

But this is more than a voyage for Linda. It's almost a crusade, aiming to show exactly how much the world's normal teenagers have in common.

Linda's weapon is her talented pen, sharpened through two years as editor-in-chief of her school newspaper.

And she's got support for the cause, too. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Rogers, are supplying the capital, companionship, and a knowledge of

Spanish, German, Italian, and French to Linda's venture.

"You see," said Linda, "this is really a family project. Dad and Mum, who are both attorneys, interview lots of people, and they pushed me along.

"I've been travelling through the States with them on their assignments ever since I was nine months old, so by now we're quite a well-co-ordinated team."

And though Linda is doing the bulk of the interviewing, her parents do most of the contact work, arranging visits to schools and teenage clubs, and commissioning maps of regions they visit—for the booklets will contain quite a lot of elementary geography.

So far since the family left America in February they have covered the teenagers and geography of Japan, Hongkong, and the Philippines.

"You should see all the copy we've collected," said Linda. "Volumes of it. And a whole lot of tapes, too. We've got

three typewriters, cameras, and a tape-recorder along with us. "Most of the notes and things are packed in shoe boxes, and I've got five shoe boxes full of Mr. Winchell, alone."

Now Mr. Walter Winchell, the famous American columnist, wasn't strictly in Linda's line of business at all, but, hearing that his visit to Manila with President Eisenhower coincided with hers, she couldn't resist trying to interview him.

## Met President

Not only did she manage that, but she also wangled a job with Winchell for three days as his messenger and junior colleague.

"I worked like mad to keep up with him," said Linda, "and I'll never, never forget it.

"You know, it's kind of funny to go half-way round the world to meet your own President.

"And I met the Philippines

President as well as Mr. Eisenhower.

"I also met Mr. Eisenhower's Press secretary, Mr. Hagerty, when he gave a special report to newsmen, and later I was with Mr. Winchell when we got the first news that the President's trip to Japan had to be cancelled."

But the most flattering part of her three-day job, Linda admitted, was being mentioned several times in Winchell's international column. "He said nice things, too," she added, still surprised about it.

And the only thing about Mr. Winchell that she ignored was his warning about going into the newspaper world for a career.

Not that Linda is dead set on an ordinary newspaper job when she eventually settles down from her trips.

But, after completing her teenage booklet scheme, she is determined to continue to write.

LINDA ROGERS, who is on a world voyage to discover the ways of normal teenagers.



THINKS: Why do I have to feel like this, right in the middle of the exams.

These are what I was telling you about, Joan. Femerital! They certainly help me. Try one now, and you'll feel a hundred per cent in no time.

THINKS: Thank goodness, the pain has eased. Now I can concentrate, these questions seem easy. I'll sail through this paper.

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Teenagers' Weekly — Page 15

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — September 7, 1960

and the steps leading down from the





FOR THE BOYS...



THE GIRLS...



OR BOTH



...and for all sports

**HOADLEY'S**





*VIEW of Sydney Harbor looking towards North Head from the contemporary home of Mrs. D. Marsh, at Mosman.*

## AUSTRALIAN

# HOMES

● A house built in the shape of a fan was the solution to the problem of designing a house to fit a steep, narrow, and rocky site on a cliffside below Glen carron Avenue, Mosman. The house, which is owned by Mrs. D. Marsh, is described in detail on page 38.

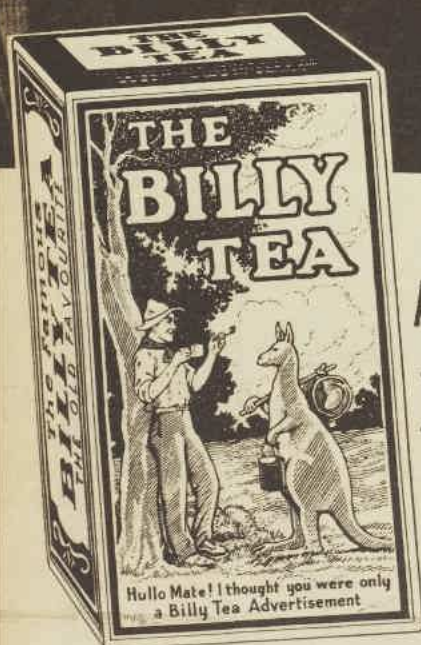
**FAN-SHAPED HOUSE** overlooking Sydney Harbor (above) and a side view (right) showing the difficult site and the steps leading down from the deck to the patio, guest-room, shower, and laundry under the house.





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## FAN-SHAPED HOUSE—



DINING corner of living-dining-room, showing servery to kitchen. Walls are lined with sapele mahogany plywood. Seats of white chairs are yellow-covered. The servery door is blue-black.

## Has aluminium walls for lightness

(Continued from page 37)

- The outer walls of the upper floor of the fan-shaped house in Glencarron Avenue, Mosman, are covered with a sheeting of light aluminium.

THIS material was chosen not only for its appearance and suitability for the design but also because the steep site, difficult to reach from the road, necessitated lightweight materials.

The house has a living-dining-room, kitchen, bathroom, and two bedrooms, as well as a guest's bedroom and shower-room and laundry underneath on the ground level.

The patio underneath the deck is not included in the 10 squares.

### Window shades

Mrs. D. Marsh, owner-occupier of the house, once lived in an older house immediately above.

"I often looked down on this corner of the garden and thought that a new house could be fitted in here," she said.

So this contemporary, small, but attractive house was designed and built for her.

### View from deck

It is reached by a ramp leading down from Glencarron Avenue. This ramp widens to form a deck on to which the front door opens. There is a wide patio facing the view directly below the deck.

Raising the house on a deck gave it several advantages—a magnificent view that extends over the Harbor and through Sydney Heads, morning sun through all the windows, and full benefit of the north-east breeze.

Although only 10 squares,

As the house is overlooked from above, the flat roof extends for five feet over the deck to shield the windows from view. The wide eaves also protect the windows and deck from westerly winds.

On the outside curve of the house, the roof extends for two feet six inches to shade the windows in summer.

Walls inside the house are lined with sapele mahogany plywood.

Ceilings are of radiata pine boards, which also form the deck for the flat roof.

Bathroom, kitchen, as well as the living-dining-room, have walls of plywood, but the walls of the hall leading to the bathroom are covered with an attractive wallpaper of green Japanese grasscloth.

The bathroom walls of plywood are sealed with a clear plastic to make them waterproof.

The architect was Mr. Tony Moore, of Moore, Walker, and Croaker.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 7, 1960



# HOMES

● Bungan Beach, N.S.W., makes a perfect setting for Mrs. A. N. Baur's attractive house built in traditional early Colonial style.

A BALCONY, which is a feature of the house, runs the length of the top story. At the back there is a walkout from this floor to the hill against which the house is built. Mrs. Baur asked the architect, Mr. J. J. Amory, to design her home so each floor was self-contained. The top one contains a dining-room, sitting-room, study, main bedroom, bathroom, kitchen, and laundry. On the lower floor there are two guests' bedrooms and a bathroom. Brick walls are painted pink and all the woodwork is white.



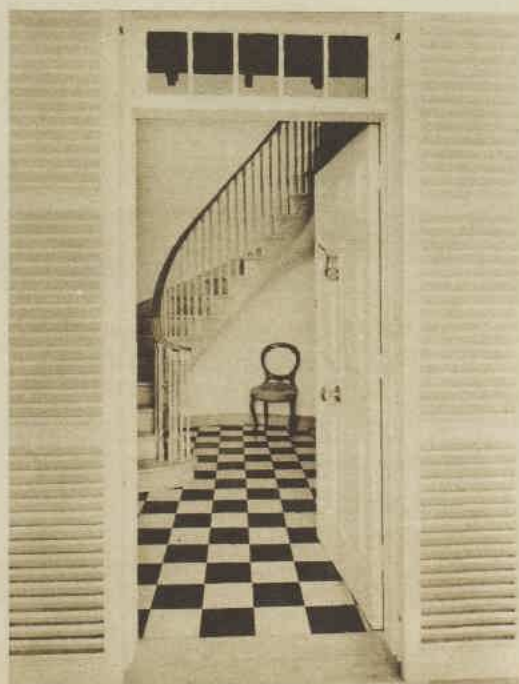
HOME in traditional style at Bungan Beach is owned by Mrs. A. N. Baur.



SOFT PINK was chosen for the bedroom color scheme. This room looks through into the study where walls are a darker shade.



TOP LANDING looking through to the dining-room. Long balcony is on right. Tallow-wood floors make a good background for antiques.



WHITE SHUTTERS flank front door. Staircase was made specially in Queensland oak. Door-knocker is solid brass dolphin.



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# look what a dozen eggs will do



## FOUR MAIN DISH MEALS FROM A SINGLE CARTON

For a sumptuous Sunday breakfast or a hearty late supper, make it easy — make it with eggs. For a special luncheon dish when you're entertaining, add excitement — add eggs.

For a busy business girl whose cooking time is limited, make a marvellous main-dish in a hurry — with eggs. Just look at the recipes here. They're exciting, they're quick and easy, they're made with eggs. Always ask for eggs in the distinctive printed carton — N.S.W. EGGS — they're always farm-fresh, always full-size!



Egg on those healthy appetites with these four extra special egg dishes!

**Egg and Asparagus Checkerboard** — plenty for 6. 3 eggs (hard boiled); 1 small tin asparagus cuts; 2 rashers bacon (chopped); 2 ozs. margarine; 4 tablespoons flour; salt; cayenne; paprika; nutmeg; juice  $\frac{1}{2}$  lemon; 2 cups milk and asparagus liquor; 4 ozs. shortcrust pastry; parsley.

Drain asparagus, make up liquid to 2 cups with milk. Melt margarine, add flour, make sauce using mixed milk and asparagus liquor. Add chopped sauteed bacon, sliced eggs (reserving centre slices for garnishing), lemon juice and seasonings to sauce. (You will find that nutmeg adds a lift to most egg dishes.) Cool. Top with a lattice of pastry. Bake in a hot oven, 425°, 20 minutes, until pastry is golden and sauce bubbling. Garnish with sliced egg and parsley sprigs in alternate squares of the pastry lattice. Serves 6. All spoon measurements are level household.



**Toad-in-the-hole** — a meal for 5. 2 eggs; 1 lb. sausages; 1 10-oz. tin cream-style corn; margarine; 4 ozs. plain flour; 1 cup milk; salt; pepper.

Sift flour and salt. Beat eggs with milk. Gradually add to dry ingredients, beating well to a smooth batter. Skin sausages. Grease 5 ramekins or one flat casserole dish. Place corn in base of dish. Place 3 pieces of sausage in each dish and pour batter around. Bake in a hot oven, 475°, 30 minutes, then turn to 375° for 15 minutes. Do not be tempted to take out of the oven too early, as the batter may sink.



**Eggs Canadian** — servings for 4. 4 hard-boiled eggs; egg glazing; 1 8-oz. tin cooking salmon; 2 potatoes; salt; cayenne; grated rind of 1 lemon; 1 level household tablespoon chopped parsley; seasoned flour; breadcrumbs; oil for frying.

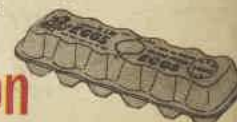
Drain salmon, remove bones, mash. Cook and mash potatoes. Combine salmon, potatoes, salt, cayenne, lemon rind and parsley, mix well. With lightly floured hands mould a coating of salmon mixture around each egg. Pat firmly into shape. Flour egg and breadcrumb. Deep fry. Serve as illustrated.



**Zippy Puffettes** — serve 4 with soup. 3 eggs;  $\frac{1}{3}$  cup S.R. flour; pinch salt;  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped onion; 1 tablespoon margarine; 4 ozs. grated cheese.

Sift flour and salt. Saute onion in margarine. Beat eggs until stiff and lemon coloured. Fold in grated cheese, onion and flour, folding gently but thoroughly. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto a hot greased pikelet iron or heavy frying pan. Cook until golden brown on both sides, turning once. Serve immediately with bowls of soup.

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# AUSTRALIAN HOMES

**T**HE two houses pictured on this page, surrounded by the lush vegetation of northern Australia, have all the charm and appearance of leisured living of a holiday site, although they are the owners' permanent homes.

Mr. Lloyd Grigg, who owns the house at right, was once a professional crocodile hunter. Now he and Mr. Vincent Vlasoff are joint proprietors of the underwater coral gardens observatory on the island. They are also both keen deep-sea fishermen.

Pictures by Gunnar Isaacson, Collaroy Plateau, N.S.W.



*ABOVE: Mr. Lloyd Grigg's home on Green Island, a coral cay in the Barrier Reef, Queensland, near Cairns, is situated among tropical vegetation. Green Island is popular with tourists.*

*BELOW: The Darwin home of Mr. and Mrs. R. Gilmore, at Berimah, built eight years ago by Mr. Gilmore and his son. They have made a charming garden and have several rockeries.*





But during that meal he had shown small signs of enjoying either the food or the company. He had drunk a noticeable amount, but with an air more desperate than convivial. Now he was seeing them off in a somewhat perfunctory fashion, as though his thoughts were anywhere but with them.

"Well, Roger, dear, it has been nice to see you," his aunt said, giving him a tanned cheek the peck which he stooped dutifully to receive.

"Grand," he said absently. "So glad I met you," and thrust a hand at his uncle.

"Such a pity we didn't meet Cathy, though," she went on. "Your mother writes me she's so pretty."

"Yes. Yes, she is. Terribly pretty," Roger agreed and flicked a speck of ash off his coat.

"However, we'll see her at the wedding."

"Of course."

"So we shan't have long to wait. Only six weeks to the ninth of December."

"That's right, it soon passes."

His uncle tossed his cigar end into the road and thought: Odd way for an eager young bridegroom to talk! Come to that, the boy had looked as glum as an owl all through the meal, and he'd made a very poor hand at explaining

why he hadn't been able to get hold of Cathy to join them. It was no use prolonging these last empty nothings.

"Come on, Liz, time to get along to the airport." He took his wife's arm.

All too eagerly, Roger ran down the steps and hailed a taxi, stood with that fixed smile on his face as he put them into it, shut the door, and lifted a hand in goodbye.

His aunt blew him a kiss. "Really!" she said, sinking back. "What's wrong with him? Here he is, only twenty-five, good-looking, with that beautiful property in one of the best districts, engaged to a nice girl. What is it that makes young people today seem so discontented?"

Just then, Cathy Simpson was the subject under discussion between Percy and Elaine Hambleton as they sat over the remains of dinner.

Anyone, man or woman, who displays such naked egotism as did Cathy Simpson, is certain to provoke a good deal of comment among friends and acquaintances. People are secretly envious at seeing another behave as, deep down, they often wish to behave themselves, and are affronted at the absence of any signs of a struggle to conquer that ram-

Continuing . . .

## SWEET NIGHT FOR MURDER

from page 17

paint self that dwells in each of us.

Percy took another walnut, cracked it, neatly extracted the kernel and chewed it diligently. His long horse-like face was serious. His two main preoccupations, business and keeping healthy, were serious matters, and Percy couldn't endure the least frivolity on the subject of either.

Elaine had turned her chair a little aside, and her head aside, too, looking away from the light, out through the glass wall to where a star was twinkling above the treetops.

Presently Percy put down the nut-crackers and looked across at his wife. It was doubtful though if he saw her. Yet Elaine was a beautiful woman. The low table lights wiped away a good many of her thirty-five years, and lighted only the dazzling gold hair and thickly lashed blue eyes and perfect complexion of the professional beauty whom Percy had married eight years ago, cutting short her career as a fashion model.

He said, leaning forward to light her cigarette — cigarettes were a dangerous joy he himself had abjured — "How much longer is little Cathy going to be with the Watsons?"

"Just as long as it suits her, I suppose. I don't imagine there'll be any other consideration in her mind. Heavens, how boring it must be for Jess and Keith to have a girl like that staying there! Not a bit their sort."

"Yes . . . no . . . well . . ." He broke the match in two with his white waxy-looking fingers and placed it among the nutshells. "But, of course, she's probably out and about most of the time, fooling around, shopping and so on, having a last fling before her marriage."

"Last fling!" She glared across at him indignantly. "You'd think she was going into exile or something."

"Well, life won't be frightfully exciting for a young girl

out on a sheep station miles away from everywhere."

"Well, that's the funniest thing I've heard for a long time! If a girl can't be content with all the comings and goings of a beautiful big place like that! She's extremely lucky, if you ask me. Only a little country bank manager's daughter to be marrying Roger Clements."

### FROM THE BIBLE

• "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." *Galatians 6:2.*

Writing from prison in Rome to the Christians in Galatia, Paul tells them to reform the faulty with gentleness.

"Still . . . she is very pretty, isn't she?"

"Very."

Less wise with his wife than with his diet, Percy said: "With those stunning eyes and skin and figure and all that."

"Yes, otherwise she couldn't get away with what she does."

He looked up. "What does she get away with?"

She looked down, leaving his question unanswered. "I suppose she collected and brought home her new car today."

"Only half hers, isn't it? Somebody said she shared the ticket with someone."

"What do you do in a case like that? The judgment of Solomon? Cut it in half?"

"One party may agree to buy the other out. Or the car can be sold and the money shared."

"Oh . . ." Elaine got up,

moving with her long-limbed grace, and went across and readjusted a fold of a curtain. The Hambletons had no children. Elaine lavished all her care on the house that Keith Watson had designed.

She came back to the table. "Didn't you say you wanted to see Jess about something?"

"Yes, I want to get a few facts from her about her income tax."

"They're at home this evening," she told him. The curve of the hillside allowed her to see through the trees the Watsons' terrace. The light streamed out across their rocky garden with its pool and low stone walls and tropical shrubs and palms.

Percy got up. "I'll give her a ring." He left the room, retreating down the hall to his study at the far end.

If the Watsons were weary of their guest's three weeks' visit they showed not the smallest sign of it. Manners apart, Jess was too kind-hearted for that, and Keith's good nature was legendary among his friends. Minor worries could never disturb the harmony of the Watsons' fortunate existence, of their contentment with their circumstances and surroundings and each other.

There were four of them round the dinner table this evening. Netta Palfreyman had also been staying there for a fortnight. Netta was Jess' mother's friend and companion up on their place three hundred miles north-west of Sydney. She had come down to town to have her eyes and teeth and feet seen to, was being fitted with bifocals and bridges and arch supports. Netta was fifty-eight, grey, and lean.

For all her elderly appearance her bony face was quick to flush girlishly at any emotion. Her hair was cropped like a man's, her voice was loud and constant, her devotion to Jess and Keith a little overpowering.

command of the house, as though Jess were the ten-year-old she had been when she first knew her. Striding about the garden in old trousers and shirt, Netta had lectured Lucas, the gardener, on how to plant irises, and Keith on how to design the lowest terraces. In the kitchen she had expounded sauces and soufflés to the injured but unprotesting Swedish cook who came in each evening to prepare and cook dinner.

About a week ago Netta had even tried, apparently, to instruct Cathy on some matter or other, though just what Jess had never learnt. Jess had come in one day to see the end of a heated moment between her two guests — high colors and flashing eyes — and to hear Cathy's closing sentence: "And if you don't mind, Miss Palfreyman, I think that's my affair."

Since then Netta appeared to have left Cathy severely alone.

Maybe, Jess thought, Netta was impatient with the young girl's clothes craziness. It was true that Cathy seemed to be obsessed with her own appearance. She talked, thought, dreamed clothes. On a shoe-string allowance, however, she could do little about them. But soon there would be marriage to a rich man, the desperately enamored Roger Clements. He had haunted the house while in town last week.

Seated opposite Netta at the table, Cathy, with her lily-like prettiness, was a cruel contrast. She was animated at the beginning of the meal while the talk was all about her new car standing for the first time at the top of the drive and the fun of having won it, of actually having won a car in a lottery!

When Jess asked her hadn't she mentioned when she bought the ticket that she was sharing it with someone, she just opened her great eyes at her and seemed not to hear.

However, when the talk changed to the subject of Netta's afternoon session with the dentist, Cathy lapsed into silence, with eyes lowered to her plate and a small half smile

To page 44



Fresh  
-from  
-the  
-bath  
feeling



right  
through  
the  
day



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● *Prunus blireiana* has double rose-pink blossoms in early spring and beautiful plum foliage. If pruned early and trained to shape it makes an ideal arch. Plant out now. Grows to about 15 feet.

## Floral arches

● Many types of plants, including vines or climbers, certain small trees, and slender, upright shrubs, can make delightfully shady and colorful floral archways.

**BOUGAINVILLEAS**, tall, wide, and brilliant, may be grown over an archway or trained into an arch by skilful pruning, training, and tying back.

Most colorful of them are *B. magnifica*, *traillii* (bright purple), *Mrs. Butt* (carmine-crimson), *Rosea* (strawberry-pink), *Louis Wathen* (tango).

Sweet-scented jasmines, too, are ideal archway covers, particularly the large, white-flowered *Jasminum grandiflorum*.

The *Carolina jasmine* (*Gelsemium sempervirens*) is more vigorous, has a profusion of yellow flowers in winter. It needs controlling, as it will grow to 30 feet or more.

Shrubs that grow upright without forming very wide tops, such as some of the *prunus* family, make pretty archways.

*Prunus blireiana* should be trained young to a strong support. The trees may also be pruned to cross over a pathway without any artificial support if shaped as they grow.

*Prunus pissartii nigra*, which has single pink flowers and deep bronzy foliage, and *Prunus vesuvius*, which has large purple leaves, may also be treated in this way.

Roses, particularly the *Pillar roses*, may be

trained into archways. They need regular pruning, training, and tying back.

Other archway favorites include oleanders, *Jillipillies*, *Holmskioldia sanguinea*—a frost-tender shrub from India—buddleias, and *Habrothamnus elegans*.



### GARDENING

● *Bougainvilleas* make brilliant arches if trained and pruned regularly. There are almost a dozen colors to choose from. Plant well apart in spring, as they are all vigorous growers.

● *Pillar rose* *Garten Direktor Von Linne* has fairly large pink flowers usually growing in huge clusters. Makes a fine colorful arch if carefully pruned and trained.



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COLOUR GUIDE

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A 7/6 tube lasts a good two months.

**Vitapointe**  
OF PARIS

The Perfect  
HAIRDRESSING & CONDITIONING CREAM

Continuing . . .

## SWEET NIGHT FOR MURDER

from page 42

just touching the corners of her lovely mouth.

The night was warm, with the first breath of summer suddenly upon them. Doors thrown wide on to the terrace let in the scent of the tangy native scrub and of the gardenias from the bushes that flanked the flight of steps. Smoke from cigarettes curled outwards.

Jess listened absently to Netta's monologue. Her mind was occupied with at least three things simultaneously, all pleasurable: the two small sons, John and David, well over their measles, were happy up with their grandmother, where they had gone to convalesce, that the contract Keith had just landed for that municipal housing scheme promised to be an extremely profitable one; that Keith himself had perhaps the nicest mouth that one could ever see, and that if he looked up soon she would flash him that thought with her eyes.

He did look up. He caught the message and flashed it—or something of the same sort—back to her.

She was aware of happiness sweeping over her as caressing as the warm air. Touch wood, she thought, and laid her fingers on the cigarette box in front of her.

But the box was not good honest ebony, as she had thought, but shining black paper mache . . .

She rose.  
"Sit still, Jess," Netta laid a hand on her arm. "I'll see to the coffee," and she went out to get it.

Cathy accepted a cigarette from Keith and bent her head to his lighter. Her hair shone like burnished silver washed with gold. Her long lashes, many tones darker, had the glint of bronze.

Lifting her head again, she looked across at Jess. "Oh, Jess, I meant to tell you," she said, "I'm going home on Friday."

In surprise, Jess looked back at her. "On Friday? Really, Cathy? I thought we were going to have you for quite a bit longer."

"No, I'm frightfully sorry, but I'll have to go on Friday. I've loved being here, and you've been so sweet to me, but I must go home."

To such a firm announcement, Jess was about gracefully to yield.

Not so Keith!  
"What's that?" he said. "What are you hurrying away for?"

"Hurrying!" she said with a little laugh. "I've been away five weeks altogether, counting my time with Bettina."

"Nothing to do with us. You can't stint us on that account." His eyes smiled at her teasingly.

Jess looked across at him with a hint of sharpness in her glance. He needn't be quite so pressing, she thought. Only last night they had agreed how nice it would be to have the house to themselves again. Very charming of him, no doubt, to put up this hospitable show! But he himself was going to Melbourne on business on Friday and would be away the whole week.

## Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 4000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscript to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

It was just another example of the poor darling's total inability to resist being more attractive to women than was strictly necessary. Was it his fault? Not wholly. In fact, hardly at all, she decided, her eyes losing their asperity as they rested on him. He was so generously endowed by nature with good looks and kindness and charm . . . and those brown eyes and that . . . that expression in them . . . and the lazy sort of grace of his movements. When women fell down flat in front of him, as they were always doing—even Netta, even old friends like Elaine Hambleton—he seemed mildly surprised.



"Ever thought of trying a different barber?"

Surprised, but no doubt pleased, too, of course! She gave a sigh, but it wasn't a very desperate one.

Netta came back with the tray. She lighted the coffee machine, fiddled with the cups and spoons. "So you've lost your young man, Cathy," she said in her flat harsh voice.

"Yes, he left this afternoon. We had lunch together."

"You must be feeling quite lonely. Still, it won't be long before you see him again."

"Then it's to be only four more nights with us," Keith said, sitting back in his chair. "We shouldn't let you waste time hanging about the house," he said. "Wouldn't you like to do something tonight?"

"No, thank you, Keith." Cathy got up and strolled to the terrace doorway and stood half in half out; a delicious small figure, her blond beauty highlighted by the way she was dressed: black satin trousers, white ruffled shirt, and heavily embroidered Spanish bolero.

"Wouldn't you like me to get a table and ring up a fourth and go out to dance?" Keith asked. "Or go and see that new show at the Royal? Or a film at the local drive-in?"

"No, really, I think I'd rather stay at home. Roger and I've been out every night while he was in town."

"Well, it seems to narrow itself down to canasta," Jess murmured, thankful that no greater activity was to be asked of her, since she had only got in a little over an hour ago.

"It's such a lovely night," Cathy murmured.

Jess got up, too, and joined her in the doorway. It was a lovely night. A sweetness, a tenderness, was in the air. Sweet, she thought—what a cloying word, laden with barley sugar! And yet didn't it carry something that people secretly longed for? This gentleness, this tenderness . . . this dark velvet sky . . . this wisp of moon, young and frail, floating low down as though still clinging to its mother

world. The sweet scent of gardenias—surely one could be forgiven for calling that sweet? Yes, that was what it was, a sweet night . . .

She went back and sat down again.

She was tired this evening. Last night they had given a six-to-eight party for Cathy. Six to eight had been the idea, but as so often happened, a few diehards had stayed on and on drinking and talking till all hours, and today had been her usual full day.

Every afternoon for the past six weeks, Jess had been going to sit with her sister Maureen. Maureen was going to have a baby. Things hadn't been going too well with her and she had had to lie up most of the time. Between three and seven, Jess relieved the maid until Maureen's husband got home.

Luckily, she thought, in that hour in which a man needs aid and comfort on leaving his office, Keith hadn't had to pine. He had the Hambletons next door, and Elaine only too eager to oblige with cooings and cocktails.

Now, faced with Cathy's imminent departure, Jess suddenly realised how little she had seen of her during these weeks, being absent every afternoon as she was, and in the morning rushing around seeing to things in the house, or marketing in the local shops, activities from which Cathy had removed herself with sublime lack of interest.

Netta swallowed her coffee at a draught and put down her cup. "Count me out of any sociability tonight, please, Jess. My head's still buzzing from that drill. I think I'll go straight to bed."

Keith got up. He went to the sideboard and poured a brandy and brought it back. "Try a little buzzing with alcohol, Netta. That's what you want. Hardly painful at all."

"No, really, Keith . . ."

"Now, listen, you do as I say."

So she took it because it was Keith who put it into her hand. He held the door for her, stooped and kissed her cheek. She looked at him adoringly and went out in quite a little flutter of feminine importance.

Once again, Jess sighed faintly . . .

**C**OFFEE over, Keith took himself down to the billiard-room, which also held his desk and most of his books. The ground was steeper here, and the billiard-room was built under the drawing-room, which was at the end of the long house nearest the drive up to the road. Bedrooms, bathrooms, and Jess's sitting-room were at the other end. The terrace, with its view down the hillside to the water, ran the full length of the house.

The furnishing of the house was austere, simple, with light woods and light fabrics. The out-of-doors seemed to live inside with you, and no man-made effect could be better than the tone and texture of the giant leaves of a banana palm shading a window, or at night the feathery shadow of a tamarisk on a wall.

Jess put the cups on the tray. As she lifted it to take it out, the telephone rang. It was switched on to her bedroom and she put down the tray and went along to answer it.

Percy Hambleton was at the other end. They had a few minutes' neighborly chat before he said: "You didn't give me those facts I asked you for, Jess."

"What were those, Percy?"

"That list of your non-taxable charities that you said you'd let me have."

"Oh, no . . . no, I forgot about it. I'll look them out."

"Listen, your extension is up in a day or two. I'm waiting to send in your returns."

"Oh, Well, I'll do it tomorrow for sure."

His dry precise voice chided her: "Don't be a lazy little girl! Look them up now and read them out to me."

"What a bore! At this hour of night asking me to root out papers and receipts! It'll take me for ever."

"Nonsense. I'll hang on. Run along."

Obediently, Jess got up and went into her sitting-room.

As she crossed the hall she heard Cathy speaking to someone, that clear, youthful voice. She wondered who she was talking to. Someone had dropped in apparently.

She switched on the light at her desk, and feeling a slight grievance at this unexpected task, sat down and started to go through cheque stamps and papers tossed higgledy-piggledy into a drawer.

Why was Percy so insistent tonight? Surely tomorrow would've done. The trouble was, poor old Percy would never stop working. Was that why Elaine seemed so discontented these days, as though she found her life empty, no deep satisfaction, no children? . . .

Jess was twenty-nine. She had been married seven years and was in the full flush of her attractiveness. She was dark and pale and slim. Her long hazel eyes drooped drowsily over the muddle of papers, and a hand ruffled the short waving hair. Sitting there doing as Percy had bid her she looked relaxed and at peace.

Her last few minutes of peace there were to be for a long time to come.

She jotted down on an envelope the figures he wanted and went back to the telephone.

"Sorry to keep you waiting so long, Percy."

"That's all right, the night's young. Shoot."

Their business talk concluded, "How's Elaine?" she asked.

"She's fine. She's in the kitchen or garden or somewhere. Do you want to speak to her?"

"No, no, don't bother her. Just tell her I've got those seedlings I promised her. I'll bring them over tomorrow morning." She put down the receiver and went along the hall to the dining-room, empty now.

The sights and sounds of the next few minutes were like the phantasms of a bad dream that strike chill to the heart and paralyse the limbs. Keith's voice on a note that she'd never heard before, sharp, a staccato alarm. Keith on the lighted terrace, not sitting but crouching, his back to her. Cathy's black-and-white figure at his feet. A broken plate, the blue-and-gold pieces of it splashed over the bricks. Cathy lying still, not responding by word or movement to Keith's calling of her name.

Sole audience before the lighted stage, Jess stood staring, flooded by the certainty of disaster.

"Keith!" she whispered.

He sprang up and turned and came into the room, holding his hands out before him as though to push her away, to keep her from seeing or knowing more.

Her lips formed the question: "Keith, what is it? What's happened? Cathy?"

"Don't darling . . . wait a minute . . . don't go out there." His voice was a harsh whisper. "Something too frightful's happened. She's dead. Someone's stabbed her."

As she swayed towards a chair he put an arm around her, lowered her into it, then stepped back and pulled that

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Each year for  
winning baby—**"DREAM" PRIZES**

● The valuable first prize of this Australia-wide contest will benefit the whole of the winner's childhood — there are immediate cash prizes totalling £1005; a £500 school bursary beginning at the age of 12; and, in-between, yearly "dream" gifts.

THESE will take the form of a Christmas present every year till the winner turns 12.

They are called "dream" gifts because each will be a specially chosen toy or other object which experts consider to be ideally suited to the winner's age and personality when he—or she—receives it.

Naturally, the gifts won't be finally decided till it is known whether the contest winner is a boy or a girl.

But a well-known doctor, who is an expert in child psychology, has already been consulted as to what gifts are the best suited for each year of childhood.

His views (below) may help readers choose the right kind of presents for Christmas.

**FOR BABIES**

Muscle development and muscular co-ordination are all-important in the first year or so of a baby's life, so gifts should be items like soft plastic and woollen toys or blocks.

The doctor said: "Choose things which allow babies to share play with mother. Contact with her gives baby reassurance."

"But at bedtime, or when mother is busy, a teddy bear or a soft cuddly toy is particularly recommended for comfort and companionship."

"A good-sized playpen also gives a child a feeling of security as soon as he can sit up. It's a boon to mother when baby becomes mobile."

**TODDLERS**

A pull-along toy for a boy, a tiny doll's pram for a girl, are suitable gifts as soon as a child shows signs of walking. Toys on wheels encourage walking and give confidence.

Suggestions for a two-year-old: a sand-pit in the back garden, or a rubber paddling pool.

Said the doctor: "Children of this age cannot be expected to play together in co-ordinated games, but letting other children share the pit or pool gets the child used to playing alongside others, and paves the way for playing together later."

Some kind of a rocker — either a chair or an animal on rockers — is also good.

Three-year-olds — both boys and girls — are probably at their most imitative stage.

Any toy which is a copy of something "just like mummy's" or "just like daddy's" will be liked.

So — miniature brooms, mops, carpet sweepers, washing machines, stoves, pots and pans, dolls for girls; wheelbarrows, spades, buckets, harmless tool sets for boys.

Four-year-olds should have discovered the secret of playing happily with others.

**FOURS, FIVES**

Sets of farmyard animals, service stations with a collection of assorted cars will help boys to play together; miniature shops where two can play shop-assistant and customer, and tiny furniture sets and tea-set let girls "entertain."

Also: simple construction sets for making ships, planes, buildings, out of blocks of plastic, wood, or cardboard; a good set of kindergarten building blocks, painted red, each the size of a shoe box, which will interlock and give the satisfaction of building tiny "houses" into which the children can crawl.

At four, a child can (in a safe area) be introduced to a three-wheeled tricycle. He'll get both exercise and self-reliance.

Five-year-olds can usually tackle simple jigsaw puzzles, with large easily interlocking pieces in wood, plastic, etc.

Toys in which children can mix together and share are very important now. Puppets and miniature theatre stages may not be too advanced.

**Right child,  
right gift**

At this stage, too, children like to "help" their parents. Push-along carts or trolleys on which mother's parcels can be carried, larger wheelbarrows for helping dad in the garden, and simple garden tools are good.

**HOBBIES**

At six a little girl appreciates a really good doll's house, with miniature furniture. She should be over the destructive stage, get real pleasure from arranging the rooms, and take pride in them.

Interest in hobbies and collections develops now.

Suitable boys' gifts include an electric train set to which can be added station buildings, rolling stock, and signals at later stages, a fretsaw or tool kit, which can be added to as interest grows.

If finance allows, a girl with a well-developed pride in ownership might appreciate an item of bedroom furniture, which can be added to in later years until she has a suite.

And for both boys and girls at this age — children's gramophone records. Fairy stories and nursery rhymes are popular choices, but the children should be allowed to choose their own. At this age they love repetition and will get

much pleasure out of learning the records by heart.

The doctor emphasised that toys should be fun, give pleasure and entertainment, and advised givers not to worry unduly about the precise educational value.

At seven and onwards, children's preferences become more specialised, less generalised, more individual.

They should receive gifts suited to their likely future talents — art materials for the artistic, book tokens and books for the reader, football boots, soccer balls, or fishing tackle for those with outdoor interests.

**A PET DOG**

The doctor believes every child should have a pet — a dog, cat, or other animal — but not before he or she is capable of taking the responsibility of looking after it.

Eight years old is a good age, says the doctor, for a child to have his own pet.

Naturally, the nine-year-old still likes his pet. Toys, books, sporting goods, records, and so on can also be given according to his individual tastes.

**A BICYCLE?**

So much depends on the locality and the safety of the roads round about a child's home in deciding whether a boy or girl should be allowed a bicycle.

But (said the doctor) provided parents felt reasonably sure that the roads were safe, and the child had a sense of road safety and was reasonably responsible and careful, he might be allowed a bicycle at 10 years old.

Another good gift — a children's encyclopedia.

A comfortable desk and chair, where the child's possessions could be kept and where he could feel they would be safe from interference, is a good idea, too.

At 11, most boys and girls are turning their attention to more grown-up pursuits, and would welcome gifts like cameras or microscopes.

A girl, too, would probably like a course of riding lessons, a boy a course of swimming, if he had not already learned to swim, or a surfboard if he had.

Summarising his recommendations the doctor stressed that from two years old to, say, 6, gifts should help a child learn to mix and share with others. Gifts from 7 to 9 should be a challenge to a child's creative ability, with special emphasis on the child's particular aptitude, and, from 10 to teenage, gifts should provide a means of developing the child's particular talents or hobbies on pleasant lines.

**NATIONAL  
BABY CONTEST**

Organised by  
**THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S  
WEEKLY**

in conjunction with the  
**H. J. HEINZ CO. PTY. LTD.**

**ENTRY FORM**

AGE GROUP ☐ up to 6 months ☐ 7 to 12 months ☐ 13 to 18 months  
at time of entry (tick correct group).

PLEASE PRINT:

Child's Surname.....

Child's Christian Name.....

Sex.....

Date of Birth.....

Weight at Birth.....

Weight at Present.....

Length at Birth.....

Length at Present.....

Date of Entry.....

Mother's Name (surname last).....

Address..... State.....

Address all entries to:

**NATIONAL BABY CONTEST,  
BOX 7074, G.P.O., SYDNEY,  
N.S.W.**

**Important**

*This form must be securely fixed to  
back of photograph before forwarding.*

**Awards and Conditions**

● Wonderful contest prizes, including a total of £2860 in cash, have been chosen with a view to giving winning babies a really practical start in life.

THE baby who is judged first in all Australia will receive £1005 cash, a dream prize every Christmas until the age of 12 (see story at left), and a secondary education bursary at that age.

The second prizewinner will receive a total of £405 cash and the third a total of £355 cash.

Each of 24 areas throughout Australia will be judged in three age groups: (1) Up to six months; (2) 7-12 months; (3) 13-18 months.

**THE PRIZES**

£5 cash to each area age-group winner. £250 cash to each State prizewinner (chosen from among area prizewinners).

£750 cash to the first national prizewinner; "dream" gifts suited to the child's age every Christmas till the age of 12; and then the bursary for secondary-school education, £150 cash to the second national winner, and £100 cash to the third.

National winners, chosen from the State winners, will already have won £250 State and £5 area prizes, so their total cash prizes are: First, £1005; second, £405; third, £355.

All State winners will be announced in The Australian Women's Weekly dated November 2 and National winners in the November 16 issue.

**HOW TO ENTER**

Simply send a snapshot or photograph of your baby to the address shown in the entry form on this page, to reach there not later than September 23.

While all photographs will be eligible, it is recommended that a minimum size of five by three inches be submitted to aid judging.

Photographs should be full-length and show the child's face and physique clearly.

An entry form, properly filled out, must be securely fixed to the back of the photograph before forwarding.

The national judges are two child specialists and the matron of a large obstetrics hospital.

**CONTEST RULES**

1. The contest will close with the last mail on September 23. Entries must be posted to arrive at National Baby Contest, Box 7074, G.P.O., Sydney. No entries will be considered after this date.

2. Each entry will be judged on physical development as well as appearance.

3. All photographs become the property of H. J. Heinz Company Pty. Ltd., and will be returned, but no responsibility will be accepted.

4. The judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.

5. Area prizewinners will be notified by mail immediately after judging. The State finalists will be notified by phone or telegram.

6. Employees (and their families) of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associated companies, H. J. Heinz Company Pty. Ltd., and agencies associated with the contest are not eligible to enter.

7. The State Finalists to be available in respective State capitals from October 14 to October 19. Each State winner to be available in Sydney from October 30 to November 5. Expenses covering this trip, including air fares and first-class accommodation for mother and child, will be paid by the Heinz Company.





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# Carnation Milk

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# POST-NATAL EXERCISES

By Sister  
Mary Jacob,  
Our Mothercraft  
Nurse

● A young mother is usually much concerned to regain her trim figure and good posture after her baby is born, and to wear ordinary clothes again.

THE abdominal muscles are very much stretched during pregnancy, and the sudden release of this tension after the birth causes uncomfortable flabbiness.

In some hospitals this is relieved for the first few days by applying a firm binder.

But many doctors and nurses now advise, instead, simple bed-exercises to strengthen the abdominal muscles and those of the floor of the pelvis, and to help the uterus return more quickly to normal size and position.



EXERCISE 1

These exercises, the simplest of which can be started a few hours after baby is born, prevent post-natal disabilities, such as a pendulous abdomen, a sagging pelvic floor, and perhaps some prolapse of the uterus; and the backache and perhaps nervous headaches which often come with these troubles.

The exercises slim waist and hips, help reduce fat, and also help to maintain the firm shape of the breasts and to ensure adequate breast-milk supply. They also help to stimulate the circulation in pelvis and lower limbs, and give a sense of well-being.



EXERCISE 2

The earliest exercise, after a nice rest and sleep after the ordeal of birth, consists of free movement of the body and legs in bed, and of foot movements—wagging the toes and circling the ankles—and of deep-breathing exercises at regular intervals, contracting the muscles strongly when breathing out and relaxing them while breathing in.

Deep breathing should follow every two or three movements of the following exercises, which should not be done all at once but only two or three at a time.

About five minutes three times daily should be allotted to the exercises until the return to normal is complete—usually six weeks after the birth of the baby.

Here is a selection. Refer to diagrams.

1. Lie flat on back with no pillows. Point toes, tighten muscles in legs and thighs, lifting head until chin rests on chest and placing one hand on abdomen to feel the contraction (or tightening) of abdominal muscles as the head is lifted. Then lower head on to bed and feel all muscles relax.

2. Lie flat on back with arms at sides. Extend arms sideways, then upwards until the hands meet above the head, breathing in deeply all the time; lower the arms to the original position, breathing out.

3. Lie face downwards, with low pillow supporting head and shoulders, cross ankles, grip thighs and buttocks together, carrying

the "stretch" right through legs into toes. Contract muscles of pelvic floor (i.e., drawing up inside as if preventing a bowel action) and tighten abdominal muscles. Hold this position for a count of ten, then gently and slowly relax all muscles.

NOTE: This exercise can also be done lying on back with feet on bed and knees bent, and later while standing or sitting.

4. Lie on back with knees drawn up and together and feet on bed. Breathe in, hollow small of back, keeping shoulders and hips on bed. Breathe out, flatten back, squeezing buttocks together so that each part of spine presses on to bed. Do four to six times.

NOTE: If bed is not firm, this is best done on floor. This exercise is important and will help towards regaining good posture. Later, when up, stand with feet a few inches away from a wall and then press the spine against the wall until each part is against the wall and the tummy drawn in. Then stand forward in a good posture position.



EXERCISE 4

5. Kneel on "all fours" (sometimes called the "donkey" exercise), arms and thighs at right angles to shoulders and hips.

(a) Hollow back, lifting head high and carrying it back.

(b) Then round (or hump) the back by bending the head forward (chin on chest) and squeezing buttocks and thighs together. (Later twist the body from side to side, looking behind you.)

(c) Relax by carrying body back until buttocks rest on heels, so that the head is close to knees between forearms, which are resting from the elbows on bed or floor.



EXERCISE 5

These bed-exercises, as well as being done daily while in hospital, should be done daily at home for the first six or eight weeks.

The following exercises can be added:

6. Stand erect, feet apart, hands resting on hips. Make a circle with the top part of the body, moving it only from hips and twisting and bending to the right side, backwards, left side, and forwards. Then reverse to left side, etc.

7. Lie flat on floor, then curl up to touch knees with hands, keeping the heels on bed. Only do this strong exercise twice at first, but gradually increase to ten times.

An exercise for firming the muscles of the breasts:

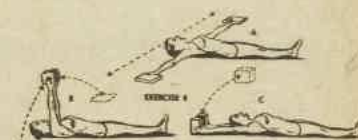
8. Position. Lie flat on back, legs straight out in front, feet together, spine touching floor, keeping abdomen flat. Breathe naturally.

(a) Holding a book in each hand, stretch out arms sideways, level with shoulders.

(b) Raise books slowly, keeping arms straight. Lower them as slowly.

(c) Raise books slowly again and carry them, held together, to floor over the head. Repeat slowly two to four times.

NOTE: Always stop before feeling tired.



EXERCISE 8



A wholesome mouth . . . kissable-clean breath always . . . Be sure you have that breathless charm: Make your teeth 'Ipana Pearls'.

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# CELEBRATED DISHES OF ITALIAN CITIES

● Good eating is one of the pleasures of a trip to Italy. The famous

Italian cuisine is found throughout the whole country, where each region has its own traditional and distinctive recipes. In this

four-page section are dishes characteristic of various regions.

## Rome

ANCIENT MONUMENT and two ancient recipes of Rome are shown below. The dishes are *coda alla vaccinara* and *rigatoni con la pagliata*, specialties of a tavern in the Testaccio area.

A LOVE of good cookery is traditional among Romans. In addition to Rome's main city restaurants, there are many smaller cafes and taverns in other areas where Romans and visitors go to enjoy the dishes traditional in the locality. Several of these well-known eating-places are situated in Trastevere and Testaccio, two of Rome's oldest suburbs.

The two recipes below are specialties of the Cecchino Tavern, which was founded in Testaccio in 1887. They are *rigatoni con la pagliata*, a Roman pasta dish with meat, and *coda alla vaccinara*, which is oxtail cooked with wine, raisins, and chocolate.

### RIGATONI CON LA PAGLIATA

Note: The original recipe uses beef entrails, which are commonly eaten in Italy. Bladebone or chuck steak is recommended as a substitute.

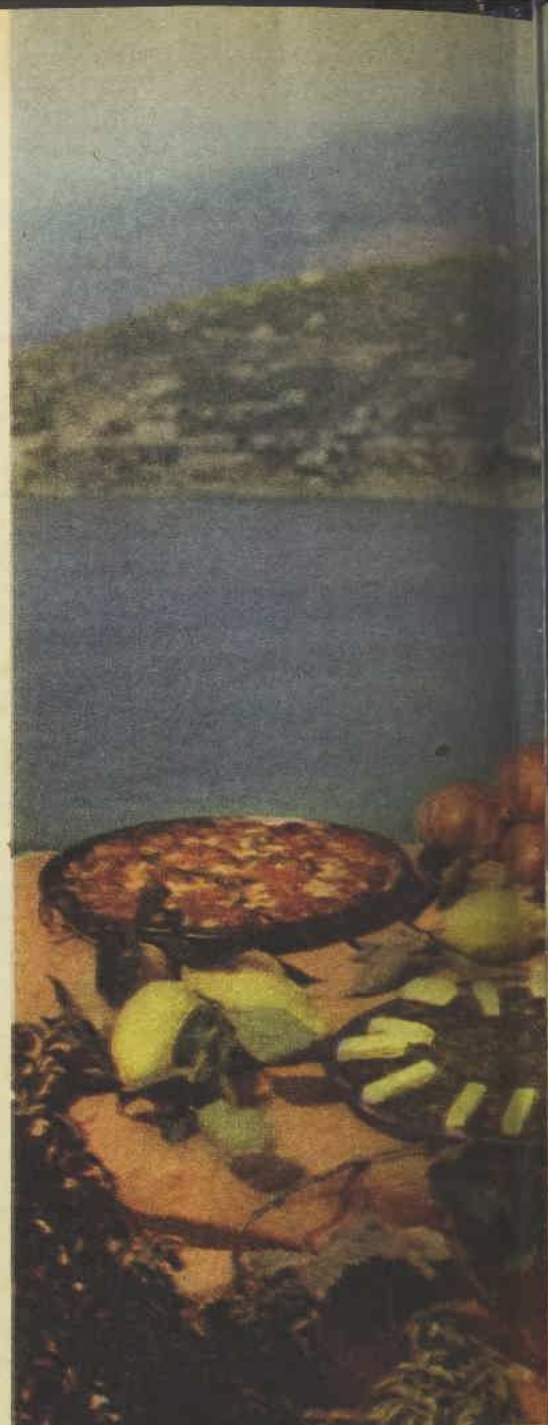
Two pounds beef steak, 2 rashers bacon, oil, 1 finely chopped onion, piece garlic, salt, pepper,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup dry white wine, 1 skinned tomato,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup tomato puree, 2 cups rigatoni or macaroni,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup grated cheese.

Cut steak into pieces approximately 8 in. long and 2 in. wide. Heat oil in heavy saucepan, add bacon and steak pieces. Stir over heat until nearly brown, add onion, garlic, salt, pepper, and wine. Cook until wine has evaporated, stirring constantly. Add chopped tomato, lower heat, and cook, covered,  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. Add tomato puree and cook further 2 hours. Just before end of cooking time, cook the rigatoni or macaroni in boiling salted water; drain. Mix with a little of the meat sauce and grated cheese. Pour into serving-dish and top with meat. Serve.

### CODA ALLA VACCINARA

One large oxtail (cut into sections), 2 tablespoons oil, 4 rashers bacon (rind removed), 1 finely chopped onion, 1 clove garlic (chopped), salt, pepper,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup dry white wine, 2 skinned and chopped tomatoes, 1 cup water, 1 cup tomato puree, 1 cup chopped celery (cooked),  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup raisins, 1 teaspoon grated unsweetened chocolate.

Heat oil in heavy saucepan, add bacon cut into pieces and sectioned oxtail. Stir over heat until meat is brown all over. Add onion, garlic, a little salt and pepper; mix well. Pour over wine, cover, and cook 15 minutes. Add chopped tomatoes and continue to cook further 1 hour. Add water, cool, and skim fat, then add tomato puree and cook further 4 to 5 hours or until the meat almost falls off the bones. Combine 1 cup of the meat sauce with the celery, raisins, and chocolate; simmer 5 minutes. Arrange oxtail on serving-dish and pour over it the sauce.







**LOVELY COAST** of Amalfi (left) is seen behind a group of typical Neapolitan dishes—pizza, eggplant, and fish.

**THE** Amalfi coastline is one of the most beautiful in the Campania Province, of which Naples is the capital. In the whole region the cooking is Neapolitan, with some lesser local variations. Dishes shown in the picture at left are served at the Hotel Sole at Maiori, a fishing village of Amalfi.

**PESCI ARROSTITI E FREDDI**  
(Cold Baked Fish)

One sole or similar fish,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup oil, sliced lemon, tomato, and parsley to garnish.

Place fish on a sheet of greased aluminium foil and fold up into a package. Bake in a moderate oven until tender (approximately 20 minutes). Open foil and pour over oil, allow to cool. Arrange on serving-dish and garnish with lemon, tomato slices, and parsley.

**IL DOLCE DI MELANZANE**  
(Chocolate Eggplant)

One large eggplant, 1 beaten egg,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup flour, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 cups vanilla cream (see recipe below), 1 cup hot chocolate sauce (see recipe below), cake or biscuit slices to garnish.

Peel and slice eggplant and coat with beaten egg and flour. Heat butter in pan and fry eggplant slices gently; drain on absorbent paper. Arrange a layer of slices in base of dish, coat with vanilla cream, and then hot chocolate sauce. Continue layers until all have been used. Place in refrigerator and freeze well. Serve cold, garnished with cake or biscuit slices.

**Vanilla Cream:** Three tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons flour, 2 cups milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 1 cup whipped sweetened cream,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped candied fruits.

Melt butter in saucepan, add flour, and stir well. Add milk and bring to the boil, stirring constantly. Add sugar and vanilla essence, simmer gently 3 minutes, stirring occasionally. Remove from heat, beat in egg-yolk, and allow to cool. When cold fold in whipped cream and chopped candied fruits.

**Hot Chocolate Sauce:** One dessertspoon cornflour,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup water,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup milk,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, 2oz. dark chocolate (chopped roughly), vanilla essence.

Blend cornflour with water, heat milk and sugar, and stir in blended cornflour and water. Stir over heat until thickened, add chocolate, and allow to melt. Simmer 2 minutes. Flavor with vanilla.

*Continued overleaf*

## Venice

**PEACEFUL ISLAND** of Torcello in the Venice lagoon features several varieties of risotto (left) made from old recipes.

**AT** Torcello, in the Venice lagoon, an old hotel keeps alive the cookery traditions of the ancient Venetian nobility. This is the Hotel Cipriani, where a specialty is risotto made with vegetables or with seafood.

**SEAFOOD RISOTTO**

Two lobsters, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon olive oil, 1 clove crushed garlic, 1 finely chopped onion, 2 bay leaves,  $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. rice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup white wine, 1 cup bread cubes.

Remove meat from lobster and place all legs and other remaining

*Continued overleaf*

**FAMOUS ARCADE,** Galleria Duomo (right) in Milan, is setting for osso buco and salami.

## Milan

**A** PLATE of osso buco on a bed of rice cooked with saffron is one of the Milanese dishes. Also shown at right is a plate of salami hors d'oeuvres. Both dishes are from the Savini Restaurant.

**SALAMI HORS D'OEUVRES**

One pound salami,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup oil, 1 tablespoon lemon juice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon grated lemon rind,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, pinch pepper.

Cut salami into thin slices and place in a shallow dish. Pour over oil, lemon juice and rind, salt and pepper. Allow to stand for 1 hour, turning once. Serve.

*Continued overleaf*







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## Celebrated dishes of Italian cities

(Continued from previous page)

### Venice

#### RISOTTO ALLA TORCELLANA

Two tablespoons oil, 2 tablespoons butter, 1lb. rice, 1 finely chopped onion, 1½ pints stock, ½lb. chopped sautéed mushrooms, 1 small zucchini (sliced very thinly), 1 sliced eggplant, ½ red and ½ green pepper (chopped finely), 1 artichoke (chopped), 1 cup green peas, 4 tomatoes (chopped into pieces), salt, pepper, 1 cup grated Parmesan cheese.

Place butter and oil in large pan, heat well. Add chopped onion and rice, cook over heat until lightly browned. Add stock and simmer gently 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add sautéed mushrooms, zucchini, eggplant (which has been sprinkled with salt, stood 1 hour, washed and

dried), red and green pepper, artichoke, peas, and tomato pieces; mix well. Continue cooking gently until all stock is absorbed and rice tender. Season well with salt, pepper. Serve hot sprinkled with grated Parmesan cheese.

#### SEAFOOD RISOTTO (from previous page)

parts in saucepan, cover with water, season with salt, pepper. Simmer gently ½ hour, strain, and reserve stock. Heat butter and oil in a pan, add garlic, onion, bay leaves; sauté 3 minutes. Add rice, cook over heat, stirring constantly until very lightly browned. Add ¾ pint of reserved stock, wine, salt, pepper. Simmer gently, stirring occasionally until rice is tender and stock absorbed. Add lobster meat (chopped roughly) and bread cubes. Reheat and serve.

### Adriatic

In the color picture opposite, Marchigiano fish broth (which takes its name from Marche, an Italian province) is being served to the crew of a fishing vessel of Fano, on the Adriatic. This satisfying broth is a famous dish and there is a local saying that the more varieties of fish used in it, the better it will be.

#### MARCHIGIANO BROTH

One finely chopped onion, 1 tablespoon oil, 1 clove finely crushed garlic, 3 chopped tomatoes, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ cup chopped red pepper, 3 cups any firm-fleshed fish roughly chopped, 1 tablespoon vinegar, toast squares.

Heat oil in pan, add onion and garlic, cook few minutes without browning. Add parsley, tomatoes, salt, red pepper.

Stir all over heat until mixture is thick. Add roughly chopped fish, simmer until fish is tender. Add vinegar, serve with squares of toast.

#### OLIVETTE DI VITELLO

(A recipe from Pesaro.)

Six veal filets, 12 anchovies, 12 capers, seasoned flour, 1 beaten egg, 2 tablespoons milk, oil or butter.

Flatten veal filets with meat mallet until very thin. Coat with mixture of mashed anchovies and capers. Roll each up neatly, secure with cocktail sticks or thread. Coat with seasoned flour, then in beaten egg and milk, and again in flour to form good thick coating. Heat oil or butter in pan, and add rolls. Cook thoroughly, turning frequently until browned. Serve.

## COLLECTORS' CORNER

• Expert Mr. Stanley Lipscombe answers a reader's query:

"I have an attractive copper vase, and would like to know where and when it was made. Its pattern appears to be hand-carved. It stands 4½ in. high."

— Mrs. R. Ziebell, Evans Head, N.S.W.

This vase is Burmese copper. It is difficult to date, but it is probably about 100 years old and is typical of the copper objects collected by travellers of the Victorian era.

For information about your antiques, send a photograph of the object, with a stamped, self-addressed envelope, to Collectors' Corner, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



### Milan

#### MINISTRONE ALLA MILANESE

Four tablespoons olive oil, 2 rashers bacon, 2 potatoes, 1 small cabbage, 1 stick celery, 1 onion, 1 clove garlic, 2 tomatoes, 2oz. peas or beans, 1 pint well-flavored stock, 2oz. washed rice, 4oz. dried kidney beans, grated Parmesan cheese.

Heat the olive oil and fry the roughly cut pieces of bacon in it. Add the finely chopped skinned potatoes, washed cabbage and celery, peeled onion and garlic, skinned tomatoes and peas or beans. Sauté until vegetables are lightly browned. Pour on the stock, heat until boiling, then add the rice. Simmer 15 to 20 minutes, add the previously soaked and cooked dried beans; cook further 15 minutes. Serve with liberal sprinkling of cheese.

#### OSSO BUCO

Two to three pounds knuckle veal (sawed into 2 in. lengths so marrow remains inside the bone), 2 tablespoons butter, ½ cup minced celery, 1 minced onion, 1 cup minced carrot, ½ cup dry white wine, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon softened butter, 1 tablespoon flour, ½ cup tomato juice, 1 cup water or stock, 4 dried

mushrooms (soaked well), 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, little grated lemon rind.

Melt butter in pan, add veal pieces, celery, onion, and carrot. Cook over heat until meat is brown all over. Pour over wine, season with salt, pepper. Cream butter and flour together and when wine is evaporated add this to pan. Pour over the tomato juice and stock, stir until sauce thickens. Cover, cook slowly 1 hour. Add parsley, chopped dried mushrooms, and lemon rind; mix well and simmer further 5 minutes. Serve on bed of Milanese risotto.

#### MILANESE RISOTTO

One medium-sized onion, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 cup rice, ½ cup red wine, ½ teaspoon saffron, hot meat or vegetable stock, extra 1 tablespoon butter, grated Parmesan cheese.

Chop onion very finely, brown in butter. Add rice, stir over heat until lightly browned. Pour in red wine and saffron, stir until rice is dry and golden-brown. Cover with hot stock, cook until rice has absorbed nearly all liquid (approx. 20 minutes), stirring occasionally. Stir in extra butter, serve at once sprinkled with Parmesan cheese.

### Naples

#### STUFFED ZUCCHINI

Four small zucchini (baby marrows), 1 onion, ½lb. minced steak, 4 tomatoes, 2 teaspoons chopped parsley, salt, pepper, little oil, breadcrumbs, grated cheese.

Boil the zucchini in salted water 10 minutes. Drain, cut in halves lengthways, and scoop out seeds and pulp. Discard seeds, mix pulp with the finely chopped onion, steak, skinned and chopped tomatoes, parsley, salt, pepper. Fry this mixture in little oil until meat is browned. Fill into zucchini cases, sprinkle well with breadcrumbs, cheese, place in moderate oven to heat through.

This same stuffing can be used to fill parboiled red or green peppers or eggplant halves which have been sprinkled well with salt for 1 hour before filling and cooking.

• Spoon measurements are level in all recipes in this section.

## PRIZE RECIPE

A RECIPE for a tasty stew wins the £5 prize in our cookery contest this week.

#### HUNGARIAN LAMB STEW

One-third cup dried haricot beans, 1lb. lamb chops (best neck or chop), 2 tablespoons oil or fat, salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon paprika, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, ½lb. chopped tomatoes, 3 onions (peeled and sliced), ½ cup water or stock, ½ cup sour cream or sour milk.

Soak haricot beans in boiling water, stand overnight; drain. Cut meat from chops into 1 in. squares, sprinkle with salt, pepper, paprika; brown on both sides in hot oil or fat. Sprinkle the flour over chops, add the parsley, tomatoes, beans, and onions, and pour over the stock. Cover, cook slowly until beans are soft (about 1 hour). Just before serving, stir in sour cream.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. M. Hodgson, 130 Dawson Street, Cooks Hill, Newcastle, N.S.W.

**NEXT WEEK: Sandwich spreads and fillings**





## Portofino

ENCHANTING BAY of Portofino (above) is the background for dishes typical of Genoa, the nearby city. They are veal all'ucelletto, chicken alla Genoese, green noodles, fish.

**P**ORTOFINO is situated near the great maritime city of Genoa, whose outstanding cuisine is reflected in the whole district. The regional dishes shown above were photographed on the terrace of the Hotel Splendido at Portofino.

### CHICKEN ALLA GENOESE

One chicken (cut into sections), 2 tablespoons oil, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 small chopped onion, 1 small chopped carrot, 1 stick celery (chopped), 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 laurel leaf, pinch pepper, pinch ground coriander seeds, 4 juniper berries, salt, 8 anchovies,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup dry white wine,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups veal stock, extra 2 tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon flour, juice of  $\frac{1}{2}$  lemon, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 2 tablespoons water, lemon pieces, anchovies and mushrooms to garnish.

Heat oil and butter in frying-pan, add chicken pieces, and fry until golden brown, turning frequently. Remove chicken, arrange in greased casserole-dish. Add chopped onion, carrot, celery, parsley, laurel leaf, pepper, coriander seeds, juniper berries, salt, 4 anchovies, and wine. Bake in moderately slow oven until wine has nearly evaporated. Then add veal stock. Continue to bake until chicken is tender. Arrange chicken pieces on large serving-dish and allow to cool. Skim fat from sauce, put through fine sieve. Melt 1 tablespoon of the extra butter in small saucepan, add flour, and stir over heat until lightly browned. Add to sauce and cook over heat, stirring constantly until thickened. Remove from heat, add lemon juice, butter creamed together with remaining anchovies and gelatine (which has been softened in cold water). Stir until gelatine has dissolved. Allow to cool, stirring occasionally, and when beginning to set pour over chicken pieces, decorate with lemon pieces, anchovies, and mushrooms.

### VEAL ALL'UCCELLETTO

Two pounds veal fillets,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup olive oil, 4 bay leaves, 1 clove garlic, 1 cup white wine.

Flatten veal with meat mallet or rolling-pin and cut into small pieces. Heat olive oil in large frying pan, add veal, bay leaves, and garlic. Cook, stirring constantly until all meat is browned. Pour over wine and cook until evaporated.

### IL PESTO

This is an unusual sauce that characterises the cookery of Genoa.

In a marble mortar, put two basil leaves, a garlic clove, little salt; beat ingredients to pulp with a pestle. Then add 2oz. grated strong cheese and 2oz. Parmesan cheese. Continue to stir. Next add 2oz. walnuts and gradually add 2 to 3 tablespoons olive oil, stirring until smooth.

### TAGLIATELLE

(Green Noodles)

One pound flour, 4 whole eggs, 2 egg-yolks, pinch salt, few drops of green food coloring.

Mix the eggs, egg-yolks, green coloring, flour and salt; work into a firm dough. Roll out very thinly and let stand 1 hour to dry out. Cut into strips just under half-inch wide and cook in a saucepan of boiling water for a few minutes; drain.

### TRIPPA ALLA PORTOFINO

One carrot, 1 onion, 2 sticks celery, 2 tablespoons oil, 2lb. tripe, salt, pepper,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup dry white wine, 1 cup stock, 1 cup tomato puree, 2 tablespoons butter,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup grated Parmesan cheese.

Saute chopped carrot, onion, and celery in heated oil in saucepan. Slice tripe into thin strips, cover with cold water, bring to boil, strain, then add to pan with salt and pepper. Cook until browned lightly. Pour over the wine and cook until it evaporates. Add stock and tomato puree, cover, and simmer  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours. Serve hot in casserole topped with Parmesan cheese and melted butter.



Adriatic

HUNGRY FISHERMEN enjoy fish broth served by Skipper Pipetta on board his boat. See recipe on opposite page.



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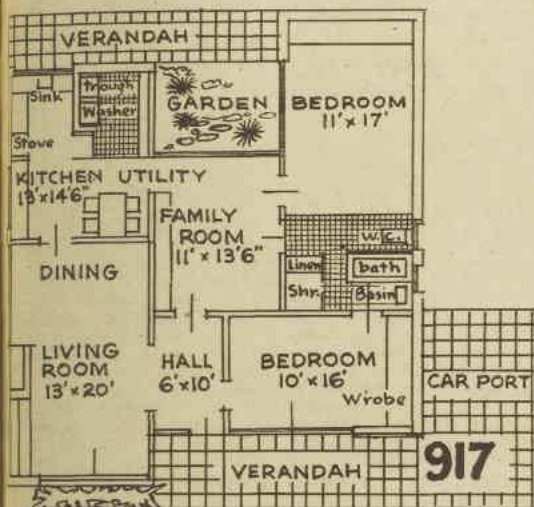
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fitting and service. So, whenever you shop for shoes, be sure you visit a SELBY centre.



# A central 'family room'



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH for plan No. 917 shows the simple lines of the house. The extended roof forms a carport and shades the front terrace.



FLOOR PLAN FOR DESIGN No. 917 shows the covered terraces, back and front, and the enclosed garden.

● This plan, No. 917 in our series, features a practical family or all-purpose room, an enclosed garden, and a large kitchen-utility area.

THIS plan caters for the growing family. There are two large bedrooms and the house has been designed so that an extra bedroom can be added later.

The "family room" is becoming very popular in America. The trend is towards a larger kitchen, with a table for informal dining, the traditional dining-room for entertaining, and the family room.

This area can be used as a sewing-room, a study for schoolchildren, a play area for younger children in wet weather, or as a special room for television or recordings.

The entrance to this home is particularly attractive. The roof extends to cover the

porch, and there is a spacious entrance hall leading into a large living-room.

The bathroom, with its separate shower, is conveniently placed between the bedrooms. A well-planned kitchen-utility area opens into a compact laundry leading out on to a verandah.

Added interest is given to the outside of the house by the extended roof-line, which forms a carport at the side of the sleeping-wing.

If you build this house in timber, it would cover an area of 10.6 squares, and would cost about £3500-£4150. In brick, the house would cost £3750-£4300, and would be 11.7 squares.

This plan is one of the many attractive designs available to you in our new folder, No. 4 in our series, which will

## ADDRESSES OF CENTRES

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GEELONG. The Myer Emporium, Malop Street. (Please telephone X6111 to consult architect here.)

ADELAIDE. John Martin & Co. Ltd., Rundle Street Post Office, Box No. 79. (Telephone W0200.)

HOBART. FitzGerald & Co. Ltd., Collins Street. (Please telephone 27221 to consult architect here.)

TOOWOOMBA. Pigott Co. Pty. Ltd., Ruthven Street. (Telephone 7733.)

SYDNEY. Anthony Hordern & Sons Ltd., Brickfield Hill. (Please address all mail to this centre to Home Plans, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.)

CANBERRA. Anthony Hordern & Sons Ltd., Civic Centre. (Please telephone J2311 to consult architect here.)

BRISBANE. McWhirter's Ltd., The Valley. (Telephone 50121.)

be on sale soon from all newsagents and from our Home Planning Centres.

These Centres, under the direction of qualified architects, have been set up to give you free advice about all your building problems.

The building prices we quote are approximate only and do not include the price of the land. For accurate costs on your own land, please consult your local Home Planning Centre.

If you have any difficulties with plans, tenders, finance authorities, or your local council, return the plans or specifications and the Centres will deal with any queries or problems and return the plans to you promptly.

Skilled advisers on the staff of the store in which the Centres are located will help you, if you wish, with decorating and furnishing your home.

Carports and garages are not always shown on the plans, but they can be incorporated in the design. Add approxi-

mately £175 to £250 for a carport, and £235 to £400 for a single brick garage.

Modifications can be made to any plan, but if drafting and printing are involved in the alterations an extra charge is made. All plans are available in mirror reverse position. They can be placed at any angle on the site. Usually they can be built on stilts on the side of a steep hill.

They can have walls built of any material you like, and both contemporary and traditional homes are available. Fireplaces can be substituted by oil, gas, or electric heating. Cooling systems can also be incorporated.

If you order your plans by mail, please state the number, whether the house is to be built in brick or timber, the roofing material required, whether or not the site is sewered, whether the plan is required as drawn or in mirror reverse position. Please enclose cheque, money order, or postal notes to the value of £10/10/- for the plan.

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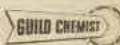
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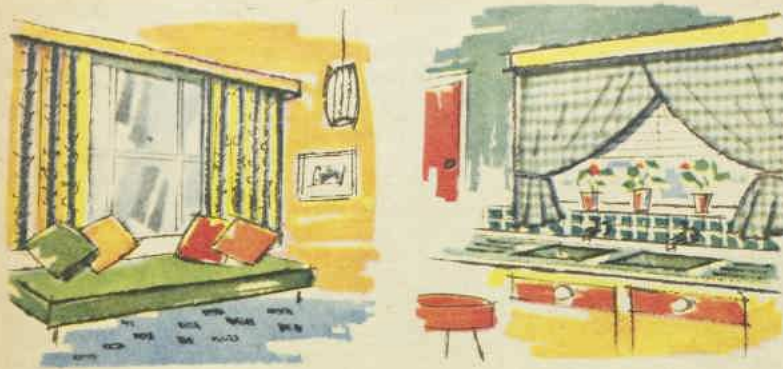


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Continuing . . .

## SWEET NIGHT FOR MURDER

from page 44

the sliding doors on to the terrace.

Never in all her life before had Jess felt so helpless as in the hour that followed. Yet she had always thought of herself as a strong woman, reliable in an emergency.

But not tonight, not to meet this emergency, different from all others.

It was Keith who took charge of everything, reversing their roles, dropping his usual easy-going, leave-it-to-her attitude. Oh, the natural activity of the male in a real crisis, she thought. It was he who wrestled with telephone numbers and called the police, the nearest doctor, put in a long-distance call to Cathy's father. When her teeth started to chatter from shock he brought a coat and wrapped her in it. It was he who knocked on Netta's door, and getting no answer went in and roused her with the news. In a bulky coat thrown on over her pyjamas Netta emerged ready for action. He went to the kitchen and came back with coffee laced with brandy and made them drink it.

Jess herself could only sit dumbly staring after him as he went from one necessary task to another, her thought riveted on the stark fact of Cathy—Cathy Simpson—lying out there behind those shut doors—lying dead on the bricks of the terrace. Cathy, only nineteen, in her fanciful little lounging suit that she had worn with such obvious pleasure in her own prettiness.

In this crisis Keith took no instructions from Netta, though she was lavish with advice and suggestions. Politely but firmly he brushed aside her attempts to take over.

Finally, it was Keith who, hearing the police cars coming round the bend, went out to meet them and led in the crowd of men who stood for a moment so stolidly while he murmured Jess' and Netta's names.

An unbelievable invasion of strangers! As though an alien army had beaten down the doors and taken over. Fair men and dark men, smooth men and dour men, bulky and lean men, men sharing only one quality: the policeman's imperturbability of front. They trooped through to the terrace with their tools of trade.

Strangers? Before many hours had passed they were to strike as familiarly on Jess' eye and ear as people known for years.

Presently a black-haired inspector came back into the room, pulling the doors shut behind him. He introduced himself. Grogan was his name. He was one of the smooth ones, Jess saw, and though a gloomy-looking detective-sergeant and a constable followed him in, he gave the interview, the dreaded interview, a gloss of ease, starting off with a few well-chosen words of sympathy and an expression of pious hope that he wouldn't be keeping them long, and altogether treating the Watsons and their surviving guest as though they were delicate vessels that had to be handled gently.

Keith, standing by the table, choosing his words carefully, turning an unlighted cigarette round and round in his fingers, sketched in the background of their connection with Cathy Simpson, told of her father, of her coming marriage to Roger Clements, who had been in town all this week but had gone

back to his station; told how Cathy happened to be staying with them, and that she had planned to return home on the coming Friday; told of her previous two weeks with the Tullocks at the next house up the road; and of how only today she had brought home a Hummer car, won in an art union—a half-share she had held in the ticket, he understood. Who held the other half he didn't know. He recounted their movements between the time when they left the dinner-table to the moment when he came up from the billiard-room and found her dead. Only a few minutes dead, he would think.

● We endeavor to make a merit of faults that we are unwilling to correct.

— La Rochefoucauld

The inspector listened without interruption. At the end of the brief account he gave a nod. "Yes, instantaneous it must've been. The blade missed the ribs and struck clean through the heart."

No pain, Jess consoled herself. Perhaps hardly shock. Only the confrontation for a barely realised second with that enemy about to strike. That person to whom she had heard Cathy talking as she herself was crossing the hall to her desk at Percy's request? Had that been the last person Cathy had spoken to? Had that someone taken him or herself off and another come up to her there?

That Cathy had been vain, a little egoist, couldn't be denied. But so young and harmless she had seemed, too inconsiderable a person, one would have thought, to arouse fatal passions.

**Y**ET here they all were, evidence to the incontrovertible fact: the inspector, dangerous, no doubt, for all his pleasant suavity of manner, which must be just a technique to loosen tongues and take people off their guard. And the sergeant—Sergeant Manning—not so pleasant, far from charming, standing against the wall, staring at each one of them with eyes bulging with melancholy and cynicism. And the constable with his pen and his pad, recording their words. And the clatter of more men and their activities on the bricks of the terrace—all evidence that Cathy Simpson had been brutally murdered not an hour ago.

What surprised Jess, though, most of all, was that a happening which, if imagined in advance, would have seemed unbearable and likely to create hysteria and chaos in a household, was already being accepted with a calm that seemed positively callous.

Grogan was saying: "So she was left alone sitting at the dinner-table?"

"Yes."

"Miss Palfreyman in her bedroom, Mr. Watson in the room downstairs, and you at the telephone in your room, Mrs. Watson? Right?"

"Yes, that's how it was."

"Just want to get the picture clear, see? How long do you reckon the three of you were absent?"

Jess said: "Well, I think I was on the telephone for about fifteen minutes. Though I

wasn't actually speaking all that time," and she told him of the business she had had with Mr. Hambleton, who was an accountant and looked after her income-tax affairs, and how at his request she had gone across to her sitting-room to look up some figures for him while he hung on.

"So the house would be pretty quiet while you were looking for those papers?" Grogan said.

"Yes . . . very quiet."

"Didn't you hear anything at all? Didn't any sound of voices come to you?"

She leant forward and took the lid off the cigarette-box and fitted it on again. Cathy's voice . . . Cathy's words that had come to her as she had crossed the hall . . .

"Yes," she said slowly, "I did hear her speaking to someone."

"Did you hear the words?"

"Yes . . ." Words, she remembered now, that she had taken very little account of at that time. "So far as I can remember Cathy said, 'You can take yourself right off I think you've had too much to drink.'"

"Did you hear an answer, any other voice?"

"None."

"Funny! Drunk people don't usually keep that quiet when anyone tells 'em off."

"Well, I didn't. My room's at quite a distance. It was just that Cathy had a specially carrying voice."

"You couldn't even get any notion if she was speaking to a man or a woman?"

How like a wretched bulldog the man was! she thought. "Certainly not," she said. "As I told you, that was all I heard."

"Didn't you have any idea who it might've been? Apart from hearing, I mean."

"No, none."

"You didn't go out to see whether your young guest was in any trouble? Hagg was that? Leaving her exposed to some unpleasantness, maybe?"

Ah, there he had a point! How damning! Why hadn't she? Because—

"Her tone wasn't shrill," she said quickly, "or in any kind of alarm."

"Someone she knew, eh? Now, Mrs. Watson, I suggest that you formed an instant conclusion—right or wrong, as the case may be—as to who this person was. You thought, 'Oh, it's only so-and-so.'"

"Oh, Inspector, how could I?" she cried on a note all the more heated because he had guessed correctly, had shrewdly known why she hadn't gone out. She had formed that instant conclusion. Duncan Frith, she had thought, that rather scrubby young man, a radio actor or something, who had been to see Cathy a few times and never noticeably sober.

But how could she possibly speak his name? How dare she suggest on no evidence at all that he was the person to whom Cathy had been speaking? Duncan Frith was addicted to the bottle? He and who else!

"I just thought," she said, "that some friend or acquaintance had dropped in."

Manning inquired sourly: "Many of your friends call in here the worse for liquor?"

"No, no. But as you know, today almost everybody drinks too much sometimes, looks on drink as a necessary part of any festivity, a necessary part of the end of each day even."

His prominent eyes fixed her sceptically. "Yeah . . . H'm."

"And, anyhow, anyone who'd

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 7, 1960



Continuing . . .

## SWEET NIGHT FOR MURDER

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drink might have seemed drunk to Cathy. She hardly ever touched it."

"Quite true, Mrs. Watson," Grogan agreed soothingly. "Just like you say, the national drink bill's rising steeply every year. I expect you notice that yourself, Mr. Watson, with your own wine account?"

"A little, perhaps, not much," Keith conceded. "Normally, my wife and I will have a drink at dinner and perhaps a sherry or cocktail beforehand."

Jess looked down at her slowly rotating foot. She didn't like this at all, the sound of—oh, it was mad, mad!—almost defensiveness in Keith's tone.

"Yes, well, left alone, like you say she was, for about fifteen minutes as Mrs. Watson computes—would you say that, too, Mr. Watson?"

"Quite possibly, I didn't look at my watch."

"Well, we'll say fifteen. Anyhow, she must've taken her fruit from the table and was sitting eating it out there with the plate on her lap when she was attacked."

Netta corrected him sharply: "There was no fruit on the table. We finished dinner with ices."

"Then she must've gone to the kitchen and got some—there's a couple of apricots rolled away that she never got around to eating—and a plate and this fruit knife."

"Was it that—was it that?" Jess stammered, horrified by the realisation. Somehow she had pictured a gleaming dagger brought in by an assassin.

"Yes, that's what she was killed with, a fruit knife."

"Odd," Netta put in. "A young girl with strong healthy teeth using a knife to eat ripe apricots!"

"Well, she did," Manning told her flatly, taking the measure of her assertiveness with a cold eye. "An ivory-handled fruit knife."

Jess got up out of her chair.

"But we haven't got any ivory-handled fruit-knives."

"Is that so? Are you sure there wasn't one like that knocking about in your knife drawer?"

"But, of course, I'm sure. There certainly wasn't. I naturally know everything of that sort that's in the kitchen."

"Yes, you would, wouldn't you? That alters things a bit," Grogan said, and stood a moment, tapping the table, pulling down his long Irish upper lip. "It wasn't just a blow struck in anger with a weapon that happened to be handy. It means this person came along armed and meaning to kill. They could've come through the house, or up the hillside, seeing her sitting alone on the lighted terrace. The terrace light was on, was it?"

Keith said: "Yes, it was, when I came up and found her."

There followed a lot of questions that were easy to answer: was she a quarrelsome sort of girl? Did she make enemies easily? Was there anyone she'd spoken of recently in hostile terms? No, to all these. Had she seemed quite herself when everyone came home for dinner?

Netta answered first. "Quite—when I got in. That was at a quarter to five. She was in the kitchen squeezing oranges. I said, 'Why haven't you got on an apron? You'll get orange juice all over that pretty dress of yours.' Of course, poor little thing, she didn't take any notice of me."

"I don't think there was anything on her mind," Keith said. "She was laughing and chattering away quite gaily at dinner."

Jess was thinking, thinking back. Thinking forward, too!

Cathy's father to be told . . . and Roger.

She said slowly: "I only saw her for a moment before we sat down to dinner. I'm afraid I wasn't able to be a very attentive hostess while she was here. I've had to go out every afternoon to sit with my sister who's ill."

"I only get home just before dinner. I didn't have time for more than a few words with her. I asked her about her ring."

"What was that, Mrs. Watson?"

"Well, this morning before she left to go out she was in a great tear because she'd lost or mislaid her engagement ring, an emerald set with diamonds. Seeing her so upset, scurrying around, turning her room upside down looking for it, I said, 'Go along, don't wait. I'll look for it,' and off she went. She was running late for an appointment. When she'd gone I made a thorough search in her room, everywhere in the house, really."

"With no result, eh? There's no ring on her hand now."

"Did she tell her young fellow, I wonder, that she'd lost it?"

"I don't know, I couldn't say. We didn't speak of it again."

Grogan did, though, of every aspect of that lost ring: Did she wear it all the time? Did she wear it at night? What would it be worth? How long had she been engaged?

Presently he dropped that subject and switched again to the knife. He sent a man out to bring it in. "I'd like you to make quite sure about it, Mrs. Watson."

The man came back with it,

already ticketed, no doubt, exhibit A.

Grogan came over and handed it to her. "There were no fingerprints on it, the handle had been wiped clean," he told her. "Are you still quite sure it's not your property?"

Jess took it with reluctant hand and turned it over. It was an old knife, one of an old set, clearly. The ivory of the handle was yellowed with age, delicately carved in a fruit design. The point was as sharp as a dagger, and the blade four inches long.

Seeing it as the weapon that had been thrust into Cathy's heart, Jess felt a sickness, a faintness overcome her.

She dropped it on the table and sat down. "No, I've never seen it before."

Netta got up and came round and looked at it. She settled the glasses on her nose, peered closer, her grey rough head bent over the table. The expression on her face was unreadable. She didn't speak. It was as though by her silence she was forcing a question from the inspector, one which duty must compel her to answer.

He asked it: "Have you ever seen it before, Miss Palfreyman?"

She nodded, still looking down at the slender shining knife. "Yes. Yes, I have. I have seen it before."

Jess sat upright in her chair. She flung a glance at Keith and saw her own shock reflected in his face. What was coming?

"Where was that?" Grogan asked Netta.

"It was—at least, I'm not quite sure, but—but—would I have to swear it? It's a very hard thing to say if one is in any doubt at all." She shot

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## Fashion FROCKS

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Continuing . . .

## SWEET NIGHT FOR MURDER

from page 55

a quick glance at Jess, at Keith. Her eyelids fluttered, her mouth worked, and she put up a hand as though to steady it.

Jess stared in amazement. How unlike herself Netta looked! And sounded! This dither and doubt of her own powers of observation! Had there been too much brandy in that coffee that Keith had plied them with, together with the one she had drunk before she went to bed?

"You don't have to swear to anything now," Grogan assured her in his most ingratiating tones.

"You can go ahead without any worry about that. Naturally you want to assist us all you can."

"Yes," she said almost inaudibly, and her glance sought support of Jess. "It was at the Hambledons—I noticed it the other day. It was lying—beside a bowl of fruit—on Mr. Hambledon's desk—in his study."

Netta's words, softly as they were spoken, exploded in the room and left, as she finished speaking, the silence of naked shock.

Keith stiffened, the cigarette-lighter he had flicked on continuing to burn its small flame in the still air. Jess sat frozen, her eyes wide on Netta's face. Once again they were being asked to make that adjustment to the incredible. Percy Hambledon the owner of the knife that had killed Cathy! Had they got to believe that? Could Netta possibly be mistaken? And yet, this pretty little knife with its carved handle might well catch one's eye and be remembered.

Even Netta herself stood stock-still, looking down, as though as shocked at her own pronouncement as they.

First round to the Law. The Law, in the persons of the Inspector and Sergeant Manning, looked duly smug. There was that cat's-got-the-canary expression on the dark shaven face of the inspector, and Manning straddled his legs a little wider and straightened up his body and let out a deep breath, as though admitting that for once the police were getting a bit of a break.

Jess broke the silence that grew worse as it lengthened. "Then it's quite clear, isn't it, that Mr. Hambledon had nothing to do with this act? Assuming—as I suppose you do—that it was someone she knew who killed her."

"Oh, we don't assume anything like that, Mrs. Watson. No, no!" Grogan sounded quite

shocked. "Our job's to keep an open mind while collecting evidence."

"Because surely nobody who has a recognisable knife like this lying about on his desk goes out and kills with it, and leaves it to be found in the victim's heart."

"Unless," Grogan corrected her pleasantly, "he has done his block."

"Well, that can hardly have been the case, can it," Keith said, "whoever did it, since they were collected enough to wipe the fingerprints off the handle?"

"Look, you'd be surprised at the inconsistencies of people's behaviour sometimes, when they've committed a crime of passion. One moment frenzied, the next coldly calculating, one moment stopping to remove clues, and the next leaving the most dangerous ones behind 'em and running like a hare."

**K**EITH managed to light the cigarette he had been holding. Between puffs he said: "Yes, well, you'll see how unlikely all that is when you meet Mr. Hambledon. The idea's absolutely unthinkable. He's a careful, stable man of business, happily married and all that sort of thing. And, as for motive, I don't suppose he has spoken more than half a dozen words to the poor child. No."

"I can only think that some prowler got into his house while they were at dinner. Hambledon has a nice place up there, his wife's got nice jewellery, and good silver. Perhaps this intruder thought he heard somebody coming and took up the knife to defend himself. He might've slipped it into his pocket and got out, wandered across here, with the same intention, robbery, been challenged by Cathy, and killed her."

"Yes . . . yes, that's a very reasonable theory, very possible indeed," Grogan nodded in agreement.

"The obvious one, the only one, I'd say."

"More than I would," Manning put in contentiously. "Doesn't tie up with what Mrs. Watson says she heard the deceased saying to someone, 'You can take yourself off. You're drunk.' Doesn't sound to me like the way a young girl'd talk to an unknown prowler. More likely she'd let out a yell for help."

It was someone she knew, reckon. And that's what Mrs. Watson reckoned, too, because she never even went along to see."

Keith gave a suppressed snort. He took a turn across the room, came back, and pushed the things about on the table.

"Look, Jess, can't we have some of this stuff taken away? I seem to have been looking at these dirty coffee cups for the best part of a year!" His irritation came forth in crackling tones.

Jess regarded him indulgently. She had no difficulty in interpreting his mood. Partisanship was a strong element in his make-up. For Keith to believe that one of his friends could commit a crime he would have to see them at it.

Jess and Netta both made a move to clear away. Netta forestalled her, gathered up the things and carried them out.

Grogan opened the door on to the terrace and spoke out there for a minute. He came back and said he had sent to ask Mr. Hambledon to come along. Maybe he could say if and when, he had missed the knife.

A few minutes later Elaine hurried in ahead of Percy. Her blue eyes were blazing with agitation. Her heightened beauty shone forth like a light as she came swiftly across.

"Jess! Keith! My dear! How too appalling. It can't be true. It just can't be true!" She kissed Jess, put her two hands into Keith's, drew them into her glowing orbit. She was like a blazing star gathering up lesser objects in its train.

Tonight Jess found her more than a little overpowering. Any display of emotion at this crisis threatened her own precarious composure. She didn't want to give way under the horror of this thing, as at every fresh word and turn of events she felt like doing.

She liked Elaine, they were good neighbors and friends, but she found Elaine's reactions to many situations uncomfortably exaggerated. A thunderstorm brought Elaine scurrying through the garden, trembling wrapped in a black cloak like a prophetic of doom. If Percy was half an hour late for dinner, she was ready to throw it—"Ruined, completely uneatable!"—out the window.

Here, last night, during the party, down in the garden, she had dissolved into tears on Jess's shoulder. Too many brandy-crusted? Maybe. All Jess knew was that she had had to

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## New Films

Reviewed by Miriam Fowler

★★★ Excellent  
★ Average

★★ Above Average  
No star—Poor

### ★★★ THE FOUR HUNDRED BLOWS

Drama, with Jean-Pierre Leaud, Patric Autt, Claire Maurier, Lido, Sydney.

THIS heart-wrenching chapter from the life of a young French school-boy is so skilfully directed it's hard to believe one is watching actors and not actually looking in on the child's trouble-ridden life.

Filmed around the poorest section of Paris, it depicts some of the seemingly trivial blows, at home and at school, which eventually lead to the child being abandoned by his parents, and to his imprisonment.

The insight in direction, with its compassion and touches of humor, is understandable. The young writer-director Francois Truffaut is giving a picture of his own teenage unhappiness, which climaxed with his admittance to the Institute for Juvenile Delinquents.

Jean-Pierre Leaud excels in this best-directed film at the 1959 Cannes Festival.

In a word . . . POIGNANT.

### ★★ CARRY ON CONSTABLE

Comedy, with Sidney James, Charles Hawtrey, Kenneth Connor, Joan Sims, Hattie Jacques. Lyceum, Sydney.

A CRAZY series of incidents, with a handful of slick jokes, string together this not-too-slapstick comedy.

But the slow pace is relaxing and the humor will appeal to children.

Under the pained eye of Sergeant Sidney James, four hopeless police recruits—whimsical Charles Gorse, stargazing Kenneth Connor, playboy Leslie Phillips, and reformist Kenneth Williams—are put through their hilarious (for the small fry) paces.

Efficient Joan Sims and hefty Hattie Jacques give the film weight. And Sidney James reaches expectations. Of the trainees, Charles Hawtrey—and his pet, Bobby the Budgie—draw the most laughs.

In a word . . . RELAXING.

### ★ GUNS OF THE TIMBERLAND

Drama, with Alan Ladd, Jeanne Crain, Gilbert Roland, Frankie Avalon. In color. Esquire, Sydney.

THRILLING shots of pine forests and substantial bit-player parts save this lumberjack show from thudding to earth with the first felled tree.

If ever the dimple-faced, diminutive Alan Ladd was miscast, it's in this hard-hitting

timberman role. He simply lacks matchwood material.

But, despite this weakness, the film sustains crisp pinecone atmosphere. It refreshes.

Logging operators Ladd and Gilbert Roland, with a team of sturdy jacks, strike camp near a small nor-western ranch town. Their reception is a frigid one. The locals want to save trees and avoid erosion.

Led by fearless rancher Jeanne Crain, they dig in to defend their properties. Tongues lash, fists fly, guns pop. And the plot rushes to a crackling climax.

Friend of both camps is a young farmhand, pop singer Frankie Avalon, in an excellent screen debut. Gilbert Roland makes a vital log-hungry logger, and Jeanne Crain gives the hills some glamor.

In a word . . . REFRESHING.

### ★ THE LOST WORLD

Adventure, with Michael Rennie, Jill St. John, David Hedison, Claude Rains, Fernando Lamas. In color. Regent, Sydney.

THIS unlikely film—based on a Conan Doyle adventure—falls as flat as a stone-age squid.

After a protracted build-up (during which audience anticipation runs high), Claude Rains—a fiery professor of zoology—sets off for the Amazon in search of a "lost world."

Included in his ill-assorted party are Michael Rennie—a suave nobleman, David Hedison—a daring reporter, Jill St. John—a cute daddy's-girl, and Fernando Lamas—a swarthy 'copter pilot.

But once on the plateau bypassed by time the viewer feels let down. Doyle's colossal monsters, weird vegetation, subterranean fires, and dawn-of-time Indians fail to raise a shiver. They're so studiously grotesque they're farcical.

Despite the anti-climax, there's brilliance in the photography and animation of these improvised creatures. Particularly well staged is a violent to-the-death battle between a dinosaur and a gigantic "something."

In a word . . . DISAPPOINTING.

### THE ENEMY GENERAL

Drama, with Van Johnson, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Dany Carrel, John Van Dreelen. Capitol, Sydney.

THIS zombie-paced film was made in between snoozes all round on the set.

We can see director George Sherman dozing in his chair and sleepily urging, "Come on, boys, just one more shot."

At which, Van Johnson, O.S.S. man with the Maquis, would yawn, stretch, and gently exercise his cramped limbs. Even the cameras were mostly too tired to turn.

In a word . . . OOOOOOOOOOOH!

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—September 7, 1960

M2/60





*HARVEY and the Circulation of Blood—reproduced here is one of a series of original oil paintings commissioned by Parke-Davis.*

## Great Moments in Medicine

The English physician William Harvey scientifically demonstrated his revolutionary theory of blood circulation to students at the College of Physicians of London. Published in book form in 1628, Harvey's theories and proofs upset the traditional followers of Galen and brought new concepts of circulation and anatomy to medicine.

Modern medicine is a living science. What was accepted yesterday will be discarded today if scientific research reveals a better medicine or a better way. Today, your physician gives you the best possible treatment and care,

as indicated by the most recent developments in the many fields of knowledge related to the health professions.

At Parke-Davis, research scientists are continually seeking to improve upon yesterday's discoveries. The resultant new medicines and methods of treatment will better enable medical men to combat disease and the destructive processes of aging. This is one of the ways Parke-Davis contributes to the longer life and better health that come with better medicines.

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*... Pioneers in better medicines*



How lovely you look tomorrow *depends*



*depends* on how well you clean your face tonight  
... and cleansing means more than just soap and water



**Tonight...**

discover how POND'S COLD CREAM cleanses completely—whisks out dirt and make-up

**Did you realise**

● Modern make-up is designed to **stay on**. You can't wash it off with water—you can't clean it off with soap alone.

**What do you do?**

● You cream it away with light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream—that's the one **sure** way to whisk out stale make-up of any kind—and everyday dirt, too.

**Deep-cleanses**

● Pond's Cold Cream works down between the upper skin cells, where dirt hides, and literally floats it out. Pond's leaves your skin soft, smooth—and gloriously clean.

Hat by Mr. Individual, Melbourne



Tubes 2/11; Jars—5/3 and 8/11

Another beauty product of Chesebrough-Pond's.

*cleanses and cools your skin—relaxes you.*



**POND'S TEENAGE CLUB**

Teenagers! Have you joined Pond's Teenage Club yet? Pond's Beauty Consultant, lovely Karen Miller, invites all members to her free classes on beauty and fashion. You will be shown how to care for your skin and hair, and how to apply make-up correctly. Deportment and fashion sense are also included in the course.

Pick up your invitation to join Pond's Teenage Club at your cosmetic counter tomorrow.

# SOCIAL

## ROUNDABOUT

By **MARY COLES**

**WHEN** he reaches Paris next week Neville Baker will hunt for "fabulous French furniture" for the Bakers' newly built Georgian house—with 11ft. 6in. ceilings and panelled doors—set in large grounds at St. Ives.

He is also going to shop abroad for a dining-room suite which will seat sixteen at table!

Besides their fondness for entertaining, Neville and his wife, Maire, have to "think big" domestically.

They have six children between the ages of two months and eight years.

Maire admits she could scarcely boil water before her marriage—now she's hailed as a Cordon Bleu cook.

Incidentally, the mouths of friends are still watering at the memory of the luncheon they gave just before Neville flew abroad.

Maire "whipped up" exotic lobster souffles for forty guests and Neville personally cooked the same number of crepes suzette with strawberries—to top the meal.

★ ★ ★

SO sumptuous—and such a change from mink—was the chinchilla stole (yards long) worn by Mrs. Frank McCall Power with her simple black frock at the R.C.A. supper party at the American Club for Harry Belafonte and his wife. I also liked the grey and red Thai silk cocktail frock worn by Mrs. Claude Pickford to hostess the lush party which went on until the small hours. In an expansive mood after his concert at the Stadium, Harry Belafonte said it was exciting to see Australia at this stage of its growth. He admitted all he knew about the place before his arrival here was a comment from his father-in-law, who had said: "Australia is like an Englishman wearing a bowler hat, bow tie, cut-away coat, and dungarees!"

★ ★ ★

MRS. MICK KATER was fast on the draw arranging a party at her home at Point Piper when her daughter Jean and son-in-law John Richardson made a whirlwind trip to Sydney from Geelong at the weekend to say goodbye to Meyrick Hall and Jill Cameron, who are sailing this week for Italy to gloss up on languages at Perugia University. Meyrick and Jill were in the quartet of bridesmaids who attended Jean and John at their wedding a few months ago.

★ ★ ★

AT a Press conference on their arrival at Mascot, Lady Casey was asked if there would be a special celebration for Lord Casey's birthday on August 29. "Certainly not," she replied, "but thank you so much for reminding me—now he'll certainly get a present."

★ ★ ★

HIGHLANDERS rallying for the ceilidh at the I.O.O.F. Hall on September 5 include Miss Miriam Chisholm, of "Kipperlaw," Goulburn, who will be the guest of honor of the Chisholm clan, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Brogden, who are coming from Kempsey at the invitation of the McLeod clan, and Mr. and Mrs. John Campbell, from Bathurst, who will be feted at the gathering by their Campbell kinsmen. "The clans thought it would be a nice idea to each have a special guest from the country at the gathering," Gloria Thompson (who is a Campbell) told me.

★ ★ ★

JUST home at "The Forest," St. Ives, after spending the school holidays at Palm Beach, Mrs. Philip Rudder is casting her eye on the garden—there are three acres of it—to have everything "just perfect" for the garden party there on September 23 to aid the National Heart Foundation. While they were at Palm Beach the Rudders had their new 60ft. ketch, Blue Water II, up on the slips getting it ready for the sailing season. Blue Water I was wrecked in the Montagu Island race last year, remember?

★ ★ ★

BRIDE-ELECT Barbara McLachlan, of Roseville, and her fiancé, Brian Lambie, will be feted at a dinner party Dr. and Mrs. Alan Hornbrook and Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Lambie are giving at the latter's home at Turramurra on September 3. Barbara and Brian are being married at St. Swithun's, Pymble, on September 23, followed by a reception given by Barbara's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. H. McLachlan, at the Elanora Country Club. Barbara will be attended by Sue Watts, of Killara, and Mrs. Geoff Henderson, of Goulburn.

★ ★ ★

ON his arrival from London this week, the Hon. Robin Warrender (Lord Bruntisfield's third son) will be welcomed at Mascot by his decorative sister-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Simon Warrender. Later in the day they will fly on to Melbourne, where Robin will have a fortnight with Pam and Simon at their new home in Walsh St., South Yarra. I hear Mr. Noel Vincent will be host at a small cocktail party for him when he is in Sydney later in the month.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—September 7, 1960



## COUNTRY M.L.A. WEDS



BRIDE'S brother, Mr. John Parker, and his wife, of West Wyalong, chatting with Mr. and Mrs. John Warry, of Canberra (couple on the right), at reception at the Wentworth Hotel following the wedding at St. Philip's. Mrs. Parker wore a blue satin coat and Mrs. Warry chose olive moire.



CHEERY GROUP at the reception were, from left, Colin Fisher, of West Wyalong, Margaret McLennan, from Canberra, Mr. Jamie Garnock, of "Kilbrechin," Bombala, and his wife, who chose a japonica-red moire frock. Over a hundred guests were entertained by the bride's father, Mr. J. W. Parker, of West Wyalong, at the Wentworth Hotel after the ceremony at St. Philip's, Church Hill.



CONFETTI was showered on Mr. George Freudenstein, M.L.A., of "Chippendale," Young, and his bride, formerly Joan Parker, as they left St. Philip's, Church Hill. The bride, who is the daughter of Mr. J. W. Parker, of West Wyalong, and the late Mrs. Parker, wore a chalk-white pure silk gown with a bell skirt and short veil caught with white roses. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Freudenstein.



COUPLE were married by the Rev. R. N. Wheeler, of West Kembla, pictured at the reception at the Wentworth Hotel with his wife, who wore a fur cape with her forest-green brocade frock.

BEST MAN Bruce Freudenstein in town from "Karoola," Grenfell (on the right), with matron of honor Mrs. A. J. Merrifield and her husband, Dr. Merrifield, on their arrival at the reception.



You change your hat styles

for a **NEW LOOK** of confidence...



*You never hesitate to change old hat styles for new. That's how you're confident in looking your best. Now there are big changes in Kotex... the most feminine thing of all. So change to new Kotex and you'll always feel as confident as you look.*

now change to **Kotex**<sup>\*</sup>  
FEMININE NAPKINS

for a **NEW FEELING** of confidence

You can look your best in a new hat, a new hair-style or a new dress, but *feeling* your best is another thing. Change to Kotex with the new "Wondersoft" cover and *feel* your best at all times. The extra softness is such a comfort, the increased absorbency offers extra protection and safety. But the thing you'll notice most is that Kotex with the new "Wondersoft" cover gives you greater peace of mind. Kotex\* belts offer you greater comfort, too. They stay smooth and flat—never twist or curl. Choose from 5 styles in pink or white.



Change to **Kotex** feminine napkins with new "Wondersoft" cover... choice of most women.



# Armchair champs'

TELEVISION PARADE

## TV test

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Do you know what a Camberwell Beauty is? If you do you're one of the few Australians with the knowledge and have a good chance of carrying off a lot of TV quiz money.

ONLY eight Australians out of thousands interviewed as would-be contestants in the Coles £3000 Question Quiz had been able to answer this question, said Mr. John Worrall, producer of the show.

And if you're as ignorant as most Australians—a Camberwell Beauty is a butterfly, and not as most people guess a rose, a racehorse, or a recipe.

Dreams of easy money, of new cars, trips abroad, and national fame fill the living-rooms of Australian homes every time a TV quiz programme starts its weekly showing.

At home, relaxed in your favorite chair, it is easy to beat the contestant and walk away with the £3000 question unruffled.

But contestants aren't as dumb as they sometimes appear when frozen with stage fright they fail to answer questions correctly.

In most of the big shows on TV today, aspiring contestants have to pass either a written or oral examination before they are selected.

Mr. Worrall tells me that contestants in the Coles £3000 Question Quiz are given a "thorough and very gruelling" test before they get the ticket that gives them a go at the big money.

First they face a personality interview to see if they have the type of personality that will enliven the show; then a knowledge test.

### Form guide

If you're an armchair champion whom your family keep saying should be on TV, try this quiz to measure your worth. It will give you an indication of your ability.

It is composed of questions set by Mr. Worrall and given by him to some aspiring contestants.

1. Name the swallow-tail or triangular flag used by yachts as a distinguishing pennant.
2. Name the 17th century poet who likened the Resurrection to a waterfall.
3. Historically, who asked, "Who's your fat friend?" and to whom did he refer?
4. Who won this year's English Derby?
5. Who was known as the apostle of the gentiles?
6. Name the opposing sides in the Wars of the Roses?

7. What are the Devil's bones?

8. How do you address an archbishop?

9. What do the letters UNESCO stand for?

10. What is the common name for Beethoven's Third Symphony?

11. Who were the ruthless people of Thessaly who followed Achilles to the Trojan War?

12. In what book did what character say, "Land sakes, it's Rhett Butler!" and who wrote the book?

13. What is the second largest town in Puerto Rico?

14. Name the capital of the State of Louisiana.

15. What part of India bears the name meaning five rivers?

### Next step

When you've done the quiz, you'll find the answers at the foot of the page.

If you're a champion, your next step is to get an application form from the TV channel showing the quiz.

It asks for the usual particulars—age, country of birth, educational standard, occupation, hobbies—and requires you to agree to the use of your name and photograph in publicity and advertising material for the show.

Fascinating but useless information about Coles £3000 Question is that more applicants have come from chemists than from any other profession.

Chemists are followed by farmers, nurses, surveyors, secretaries, shop assistants, and railway workers.

Preening slightly and standing taller than usual, however, I find it very satisfactory to point out that the first contestant in the show to reach the £3000 question was a woman journalist, Isobel McWhinney, of Brisbane, pictured above.

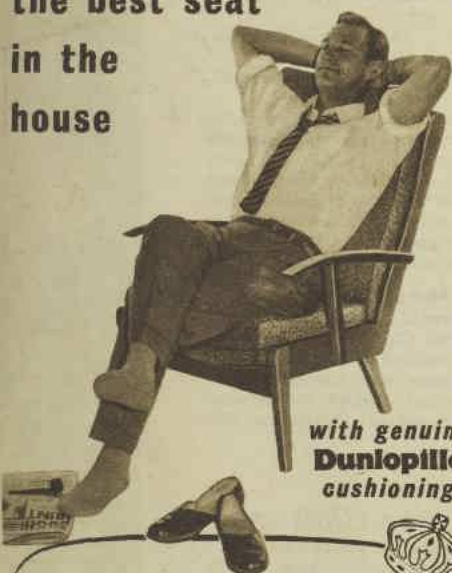
### QUIZ ANSWERS

1. Burgers. 2. Vaughan.
3. Beau Brummell, who referred to the Prince of Wales, later George IV.
4. St. Paul.
5. St. Paul.
6. The Catholics and the Protestants.
7. The ribs.
8. Your Grace.
9. United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organisation.
10. Eroica.
11. Myrmidons.
12. "Gone With the Wind," by Margaret Mitchell.
13. Ponce.
14. Baton Rouge.
15. Punjab.



ISOBEL McWHINNEY, Brisbane journalist and first contestant to reach the £3000 question in Coles 3000 Question Quiz on Sydney's Channel 9. Miss McWhinney, shown here with compere Malcolm Searle, will at 7.30 on August 31 try to win the big money. If she fails she still wins a consolation prize of a 1960 model luxury limousine worth nearly £1500.

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in the  
house



with genuine  
Dunlopillo  
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For King Size Comfort

The only chair with patented adjustable 4 point suspension. Try the deep, life-long comfort of Wrightbilt TV chairs at all leading furniture stores.



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**MODERN MOTOR**  
EVERY MONTH  
2/6 FROM YOUR NEWSAGENT

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 7, 1960

"Both doing well"



Behind these words lies a wealth of infinite care and protection against infection. The safety and dependability of an antiseptic are seldom more closely tested than during and after childbirth. For this reason it is no matter of chance that Dettol is in constant use in Australia's great Maternity Hospitals. Doctors and Nurses have learnt to put their trust in Dettol—the safe, effective antiseptic.

Dettol is used in our great hospitals and is the chosen antiseptic of modern surgery.

Do as your Doctor does (ask him) . . . use Dettol. Use it on the cut which may lead to blood-poisoning . . . in every emergency where speedy, thorough cleansing of a wound is essential . . . in the all-important details of body hygiene (especially in the bath)

in the room from which sickness may spread . . . to disinfect linen and crockery.

Dettol is the safe, effective yet gentle antiseptic—a good friend in need at all times. Does not stain, does not pain.

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BY CHEMISTS



DETTOL

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Dry-bye Pants

AMERICAN VINYL COATED  
NAPPY PANTS WITH HIDDEN GRIPPERS



- Wash by hand or machine
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DUCHESS

GUARANTEES THAT BABY OUTGROWS BEFORE OUTWEARS THESE PANTIES

AVAILABLE AT ALL BETTER BABY SHOPS AND DEPARTMENT STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA



# A GREAT NEW CAKE...

## created especially by DIONE LUCAS

Springtime and Dione Lucas bring you this bright new cake idea; Springtime Buttercake. When your family tries it they'll be crazy about you. This wonderful cake . . . so easy and sure . . . has been created for you to make for any occasion. The delicate lemon flavour is fresh and bright, the texture is light and silky. Butter, of course, gives it freshness and moistness; adds the finishing touch — bringing out all the delightful flavour in fine fashion. Butter makes it high, light and flavourful to please someone you love.

Cordon Bleu Cookery Celebrity,

**DIONE LUCAS**

says:

"Everyone knows the best cooking begins with butter and Australian Butter is the finest in the world".



### SPRINGTIME BUTTERCAKE

#### INGREDIENTS:

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup Butter (6 ozs.)	$2\frac{1}{2}$ cups Self-Raising Flour (10 ozs.)
1 cup Castor Sugar (8 ozs.)	4 teaspoons Lemon Juice
3 eggs	2 teaspoons Lemon Rind (grated)
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup Milk (4 ozs.)	

Beat butter to a very light and fluffy cream. Beat in Castor Sugar, a little at a time and continue beating until butter is very light and fluffy. Add the eggs, one at a time, then add  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cups sifted flour, folding in alternately with milk and lemon juice and lemon rind. Use a wooden spoon. Bake in two 8" round cake pans which have been well buttered and dusted with flour. Bake in 350° oven for 25-30 minutes.

### YORKSHIRE LEMON BUTTER CURD

#### INGREDIENTS:

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Butter	The grated rind and the juice of 1 lemon
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup Castor Sugar	A pinch of salt
2 Eggs	

Put the lemon rind and the juice of the lemon in the top of a double boiler with the lightly beaten eggs — the castor sugar and the softened butter and salt. Stir in the double boiler over a medium flame until the mixture coats the back of a silver spoon and chill until ready for use.

### LEMON BUTTER CREAM FROSTING

#### INGREDIENTS:

2 Egg Yolks  
1 cup Castor Sugar  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup Water  
7 ozs. Butter

The grated rind of 2 lemons  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup Lemon Juice  
Pinch of Cream of Tartar  
Pinch of Salt

Beat the egg yolks in a mixer until very light and fluffy, put the sugar, cream of tartar, and water into a pan, stir until the sugar melts, then allow the syrup to boil gently until it is possible to spin a fine thread between your finger and thumb. Pour this slowly on to the beaten egg yolks beating all the time, and continue beating until the mixture is thick. Add the grated lemon rind and juice and the salt, and beat well, adding butter gradually.

### METHOD OF FROSTING CAKE

Carefully split the larger cakes in half and sandwich them with the lemon butter curd. Chill 2 hours or more — remove and carefully and completely cover the whole of the cake with the lemon butter cream frosting and chill again, decorate with blanched, slivered and browned almonds. Chill before serving and cut with a fine cake fork.



### Festive Blossoms

Here's a really original idea to add a springtime touch to your Buttercake! They're so effective but oh, so easy! Here's how . . . Take a few spring blossoms, brush each petal carefully with the egg whites, then dredge with sieved castor sugar. Dry in a very very slow oven until crisp and dry but not discoloured.

AUSTRALIAN DAIRY PRODUCE BOARD

# Springtime

Join in the 1st National Festival of Dairy Food





# Butter Cake

Look for new ideas with Foods made from Milk





# ON FATHER'S DAY GIVE HIM AN Invitation to Relaxation



It's the sure way to keep his appreciation glowing through every minute of Father's Day, then have it rekindle in evenings that follow. For, each time he lights up a Henri Wintermans cigar, he'll relive the contentment and relaxation of HIS day, leaving you, with each puff, to bask smugly in his so evident appreciation.

**HENRI WINTERMANS CIGARS**  
for FATHER'S DAY

GIFT-WRAPPED BOXES FROM 7/6 TO £2.11.6



**FOR SHOES THAT  
ARE GOING  
PLACES!**

**WAPROO**

**SILICONE WATER PROOFER**

Protects and preserves all types of leather from suede to football boots...

FROM ALL GOOD SHOE STORES AND REPAIRERS

Continuing . . .

## SWEET NIGHT FOR MURDER

comfort an unexplained distress

from page 56

Percy's appearance fully justified Keith's defence of him. Buttoned into his dark double-breasted suit, tall, solemn, passionless looking, he came forward as to a conference of chartered accountants.

Grogan briefed him on the main facts of Cathy's death, and ended by pointing at the knife that still lay on the now cleared table. "This knife has been identified as belonging to you, Mr. Hambledon."

Percy looked down at it fixedly for a minute. Then he said: "Yes, it is — or rather, it was mine."

"It lay on the desk in your study. Is that correct?"

"It did. It has done so for many a long day. In fact, until this morning." No shadow of uneasiness sounded in Percy's dry voice, just a fitting solemnity for the occasion. "Until this morning," he repeated, "when I gave it to Miss Simpson herself. This is dreadful, dreadful. To think I supplied some — some inhuman beast with the weapon!"

There was an indefinable sound, the rustle of taffeta, the scrape of a chair. Elaine had crumpled and fainted and lay unconscious on the floor.

Once again it was Keith who rose to the occasion, who picked her up, and gave her brandy and brought her round in a few minutes. Once again it was her husband who seemed the least concerned.

Jess thought, people like Elaine, who live on the high emotional altitudes, are apt to make their intimates unusually stony-fronted. A daily dose of histrionics is a potent inoculation and calls up the antibodies.

Percy regarded his wife almost absently as she lay back in the chair and sipped at her drink, while Keith and Jess ministered to her, one on either side. No, no! she wouldn't lie down. No, no! she would stay here. Leave her, leave her! She pushed back the heavy gold hair and mopped at her eyes.

Calm restored, Grogan put his next question: "How did you come to give the deceased this knife, Mr. Hambledon?"

"It came about when I gave her a lift into town this morning. Last night we were all here for a little party, and she said, 'What time are you leaving in the morning?' and I said, 'Nine-thirty,' and she said, 'Good. I've got to be at the hairdresser's at ten and Keith's leaving too early for me. May I come with you?' I said of course she could. I'm always only too pleased to give anyone a lift. Little Mrs. Tulloch often runs up about the time she knows I'm leaving."

"Had you ever driven the deceased before?"

"Actually, no."

"So she picked you up at your home at nine-thirty this morning, did she?"

"No, she said she'd be at my gate. I was just on the point of leaving and went into my study to collect some papers when she telephoned and said she was running a bit late and would I mind waiting a few minutes."

Running a bit late, yes. Jess recalled that whirlwind scene in Cathy's bedroom this morning as they hunted for the ring.

"When she appeared, did she tell you what had delayed her?" Grogan asked Percy.

"No. No. What was that?"

"That she'd lost her engagement ring and had stopped to search for it."

"Indeed? No, she didn't say anything about it. I sat in the car for not more than — perhaps ten minutes, and she came along quite bright and cheerful. She chatted away."

"What about? Could you recall anything she said?"

Percy's chin went down lower on his chest, and a frown gathered as in an effort to recall. "My word, Inspector — I can't think — it was all so trivial. She said she was doing some shopping, and lunching with her young man, Roger . . . that he was going home, and that then she was going to collect this car she had won."

"Did she say who held the other half-share in the ticket, by the way?"

"No, she didn't mention that. Someone had told me something about it, but I didn't make any inquiries. 'Fraid I hardly listened, just let her prattle on."

Manning looked him up and down, sighed, and sniffed. Prattle, eh? In front of his wife she'd get younger and younger till she was just a little kiddie sucking a dummy! "And the knife?" he asked loudly.

"I had it with me in the car. After she'd telephoned me I picked up an apple from the

● What passes out of  
one mouth passes into  
a hundred ears.

— Ernest Bramah

bowl on my desk — and this little knife — and went up and sat in the car and peeled and ate it while I waited for her. When she came along she admired it, and — well, I said she could have it. It's just the remaining one of an old set that was in my home when I was a child. I didn't set any particular store by it. But she obviously coveted it."

"Funny sort of thing for a girl to covet."

"Do you think so? Can't say I do. A sort of jackdaw impulse of the young, I suppose. She said what a pretty paper-knife it'd make."

"Yeah . . . Did you happen to mention to anyone that you'd given her this knife?"

"No, I never thought of it again."

"Did you tell your wife you were driving her into town this morning?"

Percy's long horse-face turned to the sergeant in mild surprise. "Good heavens, no. It was too insignificant to speak about."

In the momentary pause that followed Percy's rebuke of the sergeant, a variety of sounds came through to the dining-room: steps and voices on the terrace, the dry rustle of a palm tree, the distant hoot of a ferry somewhere on the Harbor, a clean, sane sound this last, bringing with it the assurance of a normal world going on outside, a world in no way connected with this savage, inexplicable crime.

In the brief hour or so since Cathy died, Jess felt that she had moved into another dimension in which neither yesterday nor tomorrow had any place. She suddenly thought how little they knew of Cathy's life in the country town where she lived with her father in the flat above the bank. Were there elements there that had led to this? Jealousies, intrigues, simmering beneath the sleepy surface of the smalltown existence? Cathy's mother had died years ago. Her father was a harassed, elderly man, not very close to his only daughter. Without proper guidance through her years of late adolescence there was no knowing what sort of mischief, or worse, a girl like Cathy might have got herself mixed

up in. In that town she must certainly have appeared a very enviable young woman when she became engaged to Roger Clements, for whom, no doubt, there had been much angling in the district.

Jess called up Roger's image for a moment, the muscular, out-of-doors young man, with his sun-tanned skin and powerful shoulders, and his voice that always sounded a tone too loud for the confines of four walls. Anyhow, she was thankful that he had gone home, and that she wasn't to be present when he heard the news.

It was a fine stroke of irony that Jess' thought had just fastened on this meagre crumb of comfort when there was the sound of a tattoo on the open front door, a step in the hall, a voice.

Roger's voice: "Mullo, Jess? Cathy . . . may I come in?"

She sprang to her feet. "Stop him — a minute! Keith!"

Keith went out, shutting the door sharply behind him. The sympathy so ready to rush out to Roger when first his step sounded received a rude check when a few minutes later he came bursting into the room ahead of Keith.

To be pitiable, another's grief mustn't make one too uncomfortable. The savage anger he displayed, the accusations he flung about him, dried up pity. That compassion that each had been so ready to pour out, shrank back as from the blast of a scorching wind.

Jess knew it was unreasonable of them all to react in this way. But where was reason to-night? Reason had died with Cathy out on the bricks of the terrace there, and every ignoble emotion — anger, fear, suspicion, cowardice, self-interest — that murder can arouse was kindled and ready to burst into flames.

Standing with clenched fists and blazing eyes, Roger demanded to be told why this thing had been allowed to happen. Why they had been so neglectful as to leave her alone out there. All alone to be attacked and slaughtered and no one near to lift a hand to help her!

How dare they — her friends and neighbors, her host and

hostess — how dare they have had so little thought for her safety! Why was she unprotected? Why hadn't they heard her call? Why had she been left to the mercy of some maniac? Why couldn't she have been saved? How could a thing like that have killed her? Why hadn't the blade been turned by the heavy embroidery on her jacket? Why? Why?

So he had stormed, then broken down and wept, and gone to the sideboard and poured out a glass of neat whisky and drunk it standing, and shuddered and apologised, and at last — mercifully for them all — had sunk into a chair and begun to answer with some semblance of control the questions Grogan put to him.

How was it he was here when everyone believed that he had gone back home?

He explained this. The unexpected meeting with an uncle and aunt and their dinner with him.

Had he telephoned the deceased to say his departure was delayed?

No, he had waited to come out here and spend the evening with her after his aunt and uncle left.

Did she tell him she was going to be home?

Yes — no — he hadn't asked her.

Had she told him of the loss of her engagement ring?

At this question he had stared back at the inspector with bloodshot eyes. He knew nothing of that. When he asked her why she wasn't wearing it at lunch she had said she'd left it in her room.

Afraid to tell him she'd lost it — could that be it?

She afraid of him! He had flung the question back flat in Grogan's face and gone over and poured himself another drink.

One more question. Had she told him who she shared the winning lottery ticket with?

No, no. She'd mentioned something about it when she bought the ticket, but hadn't spoken of it since.

After the second whisky, and the third, he became less co-operative. He went back to his chair and sat sunken and lifeless, staring ahead of him, not seeming to see, not seeming to hear.

The Hambledons stole away. Jess looked after their retreating figures with envy. Netta

To page 67

**AMERICAN FORMULA SHERATON  
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 7, 1960



Continuing . . .

## SWEET NIGHT FOR MURDER

from page 56

nothing, and Bettina just shook her head; and went on shaking it after the questions had stopped.

"This car now," Grogan said, and looked about him.

The dark green Humber with the red upholstery had disappeared.

Alone with Keith later, when the long questioning about the missing car was at an end and the police had gone, Jess sounded the first note of relief, if the smallest relief could be uncovered in any event of that fearful night. She said:

"All along I did think it strange that after the first mention of sharing that ticket Cathy would never say who it had been with."

Almost too exhausted to drag themselves to bed, she and Keith were lingering on the terrace outside their bedroom. A heavenly peace had fallen on the hillside. Not a sound came to them, not a breath of wind stirred. Starlight lit the wild slope of bushland, and below that the stretch of water.

Such peace . . . such peace. It couldn't be true, this thing that had happened. She leant her head on Keith's shoulder.

His arm went round her. "Darling, you're worn out. Don't let us talk any more to-night."

"I must . . . Why wouldn't she say? At dinner, when I asked her outright, she gave an odd little smile, didn't she? and pretended not to hear. Did you notice?"

"Yes . . . I did. But I just thought that the other person, the part-winner, was somebody or other we didn't know, some — some type she'd met at a party, perhaps. She was dashing around quite a lot when she first came down. You know how it is, people get gay and talk about winning fifty thousand pounds and one promises to buy the ticket next day, and so on."

"Exactly. Could it be that her continual refusal to answer the question was because when the ticket turned out a winner she decided to wipe out the other's claim? It wouldn't be the first time there'd been a feud, a lawsuit—maybe even murder for all we know—over a lottery ticket. Nothing in writing, no witnesses to the bargain."

**K**EITH gave uneasy agreement. "H'm . . . pretty awful to have to think about her."

"Yes. But—" She paused. "Perhaps she'd persuaded herself somehow that it was all right. Poor little Cathy was like that; when she wanted a thing she wanted it with everything she'd got. And with that bright new gleaming car I could well imagine her—like a child with a toy—grabbing it, hugging it to her. 'It's mine! Don't touch it! You shan't have it!'"

"There is, of course," he reminded her, "another possibility that it was the other person who was doing the double-crossing, who came along when she was alone on the terrace and said, 'I paid for that ticket. The car's mine. You've got no share in it,' that it was Cathy who resisted the cheat and met her death in consequence." He threw his cigarette out on the stones. "Come on, darling, we must go to bed."

But she still lingered. It seemed just then that all the happy acts of living for which this house had been built couldn't ever be enjoyed in it again, as though the violent

end to Cathy's bright and joyous young life was casting a shadow over it that wouldn't ever be lifted. That was what it seemed like now, with this mixture of pity and rebellion and fear and horror filling her.

The seven years of her marriage here with Keith and the boys, looked back on from this point, seemed to lie bathed in a glow of halcyon summer. All the minor troubles that might have happened had waited and gathered themselves into this one catastrophe and fallen on them tonight. Beside her, Keith was very still.

"Anyhow," she said, her mind groping for some small relief, "anyhow, if one can imagine finding a bright spot in anything, it's a kind of comfort to feel that a dispute over

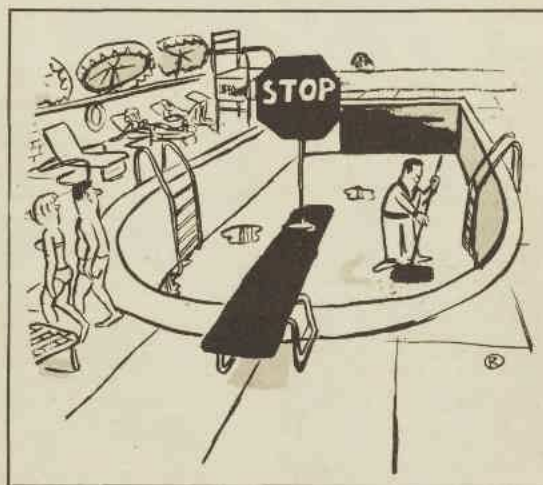
perplexing, had dispelled the blessed mist.

She leant up on her elbow and touched Keith's arm. "Keith . . . something so queer. Something else is missing. The ring, the car, and something else. I've just thought of it. Keith . . ."

But he only muttered and stirred. Already he had drifted far out on the ocean of that first deep sleep, and she hadn't the heart to drag him back to tell him what she had remembered.

She lay down again alone with it, alone with her new discovery and her bewilderment.

Jess did sleep at last, but when she woke in the morning the thought that had followed her into sleep was the first to greet her returning consciousness.



the ownership of the car was most likely the motive for her murder, that the desperate creature who did it—perhaps in a moment's ungovernable rage—jumped into the damn thing and drove far away."

Keith gave a short laugh. "That thought was no comfort to Inspector Grogan, I can tell you! He looked very glum over that."

"I suppose so. No doubt he hoped to find a nice simple triangle of love and hate, you and me and her."

"Instead of which he has got a car to look for. A new Humber out of all those that come on the road each month! Quite a problem, eh? Reduced, false number-plates, and so on. This—this type probably knows how to get away with it."

Later, Jess was dropping asleep. Her eyes closed on the room and on the wide opening to the terrace that framed the star-filled sky. Sleep . . . sleep. Suddenly it was gone. A thought, a picture, sharp and

Keith's place beside her was empty. The room was filled with sunlight. It was after eight. She sprang out of bed, went into the bathroom, and quickly showered.

Hurrying back, she dressed with careless haste. Usually orderly, today she whisked about the room, her everyday habits shed. She tossed her nightgown towards the bed. It fell short, and she let it lie. She took up a lipstick and dabbed it on. Last night's shoes, tripped over, flew into opposite corners of the room.

As she opened her door and stepped out into the hall, Netta appeared.

"There you are, Jess. I heard you getting up. Come along and have some breakfast. It's all ready."

Sanity was in every line of Netta's rocky face, and in her smoothly brushed grey hair, her mannish shirt, and corduroy pants, Jess was still reeling from the impact of last night; Netta, with a superior digestion,

seemed to have gulped down murder and assimilated it.

"I'll be with you in a minute." She turned away.

"Now, Jess, what are you going to do? You look dreadfully pale. First thing of all, you should have a cup of tea and something to eat."

"Yes, I know. I shall." Wisdom had taught Jess that sometimes it was best to say yes to Netta when you meant no. Her mother through the years, grateful for Netta's capable help in the station homestead, had learnt to say yes and mean yes.

The door of Cathy's room was shut. With a still further lowering of the spirits, Jess opened it and went in. She crossed to the french window and threw it wide, letting in the warm spring sunlight.

No less poignant than she had anticipated was the sight of the girl's possessions: lipsticks and powders, gauzy stockings over a chair, a bottle of nail enamel on the bedside table. The room was in disorder, but disorder different from that which Cathy had created around herself. The police search in here last night had somehow left its heavy hand on gaping drawer and ruckled rugs and furniture askew. The doors of the clothes cupboard were standing open.

Jess went over.

Two coats, a grey flannel suit, half a dozen day dresses, three or four evening ones—spectral in their emptiness, they hung limply on their hangers. Putting up a chilled hand, Jess touched one or two of them. This shell-pink cotton—Cathy had looked school-girlishly young and pretty in this. The polka-dot blue that she had made herself—not remarkable for its cut, but who would notice that, leaving bare as it did the silken white arms and shoulders to enchant the eye? Cathy was an indifferent needlewoman, but she spared no pains, and would sit for hours patiently fogging out a pattern or making an alteration to something of last year.

Possibly not one of these garments had cost a ten-pound note. Her father hadn't been able to give her much in the way of an allowance, since he was kept perennially hard-up by the debts and demands of a ne'er-do-well son.

Again Jess ran her eye over the row of dresses.

She turned away from the cupboard and opened the drawers of the chest. Underclothes, belts, handkerchiefs, a blouse or two. Small things only.

Stooping in front of them, she stayed still for a few minutes in growing bewilderment. Then she straightened up and went back to the wardrobe, searched there again, under the coats and on the floor, pushing things aside and peering with knitted brows.

That irrational urge was on her that makes one hunt over and over for something lost, hunt again in all the places

already looked in, perhaps a dozen times, as though determined hands and eyes could conjure the lost object out of its hiding place.

The silence in the room was broken by the faint sound of a curtain, stirred by the breeze passing over the open pages of a book on the floor. The small sound, like the unseen presence of death, set Jess' nerves jumping and her heart beating, highlighting once again the atrocious cruelty of Cathy's killing.

Who could have wished it? Who could have done it? What sort of intrigue or passion lay behind it? What outrageous facts would the police uncover, perhaps this very day?

**J**ESS went over and pulled shut the windows, pausing just for a moment as she did so to wonder if right then someone else, someone near, was looking out on this same scene, thinking: I did it . . . thinking it, perhaps, in a blinding agony of remorse. Or, perhaps, thinking with satisfaction: That's ended, that's behind me now . . .

No. No. No. She jerked the curtains across again. The postman was coming round the hill. She heard the blast of his whistle as he approached the top of the drive.

Leaving the room, she went along the hall, out the front door, and up to the letterbox, into which the postman was just dropping the mail. The morning shadows were sharp, the rocks of the hillside gleamed moistly grey through their sparse covering of native bush.

Standing by the gate, she snapped off a spray of jasmine and sniffed at its dewy scent, heard a flight of red-and-green rosellas ringing their bell-like notes. The sun stroked her head and shoulders with its mild morning warmth. Every sense was doubly eager to enjoy life's offerings.

She lingered, unwilling to go indoors again. It seemed as though out here the day's progress and its feared events could be held at bay. But, re-entering, she threw the letters down on the table in the hall and joined Keith and Netta in the dining-room.

Keith pulled out a chair for her, and she took her place at the table. Netta poured her tea, went out and brought back more milk, and pushed toast towards her. Keith rustled the pages of the paper, and pretended to read the headlines. No one spoke. Three people resolutely set on making cup and plate, food and drink, and morning news appear to hold their accustomed importance.

Jess had hardly put the cup to her lips when three policemen came up from below and on to the terrace. She put down the cup and stood up.

"Now, for goodness' sake,"

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Netta remonstrated, "finish your tea and eat something. Those men'll be haunting the place no doubt from now on. If you have to jump up every time one of them appears—"

Taking no notice, Jess went over to the open door and spoke, "Inspector."

"Yes, Mrs. Watson?" Grogan, spruce and shining like the morning, came along the bricks and into the room. Her tone had called up an expectancy in him.

"Did you," she plunged

straight in, "when you went through the things in her room last night, did you take anything away with you?"

"Anything?" he repeated. "What, for instance?"

"I know you and your men were in there for quite a while, and I suppose you looked at everything, her letters and clothes, that sort of thing?"

"That's right, but we didn't run across anything that gave us a lead anywhere. She didn't seem to keep letters much, or rather, being away from home,

Continuing . . .

## SWEET NIGHT FOR MURDER

from page 67

like, there was only one or two recent notes, nothing of any consequence so far as we can see at the moment."

"You didn't, then, take away two dresses out of her cupboard? An evening dress and a suit?"

"No," he said. "No, nothing like that."

"Well, now, that's very strange." She sank down on to her chair again and stared at the cooling tea in her cup. She was filled with an increasing uneasiness. She knew she had been confident that the first moment with the detectives would clear up this third and strangest disappearance. That someone should steal a diamond ring or make off with a new car was one thing, but this—

"These dresses now?" Grogan prompted her.

"They were there yesterday morning. I remember quite plainly. It was when she was hunting for her ring. I went in to help her. I told you that last night. She was late for her appointment. At last I said, 'Run along, I'll find it if it's here, I'll go on looking,' and when she'd gone I did."

She paused, while the three stared at her, waiting.

"When I'd hunted everywhere else I thought it might be in the pocket of a coat or somewhere, and I opened the cupboard and searched there, too, in everything that had a pocket. Now I distinctly remember that among the clothes there was a little suit—pale blue, fine wool, a lovely little spring suit—and a dance frock of black chiffon with a big satin sash."

Now Jess turned her glance on the inspector, standing with his square figure outlined against the dazzle of sky. "After you'd left last night I went in and shut up the room, and without registering at that moment—only later when I was dropping asleep I remembered it—I dimly noticed that the blue suit and the black evening dress were missing from the cupboard."

"Quite sure of that, are you?"

"Quite. I went in a minute ago to see that I hadn't made a mistake. They're not there."

Grogan nodded thoughtfully, turning this over for a minute or two . . .

**H**OW cheerful he looked! Keith's face was harassed, his mouth drawn down into grim lines, like someone being forced to taste an intolerably sour fruit. Netta's cheeks were flushed and her eyes unnaturally bright. Jess knew that her own appearance reflected all the shock and strain of the past twelve hours. But the plumply jowled face of the inspector betrayed only a clinical interest in the business, just as a grave-digger might whistle at his work.

He said, after the pause: "Now, it's funny, Mrs. Watson, that in that moment—tired as no doubt you were, just shutting up for the night—you should've noticed among the clothes hanging there the absence of these two garments."

"Yes, I know. But you see, it was because I'd taken such a special note of them in the morning."

"Why was that?"

"For one or two reasons, actually. One was that they

were better than her other dresses."

"Better?"

"Yes, better made, better cut, better material. In fact, more expensive looking. Most of her things hadn't cost much. Some of them were home-made. These weren't."

"I see. That's the kind of thing a lady would notice, of course. Did you examine them closely?"

"No. No, I just thought how pretty they were." Jess recalled, her face growing sombre with the recollection, that she'd thought, too, how pretty Cathy would look in them, the tender blue of the suit, the misty black of the dress against her fairness. Had she perhaps felt as well a moment's envy of the other's youthful beginningness, the excitements, and pleasures of vanity that lay ahead of her? Whereas—twelve more hours of life only . . . twelve more hours . . .

Grogan brought her back. "What was the other reason that made you notice these dresses?"

"It was that I hadn't seen her in them. Had you, Netta?"

"Goodness, I'm not much of a woman to dwell on anybody's pretty bits of suits and things. She could've worn them any day and me not see. But I can't recall them . . . No, I can't. I suppose she got them for her trousseau and wasn't going to wear them till she was married and off on her honeymoon."

"Yes, that's what I thought at the time," Jess agreed. "The point is, what's become of them?"

Netta was turning her cup round in her hand—reading the tea-leaves for the past, not the future. "That fanciful little affair she had on last night," she said at last, "that was new. I'd certainly swear I'd never seen her wear that before."

"Yes, that was the first time. She told me so as we came in to dinner. She said she'd only bought it a few days before."

Grogan took a turn across the room, looked down the hill, let his eye rest for a moment on the strip of water below, the sand-banks, the dense dark mangroves edging them.

Keith said: "But, Jess, couldn't Cathy have sent that suit and frock back to the shop? . . . to have some alterations made to them perhaps. Say she'd told the shop to send for them, and while she was alone here yesterday afternoon the carrier called and took them away?"

"Oh, yes . . . yes, it could've been so, but—" Why was she thinking that it could've been so, but it wasn't?

Keith promptly suggested why: "I suppose her ring having disappeared, and the car, that when you saw the dresses were missing you instantly saw it as mysterious, connected with her death in some way."

"Yes, that's what I thought," she murmured. "Her tone suggested, 'And I still do.'"

Grogan came back from his survey of the landscape. "These clothes she was wearing last night, worn for the first time, you say. The jacket had the store label in it. Maybe these other things came from the same shop."

"Possibly," Jess agreed. "But I know she didn't have an account anywhere. She just shopped around wherever she fancied."

"However, we'll put inquiries in train." Letting that drop, he asked: "How well do you know this young Clements?"

"Oh, quite well. His place is

not far from my mother's. This week, of course, since he came down he has been in and out every day to see Cathy, but naturally we didn't see very much of him."

"Very attached to her? I suppose he was?"

"Yes, very."

"Was he a jealous type, would you say? Did he keep a close check on her, what she was doing, where she was going?"

"I saw no sign of it. He seemed to be rather patient with—well, with her little capricious airs and graces, rather as though he counted himself exceptionally lucky to have won her."

"That wouldn't have made him feel all that secure, would it?"

**J**ESS shook her head and smiled. "You mean, if he felt himself inferior to her? I don't think he felt that. I think it was just that he had a very male worship for the ultra-feminine in her."

"I see. Yes, could be, too."

He was amiably ready to agree with her. He turned to Keith. "When you went out into the hall last night and broke the news to him, Mr. Watson, did he react straight away in that angry fashion?"

"It was so brief . . . I was thinking," Keith leant forward, slowly rubbing out his cigarette. "When I caught sight of his cheerful expression I said, 'Wait,' and he said, 'What?' I think all I could find to say at first was, 'Cathy.' He pulled up short and said, 'An accident?' and I said, 'Worse,' and he tried to pass me. 'Where is she?' he said . . . and then I told him . . . that she was dead . . . had been stabbed sitting alone on the terrace, killed with a little silver fruit knife. And then—yes, I'd say immediately that rage took him that you saw when he bolted past me and charged in here."

Grogan gave a non-committal nod, and dropped his eyes to the floor.

Suspicion. Jess gave a shiver. The room was thick with the reek of doubt and suspicion.

Roger. She recalled his twisted face and furious words. Like an angry bewildered boy he'd seemed. At twenty-five he gave the impression of being a limited soul. His acres might be broad but his outlook was curiously narrow. Faced with anything strange, he simply put down his head and charged like a bull to rout and demolish it. She and Keith shouldn't have

let him go away alone last night. They had asked him to stay, but he had hurried out of the house and rushed out alone. Today, if he didn't go back to the country, she'd get Keith to bring him here from the hotel.

And soon, she thought distractedly, there'd be Cathy's father arriving.

She sprang up, eager to escape. "There are some letters for Cathy this morning," she told the inspector. "I'll get them for you."

As she came back, Keith was saying to Grogan: "I'm due in Melbourne on Friday on business. All right for me to go?"

"Should be, Mr. Watson. Can't see any reason at the moment why not?"

Jess stood, turning the letters over in her hand, while Keith and Grogan went on to discuss the case in more general terms. She didn't hear what they were saying. The expression on her face was that of someone gone away. Pale and slim, she stood looking down at the two envelopes, her long lashes curtaining the expression in her eyes . . .

Netta got up and went to the kitchen with the teapot. Fresh tea, Jess must have some. Netta wasn't going to be defeated on that issue.

Jess handed Grogan the letters. He put them in his pocket and went out to his men on the terrace. She pulled shut the doors after him, then turned back to Keith.

Seeing the expression on her face, he shot her a questioning look. "What now?"

"Not another! Not a fourth!" she cried, ticking off this fresh item, bending back the fourth finger of one hand with the jabbing forefinger of the other. "This is getting fantastic. We'll soon have to start on the other hand!"

Keith crossed to her quickly and caught her by the arm. "What else? Come on, let's have it. What's missing now?"

But she didn't answer. Her eyes were looking past him over his shoulder, to the trim, slim, prim figure of old Mr. Tulloch standing in the doorway from the hall.

Mr. Tulloch's moist thin hair was flattened over his bonnet skull. His parchment-pale face was more than usually solemn. He looked more than usually big with his own importance as encased in self as a nut in its shell. He didn't come farther into the room, or make an pretence at greeting. He spoke sharply from the door—sounded more a command than a request:

"Watson . . . just a minute please. Will you come here. Will you come down to the look-out with me?"

To be continued

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# AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning September 5



## ARIES The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 8.  
★ Lucky color for love, black.  
★ Gambling colors, black, white.  
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.  
★ Luck in a new personality.

★ As you swing into the spring season, check up on your appearance, habits, manners, interests. Are you careless over details such as run-over heels or not too clean gloves when you are in a hurry? The man in your life will notice. Have you a pet mannerism or catchword? Eradicate it. Turn over a new leaf. You'll find it works like magic.



## TAURUS The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 4.  
★ Lucky color for love, orange.  
★ Gambling colors, orange, brown.  
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.  
★ Luck through a competition.

★ You may win a victory in sport, enter a game at a party and win a prize. If you are eligible, you could capture that attractive boy for whom your whole crowd have been angling. Should you be standing for office in some organisation, the odds favor you rather than your opponent. In any case, there should be a reward, social or financial.



## GEMINI The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 6.  
★ Lucky color for love, light blue.  
★ Gambling colors, light blue, black.  
★ Lucky days, Monday, Friday.  
★ Luck in the end of a chapter.

★ You may resign from a group because the work has become a burden or because you have lost interest in an activity. Perhaps you have outgrown certain people, interests, but have not yet found the right substitute. A love affair may have worn thin. Don't let it prevent you from meeting other people with attractive personalities.



## CANCER The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 7.  
★ Lucky color for love, any pastel.  
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.  
★ Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.  
★ Luck in a new venture.

★ Beginnings are wonderful. There is novelty, excitement in starting on a new project, whether you're trying your hand at making a hat, decorating a birthday cake, or starting an indoor garden. A few of you may be sewing for children, which gives you scope for your artistic talents. Try to finish your enterprise before enthusiasm wanes.



## LEO The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 23

★ Lucky number this week, 2.  
★ Lucky color for love, white.  
★ Gambling colors, white, gold.  
★ Lucky days, Monday, Saturday.  
★ Luck in the marketplace.

★ Whether buyer or seller, you can strike a bargain. If you come in contact with the public, cater for its needs. Whether you are hunting a job, a house, or flat, you'll get what you are after. Look around before reaching a decision. The second opportunity may be better than the first. In some cases a friendship arises through business.



## VIRGO The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 3.  
★ Lucky color for love, mauve.  
★ Gambling colors, mauve, green.  
★ Lucky days, Monday, Wed.  
★ Luck in leadership.

★ You may be required to assume the management of almost anything from a business undertaking to a group working for the community. If quite young, this could mean that you head a committee for sports or social purposes. You can be conscientious and thorough. Add a dash of imagination, tact, patience, and you'll receive compliments.



## LIBRA The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 1.  
★ Lucky color for love, brown.  
★ Gambling colors, brown, cream.  
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.  
★ Luck in the daytime.

★ Your most fruitful hours are likely to be in the morning, when you can accomplish your aims at high speed with excellent results. Be the first on the doormat. During the afternoon, mild social relaxation is probable, such as a visit from a neighbor, a trip to the shopping centre. The evenings are likely to be quiet, but you can entertain yourself.



## SCORPIO The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 9.  
★ Lucky color for love, rose.  
★ Gambling colors, rose, mauve.  
★ Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.  
★ Luck through youth.

★ In some way young people will bring a ray of sunshine into your life. If a teenager, you may enter a circle of your contemporaries with a programme of attractive activities. If older, you may be asked to help such a group organise activities. If a parent, the romance of a son or daughter revives your own courtship.



## SAGITTARIUS The Archer

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 20

★ Lucky number this week, 5.  
★ Lucky color for love, grey.  
★ Gambling colors, grey, rose.  
★ Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.  
★ Luck in a smooth performance.

★ Whether walking up the aisle as a bride, dancing in a set as a debutante, singing or playing in public at a concert, there's the fear that you might trip or that something will suddenly go wrong. Banish the fitters in that new job where the routine is unfamiliar. You are going to make the grade in every case if you just keep cool.



## CAPRICORN The Goat

DECEMBER 21-JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 6.  
★ Lucky color for love, navy-blue.  
★ Gambling colors, navy, white.  
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.  
★ Luck across distance.

★ There may be good news in a letter from a long way off. You are likely to be reunited with an old friend you have not seen for a long time. Your beloved could receive an offer in regard to his occupation which would take him to a distant place. In a few instances you meet a handsome stranger who comes to your town from far away.



## AQUARIUS The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 7.  
★ Lucky color for love, silver.  
★ Gambling colors, silver, gold.  
★ Lucky days, Monday, Saturday.  
★ Luck in a bit of velvet.

★ There's a present in the offing, and it won't be what you expect. You could win a small prize in a raffle or a lottery, or you come home from an auction sale with an object nobody can find a use for. From this beginning you proceed to turn your little windfall to good account, arousing the envy of those who failed to see the possibilities.



## PISCES The Fish

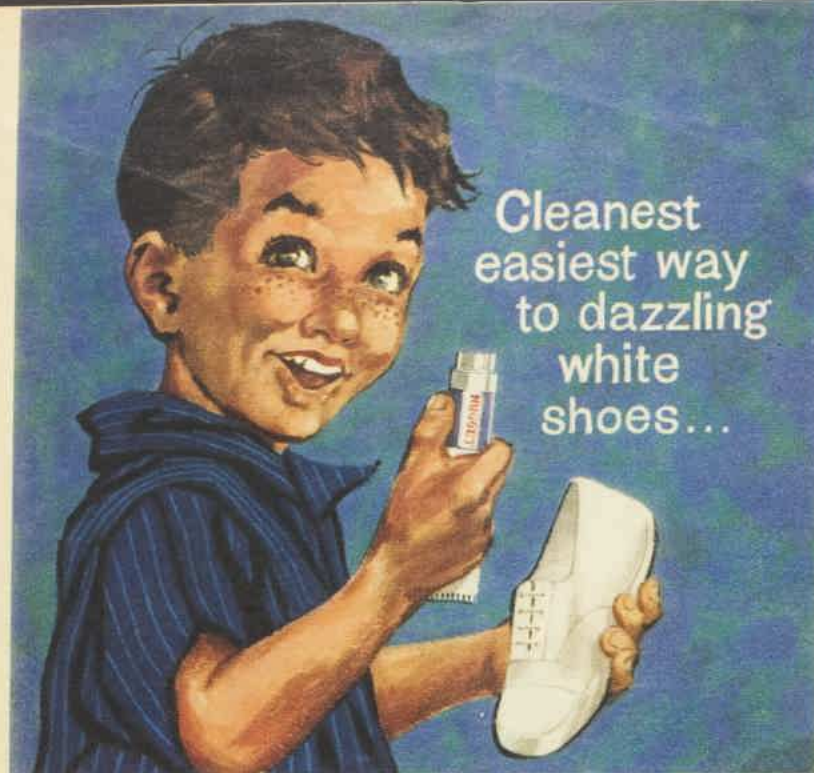
FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 5.  
★ Lucky color for love, green.  
★ Gambling colors, green, brown.  
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday.  
★ Luck through associates.

★ Your workmates may arrange a social event, or people you know only slightly could invite you on a special occasion. An acquaintance might introduce you to a person who will be an important factor in your social or romantic life, or that boy you see mornings at the bus stop turns out to be a friend of a neighbor.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]





Cleanest  
easiest way  
to dazzling  
white  
shoes...

# WONDERFUL **NEW** NUGGET SQUEEZ-ON APPLICATOR

THE WHITE TUBE CLEANER  
WITH BUILT-IN SPONGE

New NUGGET WHITE is so much easier and cleaner to use. The convenient new SQUEEZ-ON tube has a sponge applicator built into the lid — wet it, squeeze the tube and presto — snow white NUGGET flows on in a smooth, even layer that won't streak or cake. NEW NUGGET covers grass stains and marks completely — and it won't rub off, either.

For dazzling WHITE shoes insist on NUGGET — the world's best seller



NEW NUGGET WHITE  
IN SQUEEZ-ON TUBES  
AND HANDY GLASS JARS  
AT GROCERS AND STORES EVERYWHERE

More Nugget white cleaner is sold than any other white.

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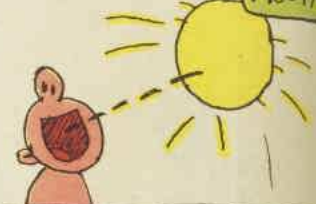
## JACKY'S DIARY

by Jacky Mendelsohn  
Age 32½

Like I told you last week, here is some more "DUES & DONTs" for when you go to the BEACH:



The Sun has got lots of Vitamin 'D' in it, so let it shine in your Mouth.



But not too much, or else your TONGUE will get a Some BURN.



When you're in the OCEAN & your TEETH start in SHATTERING, & your FINGERS get all SCRIGGELY, & also your LIPS turn PURPLE, then THAT means PRITTY soon you oughta GET OUT & DRY UP.



AN other THING is Don't catch a CRAMP unless you have a company by a GROAN person!



Don't play with EMPTY SODA BOTTLES, CAUSE some body COULD step on it with their BEAR FEET, & you'll LOSE your DEPOSIT.



also be Careful not to Step on ANY MAINE LOBSTERS, CAUSE they might BITE you on the TOE\*



\*THAT'S How you GET Toe-Maine Poison!



PS: otherwise THE BEACH is VERY Healthy for you, ESPEsh-ULLY the SEA AIR. So if you go there, MAKE SURE & breathe!

YOUR FRIEND, Jacky

### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD

JUNIOR, you MUST learn to use a CAKE FORK when I have VISITORS!



YES MUMMY,



CAN I HAVE SOME CAKE NOW to PRACTICE ON?







Can't move without agony?

Then start a course of MACKENZIE'S MENTHOLIDS

When your back feels in a vice—crickles stiff and sore—every move a job of pain—it is often due to accumulations of uric acid deposits in your muscles and joints. The wonder-drug MENTHOLIDS, one of the therapeutic ingredients in Mackenzie's MENTHOLIDS, cleans your system, throw off these painful, pain-producing deposits.

If you or yours suffer rheumatism, aching muscles and joints, bad backs, arthritis, kidney and bladder weakness, chesthead, start the MENTHOLIDS treatment right away. MENTHOLIDS, with helpful diet chart, 15/-, 9/- or 5/- everywhere.

MACKENZIE'S MENTHOLIDS

snuggle-soft Ingola

the fabric that's warm without weight, tubs time after time, won't shrink, won't fade. In cream and colours.

Ingola

... 15/11 yd. at all leading stores, or look for the swing-ticket on ready-mades. £19.41

I LOVE MY FAMILY



That's why I buy FORD PILLS

These are so safe and sure, Ford's Pills are the gentle, tasteless, laxative for all YOUR troubles in red and gold plastic boxes, 6/- and 3/- everywhere.

FORD PILLS

Luxurious Walking Ease!



Scholl's PILLO' INSOLES

# Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE, Master Magician, has solved yet another mystery. He found that the Abominable Snowman was only a girl disguised in a furry suit. She led him to a city in Mt. Olympus, where he met Zeus, ruler of the Olympians. Zeus told him

that Man's rapid development was forcing his people to leave Earth. Mandrake was taken to the slopes of Mt. Arat, where Narda and Lothar found him. The next adventure begins on the remote foothills of Mt. Arat. NOW READ ON:

BEGINNING: THE DEMON PHOTOGRAPHER. IN THE REMOTE FOOTHILLS OF MT. ARAT—

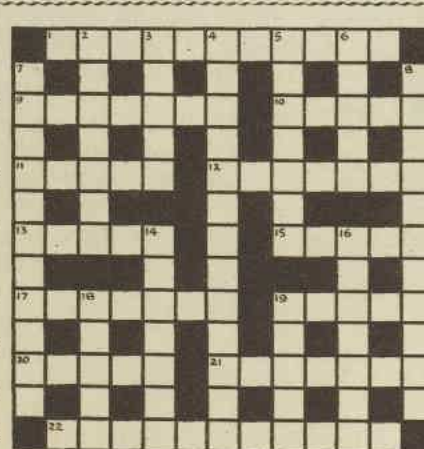


A FEW HOURS AWAY—THE HOUSE OF A VILLAGE HEADMAN—



## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

- ACROSS
- These birds, for a start, move slowly to the capital of Latvia (11).
  - The typhoid is such a fever (7).
  - The largest island of the Lesser Sunda group (5).
  - Join a broken tune when I separate it (5).
  - Sob camp (Anagr., 3-4).
  - To cringe you must be mostly idle (5).
  - Stage play where a doctor leads a graduate (5).
  - Large drinking mug, sometimes with a cover (7).
  - Habitual practice for you and a wise man (5).
  - Concoct ethical principles containing a group of eight lines (5).
  - Part of fortification in boats (7).
  - An end-trivet (Anagr., 11).



Solution will be published next week.



Solution of last week's crossword.

- DOWN
- I, with a red nut not ventured (7).
  - Prickly shrub in a bag or seed-box (5).
  - Advisable where men led more cab (Anagr., 13).
  - Instruction given to children when sandman arrives (2, 2, 3).
  - Dance in a university degree (5).
  - I quit Rose in a formal demand (11).
  - These have hard cases not easily opened (11).
  - Highly praised tax'd eel (7).
  - Such nights are known to have entertained (7).
  - Must be out (3, 2).
  - Such prices are the lowest (5).

## SHALLOW SHAMPOOING IS NOT ENOUGH



MEDICATED **LOXENE** GETS RIGHT DOWN TO DANDRUFF

It's no use expecting dandruff and other worrying hair and scalp disorders to respond to the kind of shampooing that skims over the surface of the problem. You have to get right down to the root of the trouble... with Loxene medicated shampoo. Loxene removes the greasy scalp and hair deposits of dust and dirt that dim the hair's natural healthy liveliness. It gets your hair clinically clean—clears away dandruff and leaves the hair manageable, fresh and soft. Loxene gets results—just put it to the test!

Economical hair health for all the family!

Loxene is amazingly economical... just one lathering gets your hair scrupulously clean. And every 4/6 bottle contains eight cleansing, medicated shampoos. Buy a bottle today—get the whole family started on the road to healthy attractive hair!



**LOXENE** MEDICATED

SHAMPOO and SCALP TREATMENT SINGLE TREAT-1/3 clears dandruff, dry scalp and hair dullness. MENT BUBBLE 1/3

## DELICIOUS for SAVOURIES



Trade enquiries: ARTHUR BRUNT PTY. LTD., P.O. Box 76, Brunswick, Vic. (For N.S.W. only: Phone WL6307... For 5th. Aust. only: Phone UA9156)



GIVE YOUR BABY LOVELY CURLS

A proud mother praises Curlypet... 'Bobby's hair used to be straight, but after Curlypet she now has a healthy head of pretty curls. At Baby Shows judges always comment on her lovely curls.'

Curlypet is good for cradlecap, too, soothes scalp irritations and leaves baby's tender scalp clean, healthy and fragrant.

8 weeks' treatment, 4/10

**Curlypet**

Keep up-to-date read... **Modern Motor** every month 2/6 from your newsagent





**'Decongestant Spray'** BRINGS FAST RELIEF FROM

**HEAD COLDS  
"STUFFY" NOSE  
HAY FEVER**

# Breathe Freely in 2 minutes



**FOR ADULTS (and children over 12 years)**

Nyal 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir is a proven effective formula to bring faster more dependable cough relief. 6 fl. oz., 6/6; 12 fl. oz., 10/9; 16 fl. oz., 13/-.

**FOR CHILDREN—6 to 12 years**

Nyal 'Decongestant' CHILDREN'S Cough Elixir is recommended. Cuts away phlegm, shrinks swollen bronchial tubes. 6 fl. oz., 6/6; 12 fl. oz., 10/9.

**FOR INFANTS—6 months to 5 years**

Nyal 'Decongestant' BABY Cough Elixir is specially formulated. Raspberry-flavoured elixir soothes away stubborn, wheezy coughs. 3 fl. oz., 4/9; 6 fl. oz., 6/6.



Firstly, spray each nostril—this "un-blocks" congested nasal passages. Wait 2-3 minutes.



Repeat spray. The medication reaches higher—opens nasal sinuses for more effective aeration and drainage.

At last, here's the relief from "stuffy" head colds you've longed for! You'll breathe freely again just 2 minutes after using the NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' NASAL SPRAY.

Simply squeeze the self-atomising plastic pack; the microspray tip produces a fine mist of relief-bringing medication. Thousands of microscopic droplets *s-p-r-e-a-d* over swollen nasal membranes, penetrate deep into hard-to-reach areas of the nose and sinuses. In just two minutes, blocked nasal passages are opened and you can breathe freely again.

NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' NASAL SPRAYS contain wonder-working Phenylephrine which shrinks and soothes swollen nasal membranes to relieve congestion fast. There is no sting, no burn. Relief is so thorough that it actually lasts for as long as four hours.

Because it is so gentle and soothing to delicate nasal tissue the NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' NASAL SPRAY can be used as often as necessary—repeated use does not reduce its effectiveness!

The unbreakable squeeze-spray pack can be carried in purse, pocket or car to give you relief anytime, anywhere, from nasal congestion, accompanying colds, influenza, catarrh, rhinitis, sinusitis and hay fever. Only 6/6

**NOW—A SPECIAL NASAL SPRAY FOR CHILDREN!**

Children can get the same wonderful relief by using the NYAL PEDIATRIC (CHILDREN'S) NASAL SPRAY. This specially formulated spray opens "stopped-up" noses in a jiffy. Easy and pleasant to use. Nyal Pediatric (CHILDREN'S) Nasal Spray—only 6/-.

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SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

## 'DECONGESTANT' NASAL SPRAY

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 7, 196